Imprimatur

Octob. 16.
1663.

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Birinthea,

A

ROMANCE.

WRITTEN,
By *J. B.* Gent.

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LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Mabb*, for *John Playfere* at the
White Bear in the upper Walk of the
New Exchange. 1664.

By John Bulteel

THE
PREFACE.

Although it may perhaps, be onely an affected, or a pretended Modeſty in many others, yet it is a moſt ſevere Truth in me, when I profeſs I had not Publiſhed this Romance, but at the Requeſt and Commands of ſome choice Friends, being *ſenſible that a piece compoſed in my greener Youth, and moſt of it during the intervals of a ſharp diſtemper, cannot be ſo mature and ſound in all its parts, as it might have proved, if undertaken in a more advanced Age, and healthful Leaſure. And therefore, to decline the Vanity of ſuch as make the Preface rather a Panegyrick to their Books, then an Advertiſement to the Reader; I declare, that this is onely to deſire thoſe that ſhall peruſe the following Story, not to impute the Printers Faults to me, ſince there* *will be enough beſides upon my own ſcore, to Exerciſe the utmoſt of their mercy.*

Yet do I not intend by this Ingenious Confeſſion to ſubmit my ſelf to every trivial Cenſurer: For though I ſhall acquieſce in the Judgement of the Wiſe, yet have I too much Spirit to endure the ignorant reproof of ſuch buſie Drones as make a humming noiſe, indeed, like Bees, and often light upon the ſweeteſt Flowers; but yet want the faculty to extract the leaſt drop of Honey thence reſembling ſuch ill Conſtituted Bo-

dies as convert the moſt wholeſome Aliments into corrupt and contagious humours.

From theſe, I therefore I juſtly may appeal to ſounder judgements, ſuch as examine with as much skill as equity, and conſult with reaſon and underſtanding, not admitting either giddy Folly, or beſpattering envy to bias them: before whom I dare affirm, that if I deſerve correction in ſome places, I merit no leſs approbation in others; For if my expreſſion be not very Eloquent, neither is it very Languid; and if novelty be therein pleaſing, I am confident ſome will finde ſatisfaction; for though my ſtile may ſeem to limp, compared to the more Polite and Smooth Language of ſome others, yet does it not fall into Ruſticity or obſceneſs; nor leave ſuch uneven furrows as to make the Readers ſtumble, unleſs their prejudice or Malice lay an unhandſome block in their own way.

Such as can reliſh no *Romance*, that is, not forced with

Extravagant Impoſſibilities (no leſs Ridiculous then improbable) will find little Guſto and cold entertainment here; wherefore I wiſh ſuch to ſtop at this Preface, and make no further Progreſs, for I have endued my Heroes with no greater ſtrength or courage, then may reſide in generous perſons; nor do I fill their Veins with ſtreams of blood greater, then thoſe ſmal channels ſhould contain.

I know, indeed, this were an eaſie task, if that were all, that is required to gain applauſe; it being without diſpute more facil to rough-draw a Gyant (with a fenſing quil) who ſhould ſingly rout whole Armies in every page, then really diſarme the verieſt Coward that dares but ſtand in the leaſt defenſive poſture.

And who ſees not the fair advantage I might now take to ſet off the actions of my Heroe by heightning and exagerating them with ſwelling Hyperboles, ſince he is liſted one of the greateſt Conquerours in the Rolls of Fame; But treating of a real

Hiſtory, for the moſt part, though it be controverted by ſome, I keep cloſe to probability, and give him the Character of a man, who was indeed inriched with a more then vulgar Soul, but whoſe body was not above the Standar of Mortals, nor diſproportionate to that condition.

For, in Truth, how currant ſoever Fictons may paſs, yet can it not be allowed wiſdome to compoſe ſuch as only pleaſe and humour extravagant and irregular fancies, but that predeminant faculty of the Soul, the judgement; ſhould limit them within the naturall bounds of Reaſon and Poſſibility; And ſo *Romances* ſhould be no other then the faireſt Pictures and juſt reſſemblances of Truth, from which it is as blameable to deviate, as to add Tinctures to the Roſe or Lilly, ſuch aids being onely an ugly and groſs paint, that inſtead of encreaſing their beauty, blurs them with deformity.

But it may be Objected, that I am my ſelf guilty of thoſe lapſes, I here condemn, and chide ſo much in others; ſince I have feined the adventures of ſo many perſons, and principally Birinthea, *never mentioned by any ancient Author.*

To this I Reply, that my deſigne, being not only to tranſcribe former Hiſtorians, but to take my riſe from thence for freſh inventions; I think them very pertinent and excuſable, ſo long as they are within the compaſs of probabillity, and are not found impoſſibilities. In fine, it may ſuffice to tell you, that this is a *Romance* accommodated to Hiſtory, to whoſe Text I have added thoſe Auxiliary Embelliſhments rather to Illuſtrate, then Diſguiſe or Corrupt it.

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Birinthea.

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THE FIRST BOOK OF Birinthea.

IF the night had not come on and ſurprized them, the battle had not been ſo ſoon ended: but the Sun, which contributes to the life of all things, ſeemed to precipitate his courſe expreſly with the greater ſpeed (as if unwilling to be any longer a Witneſs of the death of ſo many men) and reſign'd it's Empire to the gloomy ſhades, that during the obſcurity, they might be forced to a truce, the

Combatants looſing both the ſight and knowledge of their enemies.

Never did *Bellona* exerciſe the fury of her Arms with more rage then in this occaſion; thirty thouſand of the *Aſſyrians* were ſlain, together with their King *Labynetus*; and all the remainder could do, was to fly by the favour of the night, and ſteal themſelves away from the victorious *Perſians* and *Medes*, who ſeemed to breath nothing that day but ſlaughter, and ſought to triumph over the lives of Men, rather then over their liberties. The King of *Lydia* perceiving likewiſe, that the *Aſſyrian* Troops had all forſaken the Camp, thought it vain with a feeble reſiſtance to adventure the deſperate hazard of an utter defeat and ruine; Wherefore giving command to all his men to ſeek their ſafety by a timely flight, of all that grand equipage which before attended him, he only took eſpecial care to ſave ſome women which were extreamly dear to him.

On the morrow, at the firſt birth of day, *Cyaxares* King of the *Medes*, and *Cyrus* his Nephew, were already preparing themſelves to aſſault the enemies Camp, when preſently they found they had a pillage to make rather then a fight; Nothing appeared to their ſight, but the [illegible] ſpectacle of wounded, or dead bodies; and ſome whoſe dying groans eccho'd in the Souldiers ears for pitty, called but a mercileſs hand to ſtrip him of his cloaths and end his life the ſooner.

The fruits of this victory reliſhed ſo ſweet to *Cyaxares*, that contenting himſelf with theſe firſt favours fortune had beſtowed, he exhorted *Cyrus* to taſte them in a quiet repoſe, and not hazard the looſing them in a ſecond adventure. But, that generous Prince, in the heat of that youthful courage which made him hope for, and aſpire to the Conqueſt of all *Aſia*, earneſtly implored his permiſſion to perſue the enemy, to whom it was not ſafe to allow a breathing time, leſt they ſhould ſet thoſe puiſſant Armies on foot again which were ſo formidable for their numbers, and perhaps light on ſome advantage to tear thoſe Palms of Victory out of their hands again, which they had newly gathered with ſo much ſweat and blood. He obtained in fine, the liberty to give them chaſe with thoſe *Perſians* which he commanded; and ſuch *Medians* likewiſe as would go voluntarily, had free leave to aſſiſt him: the chiefeſt amongſt them very Nobly accompanied him in this expedition; and he was advanced already very near the Enemy: when ſome Officers advertiſed him of the arrival of ſome *Hircanian* Embaſſadours, who ſaid they were come to treat with him concerning an affair of great importance: He commanded they ſhould be brought into his Preſence, and underſtood by their Credential Letters, the deſign their Prince had to quit the *Aſſyrians* party, by whom he was wronged, and to joyn with him.

Cyrus, that he might not be ſurprized by too much credulity, inform'd himſelf by them of the poſture his Enemies were in, and ſeveral other particulars, which gave him the fuller aſſurance of their reality: after which he refuſed to take thoſe Hoſtages they profer'd; and when they preſs'd him to retain them, he generouſly reply'd, that he needed them not, having power enough to puniſh their perfidiouſneſs, in caſe they ſhould deceive him; as he had alſo ſufficient means to reward their amity by a retribution of his own, which he promis'd them inviolably, if they prov'd faithful and conſtant.

He had no ſooner concluded with the *Hircanians*, but he immediately placed ſome of them in the front of his Army to ſerve for Guides, and ſo marched the whole night; at the end of which, finding himſelf in ſight of the Enemy, he diſpatched a *Hircanian* to his companions who were in the rear, to advertiſe them by a word of command to rank themſelves beſides the reſt of their Party, which they ſpeedily performed with acclamations of joy, which much augmented the fear and terrour of the *Aſſyrians*. *Cyrus* no ſooner beheld the *Hircanians* in their due places, but that he might lead them on to fight during that heat, and the Enemies confuſion, he aſſembled all his ſuperiour Officers, and after he had uſed ſome particular ceremonies towards his new confederates, he harangued after this manner.

Dear Companions, it were needleſs to advertiſe you at preſent, that we muſt fight: As it is the cauſe that made you come from Cyaxares *with ſo much haſte and reſolution; ſo I promiſe my ſelf, my companions, that none here will refuſe the preſent occaſion, which now preſents its ſelf ſo fairly to us. Yea, I ſhould wrong you, ſhould I exhort you to that thing, for which you followed me with ſo much cheerfulneſs, and which you have already*

ready begun with ſo good ſucceſs. This Battle fellow Souldiers, and worthy Officers, will be but the compleating of that Crown, which the firſt victory hath prepared: It might ſlip from us if we ſhould give ſo much reſpite to our Enemies as to reſume their ſtrength and ſpirits; Or if the fear which but now affrights them, ſhould be let alone till it turn'd into deſpair. Yet do I not indeed queſtion, but you would have as much ſucceſs, as you have true valour, though they were in a poſture to reſiſt you more vigorouſly than now they can. But not to expoſe you to the hazard of fortune, who refuſed them the advantage of a victory ſhe might have beſtowed on them; and which they cannot now obtain, but by your unmanlineſs. Let us ſhew dear Companions, that we have no valour nor ſtrength now, which they ſhall not be a full witneſs to aſſert is irreſiſtable. And now that they are in diſorder, having already loſt the beſt part of their Army, with their King; And that the Hircanians *the ſtouteſt of their friends are on our ſide. Come on Friends, you ſhall conquer if you follow me, and by their firſt flight you may judge how unable they are to reſiſt you.*

Theſe words being pronounc'd with an extraordinary vehemency, the Officers and Souldiers returned to their own places; *Cyrus* drew the *Hircanians* up to the Front, and on each Wing two bodies of Horſe. He had not advanced far, but he was on the Enemies skirts, whilſt there was yet but light enough to diſcover them: never was Army more ſurprized with fear and dread than this of the *Aſſyrians*, at their approach. The weakneſs and diſorder they were reduced to by their firſt defeat, made them uncapable to ſuſtain the attaque of the *Perſians* and *Medes*, who charged them with ſo much precipitancy and mettle, that running here and there, allarmed they ſoon fell into a mighty confuſion; ſome to oppoſe, others to eſcape, bridled their Horſes, and the nimbleſt mounted and ſaved themſelves: ſome took their Arms as their beſt ſecurity, others threw down theirs to fly with the leſs incumbrance. In fine, the greateſt part of the *Aſſyrians* and their confederates being ſlain without any conſiderable oppoſition, this Victory was only ſignaliz'd by the illuſtrious names of ſome of the dead: The King of *Capadocia*, and the King of *Thrace* were killed upon the place, with many other conſiderable perſons, both for their valour and qualities. In this action the *Hircanians* gave infallible proofs of their fidelity and courage; they were the firſt at the onſet, and laſt in the retreat: few of the Enemies that had ſaved themſelves from Death, could eſcape from Captivity; moſt of them being made Priſoners, and thoſe few that fled, and drove the richeſt of their booty before them, were ſo cloſely perſued, that the *Hircanians* returned laden with riches, and with a great number of Chariots full of Women. *Creſus* was almoſt the only man whom they could not overtake, who having taken the advantage of the whole night before with all his party to ſhun the next dayes ſhock, retired, being winged with fear, out of their reach.

Amongſt the priſoners that were preſented to *Cyrus*, *Sybaris* his Lieutenant General, the choiceſt of his friends, beſtowed upon him by the gods for a Companion in his fortunes, took notice of one he knew, and inſtantly embraced him with teſtimonies of ſo particular an amity; that all the beholders were amazed: And *Cyrus* asking him whom that was he did ſo much careſſe; My Lord, replyed he, If this Prince were treated according to the merit of his valour and birth, you ſhould behold him rather with a Crown on his head, and Palms the trophies of Victory in his hands, then in this preſent unhappineſs of a Captivity, which nevertheleſs cannot but be glorious to him, ſince it cannot but be an effect of his courage.

This Elogy which *Sybaris* made of his friend, render'd *Cyrus* the more curious to know whom he was, and having heard his Name and place of birth, with the gallant deportment had been taken notice of in the fight, he approached him with all the civilities that were due to ſo illuſtrious a Captive; and having diſcourſed with him ſome time, this Priſoner anſwer'd in ſo brave a manner, that it plainly appeared to him, thoſe praiſes which *Sybaris* had ſpoken, were rather the teſtimonies of ſincere truth, than of any particular affection.

Their Complements being ended, *Sybaris* to whoſe care *Cyrus* eſpecially recommended him, conducted him to his own Tent, where he was nobly received; and having given him for ſome time the liberty to repoſe himſelf alone; the impatience he was in to learn by what adventure he was drawn into that action, made him return and intreat him to relate the ſtory of his life, ever ſince he had left him in *Margiana*. *Merame*, who could not refuſe to unlock that ſecret to *Sybaris*, with whom he had ſo long ſince contracted a real friendſhip, began in this manner.

The Hiſtory of MERAME.

I Can give you no particular reaſon of my unhappineſs, and the occaſion which brings me here, but that alone, which as I beleeve, generally cauſes the misfortune of all men, I mean Love.

At that time when you reſided in *Margiana*, I did not yet know the puiſſance of this deity, becauſe I had not then felt his piercing darts; and I may ſay, I then lived in content, though in the Court it may ſeem a thing next to impoſſibility, amidſt the Monſters of Ambition, and Envy, whereof the one flatters with its deluſive hopes, while it conſpires and plots our utter ruine; the other bytes and knawes our hearts, becauſe that ſome are happier then our ſelves. I can aſſure you, nevertheleſs, that I was not at all tainted with them, whether my blooming age were yet too green and innocent, or that I were reſerved to ſome more rugged Fate. But ſince that time, all thoſe dayes which other men have injoy'd with ſome tranquillity, have been ſo many hours of misfortune to me; Or if I have taſted ſome momentory intervals of happineſs, I have been ſure to pay for thoſe little pleaſures, at the dear rate of more continued ſufferings: but I am tranſported too much with the reſentment of my miſeries, as if it were my task only to make my moanes, forgetting that you deſire to know what has hapned ever ſince our ſeparation, which that you may the more fully underſtand, it will be very neceſſary that I ſtep back a little in my diſcourſe, and begin it farther off.

You know that I was born in *Margiana* of a family, which, being of the ſame blood of thoſe Princes that are the Soveraigns, is not a little conſiderable in that Country: and beſides this advantage, the more then ordinary care of my Education was added, I being the only child after twelve years marriage 'twixt my Father and Mother. As ſoon as I had paſt my date of infancy, a learned man was ſent for from *Perſia* to be my Governor, and to inſtruct me in thoſe Sciences which are very ordinary in your Country, but ſomewhat rare in ours: He had the charge to enrich and poliſh my mind with learning and judgement, whilſt another Maſter had the care to teach me ſuch bodily exerciſes as were fit for a perſon of my quality. The great pains they both took in my behalf, was not altogether fruitleſs. And I may without vanity affirm, that I profited much by their learned inſtructions: which induced *Baldon*, Our Prince who had a particular eſteeme for mee, to oblige my Father to let me be alwayes neer his Son *Seniſra*; and, as there are few at Court that refuſe ſuch favours, it was accepted of as a great honour, that I was choſen to be a companion for the young Prince: and whether it were the equality of our Age, or the

the aſſiduous devoirs I rendred him, or only his fair and free inclination, I cannot tell, but he expreſſ'd ſo great and fond an amity, that he would hardly be an houre without me: We paſſed our time in all kind of divertiſements: But one day, when *Seniſra*, being poſſeſſed with a profound ſadneſs, would needs injoy himſelf, without the importunate throng of Courtiers which uſually beſeiged him, we retired to a Caſtle called *Coupava* belonging to my Father. In that vaſt ſolitude the Prince began to be acquainted with the nature of his Melancholly, and found that ſome new entertained thoughts which perpetually invaded his mind, was the ſole cauſe of it; and as he cheriſhed me with much tenderneſs, he would needs impart this diſquiet to mee, and did me the honour to reveale, that ſince the late aſſembly and intertainment at the marriage of his Siſter, where all the Court Stars appeared in their brighteſt glory, *Themira* was ſtill preſent in his memory, that indeed he had beheld her with more admiration, and entertained her with much more content then any other: that ſince having ſeen her again accidentally, he had not been able to guard his heart from a particular inclination it reſented for her beauty, nor could he part from her, but with I know not what conſtraint, which fill'd his boſome with diſquiet, whilſt he was abſent from her.

We were both of us yet ſo young, we could not gueſs the name of this new breeding paſſion, but in a very ſhort time after experience fully taught it us. The ſhort abode we made in that

Caſtle augmented the Princes trouble, and gave birth to mine. I chanced to ſee amongſt the Captives that were in the Keepers cuſtody, a young Maid, whoſe handſome meen, and the Majeſtick features of her face invited me particularly to conſider all her actions; the more I ſtudied her perſon, and demeanour, the more I found her rare, which cauſed me to bewail her condition. From this compaſſion ſprung up the curioſity; which made me enquire of her Mother of what Country ſhe was, and the ſad diſaſter that brought her into ſlavery. All that I could then learn was, that at the taking of *Sina*, ſhe fell into the hands of ſome of our Souldiers who had ſold her to this Keeper, and that her condition deſerved no regrets, ſince it had never been much better than at preſent. I could not be ſatisfied with this account, but rather wiſht ſhe might have loſt many things of advantage and importance together with her liberty, that might have ſpoken her of a greater quality, though I could not have heard that neither without ſorrow; and bearing to the Court, as well the remembrance of her miſery, as the Image of her beauty; I conſidered them both a long time, only with a ſence of tenderneſs and indifferency.

In the mean time, *Seniſra* at our return was fully acquainted, that what before we had been ignorant of, was called Love; and whatever other paſſion he eſteemed that trouble in his ſoul, he found it anſwer only to that Name; and in this knowledge he eagerly ſought the opportunity to meet *Themira*: But the firſt time he came into her preſence his tongue was tyed up in an unuſual ſilence, which put him into ſuch a trouble, as never till then had befaln him, inſomuch that he could not ſalute her without a ſtammering impediment, and his ſudden change would have been eaſily remark'd, if ſome Ladies had not put him upon the diſcourſe of his hunting, and thoſe other divertiſements, they imagined he had been to ſeek in the Country. He indeavoured afterwards in many other encounters to behave himſelf more confidently in her preſence, and went ſometimes prepared expreſly to entertain her in particular, but immediately a ſudden inward diffidence controuled his ſtrongeſt reſolutions, ſo that in two months time all he could do, was rather to expreſs his grief upon his face, then proclaim it with his tongue. He often complained to me, that he knew not what reſpect hindred him from declaring himſelf openly. In fine, conſumed inwardly with a flame, he could not handſomely bring to light, he reſolved to extinguiſh it abſolutely, by not ſeeing her, knowing her preſence only nouriſhed that heat. But when the pleaſant ſeaſon had invited his Miſtreſs to return into the Country, not being able to indure her abſence, whoſe only memory excited ſuch troubles in his breaſt, he asked me, if I would accompany him to *Coupava*, that Caſtle being not far diſtant from *Themira*'s: I told him it would be a very great honour to me, when ever he would vouchſafe to go there, & to receive him in the beſt manner that could be; I ſent my Father notice of his deſign, & two dayes after we went, only with ſuch attendance

dance as might not too much diſcover us. The whole journey he entertained me with his Amours, and complained of the cruelty of his Fate, in that he fore-ſaw his Father would never condiſcend to it, though *Themira* ſhould fairly correſpond, which he likewiſe placed amongſt his doubts: I mildely told him, he ought to attempt all means and remedies before he yeilded to diſpair, and that I could not believe *Themira* would refuſe the honour of his noble affection, ſhe having too great a ſtock of wit not to diſcern the infinite advantages might follow, provided ſhe could clearly penetrate his juſt and honeſt intentions.

Ariving with the entertainment of theſe diſcourſes at *Coupava*, we were ſomewhat ſurprized finding *Themira* there, who accompanied her Mother that was come to viſit mine. *Seniſra* was extreamly joyful of that good fortune, but it being already late, the ſmall portion of that dying evening paſs'd in uſual Complements and civilities. The next morning all the Nobility and Gentry that inhabits near thoſe parts come to pay their obedience to the Prince, and they already talked of nothing but hunting to divert him: when having told them, that he was deſirous to taſte the ſweeter repoſe of that ſolitude, every one retir'd to their dwellings, leaving him the free liberty to compleat his deſign. The firſt time we attempted to viſit *Themira*, was with my Mother, but their ceremonious reſpects, and the ſplended treatment they made for him, hindred him from making known any thing of his paſſion. The next time we waited on her, he began to diſcover ſome ſparks of his great flame, though ſparingly ; and my Mother and *Themira*'s being retir'd, we remained alone with that beauty, who had the charge to perform the honour of the Houſe, and ſhew us all the rarities, of which *Seniſra* took ſo little notice, that although there were very many which deſerved a curious ſurvey, and might have challenged our admiration, yet he could hardly be ſo much the Maſter of his patience and reaſon, as to vouchſafe to look on them. *Themira* who quickly perceived his ſmall complaiſance, told him ſhe was extreamly ſorry there was nothing worthy his view ; yet ſhe wondered not he took ſo little delight therein, becauſe as it was unworthy of his nobler fancy, ſo it was an abuſe to his patience to ſtrive to entertain him any longer in that dull ſolitude, it being eaſie to judge his more choice contentments ſummoned him back again to Court.

This complement wakened the Princes ſilence, which his ſoft paſſion had rocked into a muſing ſlumber, and obliged him to a reply, rather that he might not be thought incivil, then to ſhew himſelf amorous ; yet his paſſion favourably overbiaſſed his will, and perſwaded him to ſhape his anſwer in theſe words. If, as you tell me beauteous *Themira*, my ſatisfaction were rather to be at the Court, than in this place, I cannot ſee what reaſon could oblige me to leave it ; the intereſt which called me hither, be it what it will, muſt needs be moſt powerful ſtill detaining me here : but I know not what ſtrange enigmatical Fate mine is, that having ſo happily found what I expreſly came to ſeek, my melancholly is nevertheleſs augmented. Truly reply'd ſhe, It amazes me to think how it is poſſible you ſhould be troubled with too much contentment, for I cannot believe you came to ſeek out trouble. Alas! Madam, anſwered he, 'Tis the nature of that charm which poſſeſſes me, to find no more repoſe, amidſt my joyes, than my afflictions.

I ſhall wonder now no more, reply'd ſhe, ſince it is a cauſe not to be found in nature; You have reaſon, ſaid he, it is altogether divine; if it were an ordinary thing I might withſtand it: but withal *Themira*, if the Sun be not guilty of their blindneſs, who too boldly expoſe their ſight to his bright rayes; if the Sea be not culpable of the wracks of thoſe many veſſels which voluntarily throw or launch themſelves into its watery Empire, what cauſe can I have to complain of that trouble which I have my ſelf courted and cheriſhed, without the leaſt of its allowance? It belongs to you, alone then, reparted ſhe, to ſeek the remedy; but, ſaid he, my Cure, as well as my Malady depends on the ſame Subject; So that although I alone have brought my ſelf into this ſtraight, yet does not the remedy thereof reſide within my ſelf. If it be ſo, anſwered ſhe, then diſcloſe your grief, perhaps 'tis not a thing inſenſible like the Sea, or Sun: True, ſaid *Seniſra*, yet nevertheleſs it is more bright and reſplendent then the one, and more unbridled and tempeſtuous than the other; in fine *Themira* it is Love, Love! But—— he ſtopt at that word, proceeding no further, and ſhe reſum'd the ſpeech ſmiling, and ſaying: But what Sir? Goe on I beſeech you———yet, I muſt condemn my own curioſity, ſince it may well ſuffice me to know, that if this place does not contribute any thing to your delights, no more does it adde to your Melancholly. It is true, anſwer'd he, ſomewhat troubled, the place of it ſelf would be indeed very indifferent to me, if it did not contain ſomewhat that might be the bleſſed ſubject of my joy, as it is now of my griefe.

The Prince finding himſelf in ſo fair a path, endeavour'd to expound his thoughts more intelligibly; and let her know all this diſcourſe pointed at her: But ſhe having a very ready wit, ſharpe judgement, and preſent memory, ever turned the ſence of his ſpeech another way: and whether ſhe feigned that ſhe did not rightly underſtand him, or really believed he only ſpoke this out of Gallantry and complaiſance, ſhe ſo handſomely warded all his complements, that when we were returned to the Caſtle, having examined all her behaviour, we could not fathome any thing of her deſign, or lay hold of the leaſt ſillable that might ſeem to ſound favourably on the Princes behalf.

But, not to detain you any longer by this recital of a Hiſtory, of which I ſhall mention nothing, which does not ſome way concerned me, you muſt know, in fine *Sybaris*, that *Senifra* at another time, made an ample declaration of his affection for *Themira*, who yeilded not immediately; That fair Lady reſiſted for ſome time, till ſhe found his love was as reall and honeſt, as it appeared violent ſent: afterward ſhe conſented to entertain his noble affection with all the mutual correſpondency that honour would allow of. But for my own part, that paſſion, that made me ſigh for the captivity of the fair ſlave, inſpired me by degrees with a deſign to lighten her ſufferings. To this effect, I deſired the Keeper to treat her leſs rudely then the reſt, and not dare to put her to any unhandſome or ſervile labour, and to make the fellow the more obſervant, I cauſ'd an old woman, who had been my nurſe, to tell him, that my Mother had an intent to take her to her ſelf.

During my reſidence there. I delighted much to be in the Hall, where ſhe was often working with many others. The pleaſure I took in beholding her, made me inſenſibly waſte much time there, whereof *Seniſra* many times asked me the reaſon, which ſhame obliged me to conceal: Though I had often told him, how much the beauty and modeſt gracefulneſs of this Captive ſurpaſſed the reſt of them. *Themira* returning to the Court drew us with her, for my part, I left not *Coupava*, but with much repugnance, and before I went, I would needs be acquainted with the fair Captives name, and learnt that ſhe was called *Uneria*. At that word *Merame*, interrupted his diſcourſe, caſting his eyes up towards Heaven, after he had ſet two or three deep ſighes at liberty, and then again went on with his relation. That ſweet name came as often into my mouth, as her fair Idea into my mind. I often retyr'd into my ſelf to forme it the more lively, and when my imagination had done it's utmoſt, I entertain'd my ſelf with theſe ſoft whiſpers, all that I can imagine of beautiful and perfect, is *Vneria*; but what? *Vneria* is a Captive, this reflexion brought no leſs ſorrow, then the brightneſs of her Image brought content.

A while after my returne to Court, I was informed that a ſlave belonging to the keeper of *Coupava*, was come to the City to provide things neceſſary for his Marriage with *Vneria*. I was more ſurprized at this novel, then I ſhould have been at a thunder-clap, and as if I had already declared my ſelf for her, I reſolv'd abſolutely to oppoſe this match; and not conſidering any further what could intereſs me ſo powerfully, I ſtole from the Court greedily, and being wing'd with love and anger, rode all that night towards *Coupava*. I was infinitely aſtoniſhed, at my arrival the next morning, to find the Caſtle empty of all its inhabitants, and my aſtoniſhment ſweld to deſpair. When it was told me, that all the people were in the Temple, aſſiſting at the Ceremonies of *Vneria*'s Marriage. I was alighted from my horſe, but, as if it had been a long journey thither, leaping into the ſaddle again, I preſſed him forward with the greateſt ſpeed, towards the Temple, where being haſtily entred, I ſaw the aſſembly neer an Altar laden with victims, and one of the Prieſts of the god of Marriage, claſping the hands of the intended husband and *Vneria*'s together. I knew not whether the ceremony were already compleated, for the fear I had contracted hindred me from minding that inquiry; but perceiving the Bride melting in tears, I would needs know the reaſon, and it was told me, that it was impoſſible to perſwade her to a conſent to accept of him, ſhe not giving any other anſwer, then ſighs and tears: and as I would have asked her the cauſe, ſhe fell down at my feet, and folding her ſuppliant arms about my knees: Ah! my Lord, cry'd ſhe, protect me againſt a Tyranny, from which neither the Sanctity of this place, nor the Deity that is adored could defend me: I know the condition of my Captivity obliges me to receive what Spouſe is alotted me, upon fair terms; but I do not believe they can conſtrain me to take an infamous vilain, whom my Keeper hath hired to this purpoſe, that thereby he may compleat his own ugly deſigns, deſiring to gain the ſame power over my unſtained Chaſtity, as he hath over my Liberty. The Deity's are Witneſs of the truths I tell you; and I hope for that protection from your goodneſs, and authority, which I now conjure you not to refuſe to perſecuted innocency.

If thoſe words in that mournful accent ſhe pronounced them, were capable to move the moſt indifferent Spectators, who now began to plead for her, I leave you to judge what deep impreſſions they made in me; and whether ſhe had need of ſuch powerful Advocates as her eloquent tears to implore a mercy, which I had a more eager deſire to grant, then ſhe could have to beg for: I raiſed her inſtantly up, and telling her the ſubject of her ſorrow and complaint was too juſt not to be allowed of, I cauſed the Ceremony to be abruptly broken off, after I had highly menaced the Keeper, if ever he gave *Uneria* the leaſt cauſe to complain hereafter; and putting her into his Wives cuſtody, told her, ſhe ſhould give me a ſevere account of her. Then my devoirs which called me again to Court, forced me with infinite regrets to leave *Coupava*, and I got home again the next morning that they might not examine or gueſs the cauſe of my abſence and journey. But before I parted, I received thanks from *Uneria's* Mother, for the ineſtimable favour I had rendred her daughter, and promiſed her to continue my Protection and beſt ſervice as long as ever they ſhould remain within the Precincts of our juriſdiction.

When I came to my Mothers preſence, I related all this ſtory to her, but in ſuch a diſſembling manner, that ſhe could not perceive the leaſt intereſt I had, or that I harboured any other thoughts, but only of equity and charity; which nevertheleſs moved her to remove them from that lewd fellow, as indeed ſhe ſoon after did. And —— when my Mother took *Uneria* into her houſe, I received and entertained her in my boſome and heart entirely, and Love ſoon made me know he was my Soveraign Maſter.

You may have perhaps learned whilſt you were in our Country, that we have a natural antipathy againſt the *Scythians*, who are indeed born our Enemies: beſides the frequent quarrels betwixt Princes for their intereſt foments that imbred hate; ſo that if we ſometimes put up our Swords, it was but to unſheath them with the more fury afterwards: It ſeemed, however, that at this time there was a moſt firm Peace eſtabliſhed ; yet, as it is impoſſible long to ſmother the flames of a natural fewd and antient animoſity, ſo the frontire Garriſons of either Nation began from ſome particular differences betwixt their reſpective inhabitants to blow the covered ſparks into an open fire of contention and War, which having been cheriſhed and ſupplied with fewel from either party, laſts even to this day.

Balden our Prince, knowing the mighty preparation the *Scythians* made againſt him, finding himſelf alone too weak to reſiſt thoſe formidable numbers of men which they do ordinarily amaſs together, ſent Ambaſſadours to the Prince of *Sogdiana*, to put a period to all their own private differences, and ſecure their States by a timely union and conjunction of their Forces, which might defend them againſt the common Enemy, to whom their former unhappy diſſentions had given many great advantages, which they had found to their ſad prejudice. The *Sogdian* Prince opened both his arms and heart to welcome this propoſition ; and to tye up their amity with the moſt indiſoluble bands, he profered his daughter, a beautiful and vertuous Princeſs to *Seniſra* for a Wife : So that our Ambaſſadours proſpering in their negotiation above their hopes, laden with Preſents, returned with thoſe perſons whom the *Sogdian* Prince ſent to ſee the Articles of Peace ratified, which we eſteemed very advantagious, and particularly for the profered Match betwixt their Princeſs and brave *Seniſra*. But he, who expected no other but the publick intereſt in this agreement, was much aſtoniſhed that they had engaged him in a buſineſs that concerned him ſo particularly, without ever communicating it unto him: and finding himſelf driven to this great ſtraight, either of reſolving to looſe *Themira*, or renounce this Match; he did me the honour to ask me what courſe he ſhould take for the eſtabliſhment of his repoſe and ſatisfaction; but I was not in a capacity to give him any ſolid counſel at that time, having my own heart burdened with as great a freight of trouble. The day preceding, one of my Uncles came to viſit me, and having led me into the Palace Garden; after a ſhort preface, which promiſed me the higheſt felicity I could wiſh for in the world, he told me that *Baldeus* had ſo particular an amity or affection for me, that he would needs have me find out a Miſtreſs for my ſelf, that ſo we might be ſharers in the bleſſings of his Sons triumph and ſolemnize our Nuptials on the ſame day. And if for that end, I had any inclination at Court which were ſuitable to my quality, I might freely declare it, that they might uſe their endeavours and care to ſatisfie *Baldeus* commands and my deſires. I was not readily furniſhed with any other anſwer, but only that I had hitherto beheld the Ladies at the Court with too much indifferency to have any particular inclination, and that if they would allow me time, I was yet young enough to paſs ſome years thus ſingle, and it would not be too late hereafter to think of ſuch a weighty buſineſs; Think of it then on your part, ſaid he, and we will conſider of it on ours, and ſo left me. Theſe words filled me with more diſpleaſure, then he had flattered me before with hopes. Amidſt the ſtrange diſorders it cauſed in me when I was by my ſelf, I nicely examined all that he had ſpoken, and reflecting on the Ladies of my acquaintance, *Uneria* only came to my thoughts with pleaſure, ſhe only inſpired me with ſentiments of Love, and did ſeem to me moſt worthy of affection.

With theſe thoughts I was carried, where I might behold her to confirm my ſelf in this truth, and I was by her preſence fortified in the high opinion I had conceived that my eſteem was very rational, and that there was none could deſerve ſo truely to be cheriſhed and prefered. In fine, I reſolved with my ſelf to give no ſatisfaction to my Uncle in what he had propoſed, nor to lend any more an ear to ſuch diſcourſes; and ſo far was I from making any particular addreſs to the Ladies at Court, that I left off that freedom and familiarity I had otherwhile practiſed amongſt them; I was ever of a more ſullen humour, and avoided even the converſation of thoſe with whom I had moſt intimacy.

This change of behaviour was ſoon taken notice of at Court, where moſt men are rather apt to pry into others actions, than to regulate their own: every one admired at me, eſpecially knowing it was put to my choice to elect any ſhe I could beſt fancy. My deareſt friends were hugely concerned at my black melancholly, and could not poſſible imagine that to be the cauſe of my affliction, which they judged rather might be a juſt reaſon to make me rejoyce, but my diſpleaſure was utterly concealed from them all. *Seniſra* was the only Privado to whom I uncaſed my mind; but, I found him as ſenſibly tormented as my ſelf; for having lived hitherto very well ſatisfied in his affection, he was now fallen into diſpair, becauſe his deareſt *Themira*, when he laſt went to viſit her, had nothing but reproaches for his infidelity in her diſcourſe, wherewith to entertain him, inſtead of thoſe delightful amorous accents ſhe was uſed to ſooth his paſſionate ſoul withal at former meetings: And, indeed, in the hot fits of his reſentments he would often ſay, Would to God *Merame* we were yet both of us free from this Tyranny of Love: you would not then have a Miſtreſs that is a Captive, nor I a Subject, whoſe haughtineſs or cruelty tramples on my affection and ſubmiſſions; 'tis thoſe alone that thus divert both your devoir and mine from running in the due channel of filial obedience, we owe to our Parents; but your condition is happier yet then mine, you have not yet been treated unhandſomely, or at leaſt unkindly by *Uneria*, as I have by *Themira*: For having lately underſtood my Fathers Will touching my Marriage with the *Sogdianian* Princeſs; I was ſo infinitely ſurprized, that conſidering how much it traverſed my Love and deſign for *Themira*, I durſt not attempt to viſit her for three or four dayes, not deſiring to acquaint her with it, till I had found ſome way whereby to aſſure her that my fidelity was unalterable; at laſt, amidſt that hurry and diſtraction which had beſet me, not being able to lay hold on any other ſupport but my own reſolved conſtancy, the only pillar I could reſt my hopes on, I went to ſee her. But, O gods, what a change did I meet with from her ; She received me as her Princes Son, not as her fond Lover. I found her in a temper of ſuch cold civility, as made my blood turn even to Ice. This ſurprize and aſtoniſhment, inſtead of proving my true innocency, appeared to her diſtruſtful eyes, as if it had been the face of guiltineſs, which made her anger ſucceed in theſe harſh words, which ſhe utter'd in a diſcompoſed tone. Your viſage, *Semiſra*, betrayes your intentions, it's alteration and often ſhifted colour ſpeaks your perfidiouſneſs ; nor can your conſcience which writes its ſelf upon your changing Countenance, ſuffer your deluſions to be hid any longer, which to perſiſt in were a weakneſs unworthy of any ſlave, much leſs a Prince. But what then ? I have been as highly preſumptuous in my eaſie faith, as you are reproveable for your hypocriſie ; had I never conſidered you as my Lover, but beheld you alwayes as my Prince, I ſhould have no juſt cauſe to wonder, as I do now, in vain, that your heart can adore and pay the full tribute of affection and veneration to this ſtranger Princeſs ; yet have I reaſon for complaint however, that you forſake *Themira*, after you have ſo ſolemnly engaged your faith to her ; But this is ſome conſolation and retribution, that I can ſtrive to correſpond with you in every particular ; and it ſhall ſuffice me, that you cannot but know, it is the noble heart and vertuous diſpoſition rather makes a Gentleman a Prince, then his Birth or empty Title ;

tle; whoſe blood if tainted, and whoſe ſpirit if degenerate, tumbles him beneath the meaneſt of his Subjects in the records of Fame and Honour. I would have anſwered her, but that cruell and unjuſt Lady ſtopt her ear againſt all my ſpeeches, by which I might have wiped away the aſperſion of ingratitude ſhe ſtuck upon me; and then ſuddenly quitted me in a place, where I could neither conveniently follow her, nor bemoan my ſelf.

The Prince entertained me with this his miſfortune, when *Balden* his Father entred into his Chamber, and ſpake thus to me, well *Moriame*, what preparations doe you make againſt *Semiſra's* wedding? you are ſad me-thinks, may it not be, that having a long time aſſociated with him, as his moſt faithful compagnion, and ſeeing him now provided of a Miſtris, and your ſelf without any, you mourn your ſolitary condition. But if ſo, or not, I doe not intend that you ſhould only be an idle aſſiſtant at the ceremony; but rather help to make up one of the ſweeteſt parts in the full harmony of joy and pleaſure, Come follow me, he went forth as he ſpake theſe laſt words, and lead us to his wives Chamber, where catching me by one hand, and taking *Geroſe* the Daughter of his Favorite *Hylobas* by the other, I doe not believe ſaid he, that you have any objections to make againſt my deſign, and your Parents conſent; The choice could not be more equal then by this match, nor can you, according to the opinion of every one; live happier then together: may the gods bleſs you with as much felicity as your hearts can wiſh.

Neither of us made any other reply, but a profound obeyſance, and I was very glad the many complements we received from thoſe that were preſent exempted me from thoſe I ſhould have been obliged to make in particular to *Geroſa*, on whom in common civility I was obliged to waite upon to her own lodging, where I quitted her coldly. Being returned to my own apartment, and freed from the importunity of thoſe that did exalt and bleſs my good fortune, I ſhut my ſelf up within my Chamber; where, what I either thought or ſaid, during my firſt tranſports in that Melancholly Cell, were too tedious to relate. My reſolutions, in fine, made me decree to give a clear diſcovery of my paſſion to *Vueria*, and profer her Marriage if ſhe could but conſent to love me, as I did her fair ſelf. I left my chamber with this intent to ſeek her out, and though the night were very much advanced, and moſt perſons retired to their repoſe, I deſcended into the Garden by a back way, and ſoftly ſtealing along the wall to a place cloſe by *Vueria*'s chamber, whoſe windows gave them the full proſpect of a long alley. I there made a ſtand, hoping at leaſt to have the bleſſing of being near her perſon. What can you think, in fine, *Syberis* if the effects of my paſſion? Though the night were muffled up in its thickeſt clouds, yet I pryed every where hoping to meet the favour of ſome ſmall beam of light, whereby to diſcover her: and hearing a voice, I liſtned attentively and underſtood it was her Mother, who was thus diſcourſing to her. I thought, Daughter, that Fate had no more wayes left to afflict us; and that we were arrived at the laſt Stage of all our miſeries; But I perceive cruell Fortune is not yet glutted with our ſufferings. He that had declar'd himſelf thy Protector, is become thy enemy, and if he eſpouſe (as 'tis to be feared) the Fathers quarrel, with the daughters perſon, we muſt reſolve to periſh. Wherefore, replyed, *Vneria*? If you have been but as religiouſly ſecret as my ſelf, we have nothing to fear. Ah my deareſt Daughter, anſwer'd the Mother; thoſe two families being united together by that ſtrict alliance, thou canſt no longer hide a face, whoſe features, though truly innocent, are too too dangerous for thy ſafety. Mother reparted ſhe, we muſt commit all to the goodneſs of the deities, who have preſerved us hitherto. We muſt not pry into the book of deſtiny, the Characters are not legible to Mortals, and we find every day, that what befals us, is contrary to what we either feared or gueſſed. Let us live, in the mean time, in hope; and ſince our arms are too ſhort to unty this marriage knot, thoſe knots, its ſaid, being all made faſt in heaven, we will reſerve our complaints, if it muſt be ſo, till we ly under the Evil that ſhall fall on us. Her Mother, could not bar her tears from falling at this diſcourſe, and reaching to embrace her, as I perceiv'd by a faint light, ſhe ſaid, Ah worthy Daughter, no, I cannot beleeve, that heaven has given thee ſuch a full ſtock of vertue and courage, to let thee continue long in this condition.

They ſaid ſomething more afterwards, but whiſpered it ſo ſoftly, it did not reach my eare perfectly: then ſuddenly after they were wholly ſilent. Yet I remained fix'd in the ſame place, with a moſt greedy attention till day break, and then fearing diſcovery I return'd to my Chamber: Being thrown upon my bed, I reflected on their whole diſcourſe a thouſand times, without being able to comprehend or fathom the depth of it. What, ſaid I, ſhall I dare believe ſhe ſpoke of me? and may I flatter my ſelf with this vanity to have had the rareſt jewel of nature in my protection? No, no, theſe words were meant of ſome other, it being impoſſible but that I ſhould love her alwayes tenderly, ſo that if her Protector is become her Enemy, they cannot be addreſſed to me. Nevertheleſs, I am he, into whoſe fortunate arms ſhe caſt her bleſſed ſelf at *Coupava*; and I am alſo commanded to marry *Geroſe*: But, what is that particular intereſt that makes her apprehend this alliance ſo much? Thus was I weather-beaten 'twixt theſe ſeveral troubleſome fears and doubts, when a ſoft ſlumber, cauſed by my over-long watching, and deep penſiveneſs, ſtole unawares upon me, and made a happy truce in my minde for ſome few hours.

'Tis, ſaid *Sybaris*, the only thing that is not an enemy to us, all nature elſe declares it ſelf againſt the unhappy lover, when ſleep as a courteous friend many times renders him contented with a pleaſing dream, which awake, the whole world denies him: But, alas! 'tis too imaginary and ſhort liv'd a joy, to recompence thoſe daily miſeries.

It grew ſomewhat late, perſu'd *Merame*, and I was yet bound faſt in the eaſie chains of ſleep, when my Father commanded ſome to call me, that I might prepare my ſelf to receive *Hylebus* together with his Wife and Daughter whom he had invited to dinner. I had ſcarce the time to ſlip on my cloaths, when ſome of the company arrived, and the pretended Miſtreſs with them, whom I received with the greateſt civility and the leaſt affection imaginable. I was forc'd, however, to wear out that day in diſſimulation, nay, and many more beſides: whilſt the frequent bluſhes that invaded my cheeks, ſent thither from my heart as the Meſſengers of its trouble and perplexity, though imputed to my juvenile modeſty, opportunely concealed the indignation, and diſdain which a paler face would have told them, filled my breaſt againſt all Love for her.

Many dayes ſlipt thus away ere I could have a happy tyde of opportunity to entertain *Uneria* in particular; and I took notice that ſince *Hylebus* frequented our houſe, ſhe endeavoured to keep out of our preſence and Society. The impatience I was in to ſpeak with her, taught me to ſend her Mother word by a ſervant of whoſe fidelity I had many proofs, that I had ſomewhat to communicate to her; this Meſſage allarmed her, and brought her quickly to me, ſomewhat affrighted, where I waited for her, with a no leſs troubled ſpirit; but her aſtoniſhment grew above both our fears, when I enquired for what cauſe ſhe and her daughter were of late ſo cloſely confin'd, and ſeemed to be the only two in the whole Family, that expreſs'd no ſigns of joy for the hopes of my ſudden Marriage, with *Geroſe*? That, for my part, I would continue to be ſtill the ſame I had promis'd them to be; and if any diſcontent were the juſt cauſe of their retirement, I would engage to procure them all the ſatisfaction it was poſſible for me to make them. I had before decreed to break the ice altogether, and acquaint her further; but, then, had not the power to pronounce the bleſſed name of *Uneria*, ſo that without any fuller diſcovery, I left her, after ſhe had anſwered me, that they had received many favours in our houſe as great as numerous, and that if they had been ſo unhappy as not to attend for ſome dayes paſt, the ſervice of the Family, and their juſt devoirs, her Daughters indiſpoſition was the ſole and unavoidable cauſe of it. I was vext that I had not abſolutely diſcloſed my intention, and fearing leaſt what I had told her, might redouble her ſuſpition, as ſoon as ſhe had left me, I approached their window to hear what report ſhe would make to *Uneria*, to whom ſhe ſadly ſpake in this manner. Well, *Uneria*, had I not reaſon to fear the ſiniſter adventure I conjectur'd, and couldſt thou think the gods would have indued thee with ſo much conſtancy, and generoſity, but that they knew thou ſhouldſt one day ſtend in need of it? *Miranie* would never have ſpoken of his alliance with that Family, in ſuch a manner, if he had not known the certain reaſon why we evaded the fatal preſence of *Hylebas* ſo carefully. If Heavens indulgent goodneſs had but at leaſt preſerved *Soixa*, perhaps he might have found out ſome happy Stratagem, whereby to have releaſed us from this Captivity. 'Tis in vain, ſaid *Uneria*, to contend againſt Fortune, whatever doome the deities have pronounced is no leſs juſt the irrevocable; we muſt ſubmit without reluctancy; and then we ſhall have this conſolation at the leaſt, that although our ſorrows like a ſtrong net entangles us on every ſide, without any hopes of releaſe, yet we doe ſuffer innocently. The event will declare the will of heaven more clearly, and ſince there is no griefe ſo bitter, which the leaſt bleſſing from above cannot turne into joy and happineſs, let us not diſpaire, our wounded ſpirits may yet be cured? and for *Merame* I eſteeme him too brave and generous to lend a hand or heart to the unworthy deſigns of his Father in Law.

I would ſtay no longer there, but thought my ſelf ſufficiently inform'd wheron to ground a fuller inquiry afterwards, and if I were hitherto very indifferent to *Geroſe*, this inſpired me with a mortall averſion for her, as being conſtrained to act the feigned part of a Lover towards her, who was the daughter of my *Uneria's* capitall enemy. This neceſſity of diſſembling to her did ſo diſpleaſe me, that I fell ſick of a moſt violent Feaver. Which kept me priſoner fifteen days together, during which time, the beſt meanes towards my recovery, was the comfort of *Geroſe's* abſence, and the pleaſing remembrance of the beautiful *Uneria*, whoſe intereſts became extremely dear to me. One day as I walked in the Garden, under a pretence of taking the freſh ayr to perfect my dawning health, but indeed to have the opportunity to ſpeak to *Uneria* and her Mother. I ſtept aſide, and ſtole into their Chamber, when there were none, but themſelves; and finding them ſurpriz'd, doe not apprehend my preſence ſaid I to them, you have a ſecond *Soixa* in my perſon, and I engage, out of a true affection only, to render you all the ſervices that he could poſſibly pay you: Let not the alliance with *Hylebus* diſturb you, if it oppoſe your intereſt, it does no leſs thwart my inclination, and if the unparralell'd *Uneria* vouchſafe but to accept my faith and hearty ſervice, and doe no longer make the cauſe of her misfortunes a ſecret to me, I hope I ſhall not be uncapable to procure her happineſs.

They were both ſo ſurpriz'd with this propoſition and requeſt, that they could not for the preſent contrive any anſwer, ſo that renewing my diſcourſe and courtſhip, Is it your diffidence, or wonder at the unexpected novelty of what I tell you, that makes you wrap up your mindes in ſilence? Ah *Uneria*, if you ſuſpect my ſentiments, doe but examine the heart that conceived them, it is in your poſſeſſion, and you ſhall evidently find it contains nothing but affection for you. The Mother would have caſt her ſelf down at my feet to have anſwer'd, but having prevented it, ſhe ſaid, we never doubted Sir, of your more then ordinary generoſity, we have already found the benefits of it, in many happy trialls, but you may be pleaſed not to wonder, if having falen already into ſo many unexpected ſnares, we feared that which menaced us ſo evidently.

And ſince you have ſo much curioſity and noble care, as to enquire the reaſons, I will reveale ſuch things which if made known to any other, but your worthy ſelf, might hazard our very lives; But I doe gladly find, that heaven has placed us under your protection, as the Tutelary Angel of a family broken and ruin'd by *Hylebas*, of whom, as I beleeve and have too many reaſons to fear, we are at preſent the only ſad remainders.

Sina is the place of our birth, *Uteria* had the Prince of that great City for her Father, and I for my brother; If you have ever heard by what accident it fell under your Princes power, you may know, that the Army which beſeiged it was commanded by *Hylebas*, who for his private intereſt, and to revenge ſome corrections for his youthful inſolencies, engaged *Eulden* in that war. He had formerly made a voyage into *Perſia*, to learn in their famous *Academies* thoſe vertues which he never put in practiſe. At his return, he made ſome ſtay in our City, where his condition being known, he was very civilly treated in all companies, As then he was but young, and truly more compleat in garb and perſon then in judgment or wit; for manners obliging him to waite upon the Prince *Dizman*, and his wife *Mayrem*, he inſtantly tranſgreſſed in that reſpect that was due to them both. As ſoon as he beheld that Lady, whoſe rare perfections had gained this general acknowledgment thorow all *Aſia*, that nature had never brought forth ſo great a miracle there, as ſhe was, he was inflamed towards her, but with ſo impure a heat; as that glorious Planet had never produc'd in any ſoul, but his. For the Majeſty of her adored face, had ever imprinted and inſpir'd as much reſpect and veneration as love; only the heart of *Hylebas* was ſuſceptible of that unlawful wild-fire; and he brute man, had ſo much preſumption, as to beleeve what ever he undertook in that deſign would proſper as he wiſht it. This made him abide there longer then he intended, during which time, he diſplaid all his wit and gallantry, which neverthelefs was no better received or eſteemed then at the higheſt rate of pride and folly. Perceiving, in the end, that his confidence had deluded him, and that *Meyrem* had ſo ſevere a vertue, as would not ſtoop or give indeed the leaſt audience, to his deſires and paſſion; to attain his pernicious deſign, he reſolved to take in the aſſiſtance of inchantments to allure or quell that vertuous Lady's heart, as full of honour as his was of luſt.

As there are many in that Country who make a particular profeſſion of Magick, it was eaſy for him to come to the knowledge of an old woman, who was reputed to be very skilful in that Art; to whom he diſcover'd his black ſoul, that ſhe might the better ſuit her black experiments to it: and that ſorcereſs having, in fine, promis'd him the effecting of what he ſo greedily deſired, by her witchcraft, he thought to ſeal up her lips with a gold ſignet which he beſtow'd upon her: but his profuſion by which he thought to conceal his plot, was that which brought it firſt to diſcovery: For this old covetous witch imagined, that if ſo much were given to hide a ſecret, others would be as liberal if ſhe reveal'd it: and conſidering with her ſelf, that what ſhe had already in poſſeſſion was her own and could not be retir'd, it would be both more ſafe and profitable now to gain a new Fee by detecting him, and ſaving her ſelf from danger, into which poſſibly the performance of what ſhe had then undertaken might let her fall. She haſtned therefore to a publick Magiſtrate of the City, and informed him that a ſtranger of quality had been to ſolicite her to contrive a miſchief as much beyond her power as well to perpetrate; but becauſe he might probably addreſs himſelf to ſome other more cunning and leſs honeſt to bewitch or charme *Meyrem* to love him as he deſired; her tender heart had moved her to give him this honeſt advertiſement, that ſo he might acquaint *Diſman* and prevent *Hylebas*. The interrogatories they more particularly put to this woman, ſoon brought the whole myſtery of iniquity to light; but the buſineſs being tetchy, and his condition too lofty to proſecute him the ordinary way for ſuch diſcoveries: They judged it more politique to lay hold of that woman, then to charge it upon him, whereby he finding his deſign diſcloſed, might of himſelf quit the Town, fearing the juſt reſentments it might awake againſt him. All ſucceeded as they had judiciouſly conjectured; he left the City, but did not give over his unworthy project. At that time he made war upon the *Scythians*, and his Father in its firſt beginning was general, to which high command himſelf ſucceeded. Your Enemies, who were already advanced far into our Country, taking their advantage pillaged us moſt ſtrangely. We made our juſt complaints, but for ſatisfaction returning us no other anſwer but this only, that our neutrality was ſuſpicious to them, and that they would ſtill treat us as Enemies, unleſs we would openly declare our ſelves; This violence quickly obliged us to take up Arms, but it was to ſide with yours, and our Forces being thus united decreaſed the Enemies much, ſo that for four years ſucceſſively, we counterballanced that conqueſt which manifeſtly inclined to their ſide before.

These Martial employments how ever, did not take *Hylebus* off from the thoughts of attaining his impure deſires. He attempted to ſteal away *Meyrem* by the aſſiſtance of ſome *Scythians* whom he had hired to that end, becauſe it might not be ſuſpected he was the Author of ſo unhandſome an enterprize; but ſhe being ever attended with a numerous Guard, all thoſe Setters forfeited either their lives or liberties in the attaque; and one Officer of the Crew, hoping thereby to obtain his freedom, confeſſed they were ſet on by *Hylebus*, and had acted nothing but by his appointment and order. *Dizman* was preſently made acquainted of it, who had already found much backwardneſs and diſcontent amongſt his Souldiers, who though they were ſtill ſet to cut cut the tougheſt work, had alwayes the leaſt pay and plunder, which your General retained to himſelf.

Though he had much ado to quell and keep in his indignation, yet he would not pull off the vizard of diſſimulation till he heard you had a clandeſtine Treaty on Foot with the *Scythians*, then he thought it tameneſs to bridle it any longer; wherefore waiting with *Hylebas* to confer about their Warlike affairs, he complained that his good affection was very ill requited; that they ought not to treat their aſſociates as if they were Stipendaries, but that all ſhould ſhare equally as well in the benefits of Treaties and Agreements, as in the Troubles and Dangers they had participated largely in: *Hylebas*, anſwered him very coldly, that having never done nor treated any thing, but what he was a Witneſs of, he could not but wonder at this diſcourſe. Nevertheleſs, reply'd *Dizman*, you cannot hinder the change in your countenance from witneſſing againſt you, nor had I voted in the deſign of ſurprizing *Meyrim*, to which purpoſe you employ'd the *Scythians*: This made *Hylebas* bluſh yet more, however with a quaint expreſſion he reply'd, I underſtand not what you mean: you ſhould do well to be aſſured of ſuch things before you give any credit to them: if you ſpeak with more truth, you would allow it more ingenuity and plainneſs. Say what you pleaſe, return'd *Dizman*, but I have ſpoken no Enigmæs but what you may unfold; nor can you deny the verity of theſe reproaches without a manifeſt falſhood, which this ſhall vindicate when we meet in a place convenient to diſpute our intereſt, ſaid he, ſhewing his Sword. Thoſe that were preſent could not prevent this diſorder, though they calm'd their ſwelling paſſions from flying higher for a time. Two dayes after, the Generals quarrel had intereſſed the Souldiers, and that put them into diſſentions. This diſſention provoked them to words, and theſe injurious words begot blows. The Officers haſtned to appeaſe the tumult, but *Hylebus*, finding himſelf well accompanied, inſtead of appeaſing the broil, charged ours ſo furiouſly that they were fain to give ground; till *Dizman* put them forward by his preſence and example: whoſe courage and heat did ſo quell your men, that they had much ado by their retreat to ſave themſelves, or their General *Hylebus*, who received many wounds from our Princes own hands. This affront cut deeper than his Sword; and therefore diſpatching a Meſſenger to *Balden*, he ſo diſguiſed the whole action, that we were charged with all the guilt and blame, as the ſole Authors of this mutiny: and your General received expreſs Orders to conclude a Peace with the *Scythians*, and by their aſſiſtance to take a full revenge upon us. *Dizman*, who well foreſaw what would befall, had cauſed our Army to retire, and gave ſudden command for freſh Levies, to be in the better poſture to receive his Enemies. But before he could prepare what was fit, *Hylebus* marched with his Army, and the aſſiſtance of three thouſand *Scythians*, and laid cloſe ſiege to *Sina*. Though we were unprovided, yet he loſt much time, pains and men, and nothing but his treachery had ſucceſs. The Daughter of that old Hag, whom he would otherwhile have employ'd to enchant *Meyrem*, was then ſo beſotted with love of *Hylebus*, that her paſſion and ignorance made her imagine his affection to *Meyrem* was the only obſtacle that did hinder his return of love to her again, ſo that ſhe beheld that Princeſs as her rival only. When ſhe ſaw *Hylebus* ſo near the City, her deſires grew hotter at that her amorous Planets approach, and her hatred became ſo violent againſt *Meyrem*, that ſhe had the confidence to undertake the delivery of the Garriſon into his hands, upon condition he would ſatisfie her wiſhes, which ſhe preſumed ſhe partly deſerved long before, but much more if ſhe atchieved that exploit.

Hylebus, who had often felt the fury of our allies, was very eager to redeem his bleeding honour at ſo eaſie a rate, and therefore willingly promis'd all that her longing heart could prompt her to demand of him. The Gold Signet her Mother had received of him, and the addition of wealth beſtow'd by *Dizman* for their diſcovery, had ſo well furniſhed her, that ſhe was married to the Officer who kept the keyes of the City Gates. Whoſe priviledge did much facilitate the means her paſſion had ſuggeſted to her, to let in ſome of the Enemies Troops into the City.

Though ſhe were married, yet was ſhe very amorouſly perſecuted by a young man, whom ſhe began to ſooth with hopes, and in ſhort to promiſe him what he ſued for if he at an appointed time, could but find the means to caſt her husband into a ſound ſleep, which ſince the ſiege began he ſeldome gave way to. Love, as you may take ſome notice of, would be the only fatal Miniſter of our ruine. This fellow immediately procures a ſtrong ſomniferous draught, which ſhe firſt made trial of on ſome other, and being now provided, ſhe ſent word to *Hylebus* that ſhe expected him punctually at midnight, at the Eaſt Gate, which he ſhould find open and no Guards to oppoſe him.

At night to make her promiſed treachery good, ſhe mixed ſome of that potion in her Husbands drink at his ſupper, and was as careful to beſtow ſome of it on the Souldiers which had that Port that night; and at the time appointed ſhe waited at the place aſſigned whilſt the whole Guard were in a profound ſleep. *Hylebus* failed not to ſend a party firſt to make ſure of the Gate, which being poſſeſſed and he advertiz'd of it, he advanced with ſpeed, commanding his Troops to follow with the ſtrickteſt ſilence imaginable: and being enter'd the Town by this wile, he gave orders to put every one to the ſword that ſhould make the leaſt oppoſition.

The Inhabitants and Souldiers were ſo ſurprized at the terrible alarm, that ſeeing no body make head, he eaſily marched directly towards the Palace, whither Love, Hatred and Revenge led him with fury and precipitation.

Imagine a Troop of enraged Wolves, that had ſtrangled the drowzy dogs ſet to guard a flock, ruſhing into the fold, where thoſe timerous, but innocent creatures, thought themſelves as ſafe, as they were ſtrongly guarded: ſuch was the poor Peoples confuſion, the Souldiers diſorder, and the Princes amazement, who nevertheleſs cauſed the by ſtreets to be inſtantly chained and barricado'd, but to no end, the multitude that hurry'd towards his Palace as their laſt refuge and Sanctuary, broke them ſoon down again, and left the way open for his men to draw up in a great place which faced it. There *Hylebar* began to cry out Victory, and that his blackeſt actions might be apparent, though Heaven had hid its ſelf with the thickeſt curtains of Clouds; that ignoble General, cauſed the contiguous buildings to be fired, that the obſcurity of the night might not hide from him the objects of his vengeance. *Dizman*, finding the loſs of the City was inevitable, and willing at leaſt to ſave what was deareſt to him in the World, ran to *Meyrems* Chamber which looked towards the Sea, where but a few dayes before, ſhe was delivered of *Uneria*: and conjuring her to embarque her ſelf immediately in a Ship which lay at Anchor juſt before them, he promis'd to follow her immediately. That generous Lady, anſwered him, no otherwiſe, but that whatever ſhe did, ſhe neither would fly or ſave her ſelf but with him: and if he muſt dye, ſhe would as chearfully dye, as ſhe had lived with him: that ſhe would not complain of her own Fate how ſevere ſoever, provided her children were but ſafe; and haſtily putting *Uneria* into my hands, with a ſhower of flowing tears, and her ſon *Zorif*, a child of two years old, into her Husbands, go, ſaid ſhe, to us, embracing us with tenderneſs mixt with courage, and ſo much love as cannot have its full expreſſion, ſave theſe dear and innocent creatures at leaſt; and would to

Heaven this might not be the laſt of our adieu's! The noiſe of thoſe that enter'd pell-mell into the Chamber unty'd thoſe ſad embraces, and drove us down a pair of ſecret ſtairs to the Ship which received us. *Meyrem*, as I have been ſince informed, notwithſtanding her weakneſs and indiſpoſition diſguiſing her Sex, armed her ſelf that ſhe might go and relieve her Husband, who expired before her face, pierc'd with a thouſand wounds.

That woful object which had doubtleſs been able to blunt the higheſt courage, did but whet hers, grown indeed leſs vigorous by ſome blood exhauſted from her precious veins, ſo that hearing *Hylebas*, who had diſcovered her give command to take her alive, ſhe forced her way thorow thoſe that were about him, who in obedience to the command their General had given them, fearing to kill her, hindred her not from joyning him; and ruſhing upon him with the like fury as a Lyoneſs would do on him who had rob'd her of her whelps. Traytor, ſaid ſhe, ſtriking at him, doſt thou command them to ſave my life, that I may take my juſt and full revenge on thee; know at leaſt, that though I cannot redeem my Husband from death, yet I can dye with honour for his ſake: two full blows ſhe diſcharged upon him, which made him ſtagger, and diſpenc'd his Souldiers from longer obedience, who preſently flew on her in multitudes, yet could they not hinder her from making way till ſhe came to her dear Husbands dead Corps, on which ſhe made a ſad ſhift to caſt her ſelf and die.

We being now informed by certain other ſmall

Barks, that we were cloſely perſued, and that to glut his rage, the bloody *Hyleus* had given ſtrickt orders being come again to himſelf, that we ſhould be ſought for every where with diligence, thought it ſafeſt to go on ſhoar at the firſt place we could make land, which we did changing our habits, and ſuddenly parting from each others, that we might not be taken altogether, in caſe they ſhould hear of us. But as the decree of Fate is inevitable, *Uneria* and my ſelf fell into the power of ſome who were ranging about the Coaſts for a prey; and we were afterwards ſold to the Keeper of *Conpava*, whilſt my Husband, who had more ſtrength and agility, ſaved himſelf in a little wood near hand with *Zurif*, whither they likewiſe follow'd him, but how they fared I never ſince could have the leaſt tydings.

And this, Sir, is the ſad hiſtory of our misfortunes; the remainder of our diſconſolate lives is not unknown to you, and we are now more happy in your goodneſs and eſteem, then our beſt hopes could ever fairly promiſe, ſince after ſo long a ſilent and mournful Captivity and concealment, you have unpinion'd our reſtraint and given us leave to breath our ſorrows by lending ſo curteous an ear to this doleful relation.

This ſtory mov'd my very ſoul to compaſſion, but I was yet more tranſported by thoſe tears the faireſt *Uneria* let fall, whilſt her Aunt made the relation of it. Nor could I keep mine from breaking priſon, before I had expreſt my ſelf thus to her: Ah! Madam, what cauſe have I given you to cheriſh ſo ill an opinion of my perſon; why did you not ſooner make me acquainted with your ſufferings, ſince you could not be ignorant how much I might have lightned the too too heavy chains of your Captivity. Can it be poſſible you ſhould not have perceived the vehement heat of my love for you? though I have kept it ſtill under the lock and key of a timerous ſilence; yet my flame having been as bright as chaſte and diſcreet, might well have been gueſs'd by you: and ſince you knew that I have acted nothing for *Vneria*, which any indifferent Judge would not have conſtrued more an effect of paſſion and affection then common charity, why have you made your fear or ſcorn the cauſe of your own ſufferings, and thoſe torments my own reſtraint has put upon me? But I ſhould never mention my own troubles, did I not lye under the guilt of having left her, who was the bleſſing of my heart, ſo long under Captivity in my own Fathers houſe: and then, perfidious *Hylebas*, do not believe, thou haſt ſcaped the juſtice of the gods, Heaven has defer'd its puniſhments only to make it fall the heavier on thee, for though Divine Juſtice comes but ſlow, yet it comes ſure, and I believe and hope that I am choſen the juſt Miniſter of it, which I ſhall inflict with ſo much the more ſecurity, as the intereſts of *Vneria* are dearer to me than thy *Gerɇſe*. It depends but upon you my Princeſs, ſaid I, addreſſing my ſelf to her, to allow of it; and if you will not command me to execute it, for my own reſpects, yet let me do it for juſtice and your illuſtrious Parents ſakes: a deep ſigh, which ſhe fetch'd from her heart, as the Prologue to her following diſcourſe, impoſed a willing ſilence on my tongue, whilſt ſhe ſpake thus, *Merame* your promiſing goodneſs, which perſwaded my Aunt, to tell you the ſad tale of our misfortunes, does likewiſe encourage me to accept of thoſe fair proffers you have made to me: I ſhall not therefore demur, but accept of them in the beſt manner my unhappy condition admits of now, I meane, rather under the notion of protection then of ſervice. And yet, reply'd I, if you would but conſider your preſent condition in relation to me, you will ſoon find it ſpeakes you miſtreſs and Soveraign of my ſoul; but perhaps, you find it an unhappineſs, that perſons of more power and greater quality then my meanneſs are not preſent to ſerve you. Not ſo, anſwer'd ſhe, for beſides that I am too well acquainted with humility and my own abaſement to harbor ſo uncivil an inmate as pride, ſo I have already received too great a ſum of obligations from your bounty to be ſo ingrateful; and I aſſure you, that if I cannot make you a full retribution for your favours, you muſt impute it more to my want of Fortune, then good will.

This happy declaration and condeſcention to love was concluded with as much ſatisfaction as I had ambition or love; and I took a reſolution to ſearch out ſome confiding friend, who might ranſome this illuſtrious Captive out of her thraldome. Her confinement infinitely troubled me, yet was I forced to defer it a while and cloak my griefs. During this reſtraint, all the happineſs

I could reap, was to entertain her daily with my reiterated vowes and promiſes, and this ſomewhat abated the diſpleaſure I ſuffer'd in the neceſſity of ſeeing *Geroſe*, towards whom ſhe enjoyned me, not to expreſs any averſion, nor could I afford her any ſillable of pretended affection.

In fine, the Age of winter being much increaſed, I underſtood of the preparations were makeing to receive the Princeſs of *Sogdiana*, whom *Balden* was to ſend for by extraordinary Ambaſſadours. I intreated her to let me caſt about for ſome meanes whereby to free my ſelf from *Geroſe*, whom I was already bid to look upon, as her, that was to be my wife, within the ſhort date of two months. The buſineſs preſs'd us equally, and this urgent neceſſity made me ſoon vote the reſolution to declare my ſelf openly an Enemy to *Hylebas*, thereby to unty the chain of Marriage and alliance with his daughter. He had a Son name *Zadarem*, in whoſe company I was to goe to meet the now young Princeſs; His humour was as little pleaſing as his Fathers, being nothing but a meer timpany of Pride; he had few friends at Court, as being one whoſe favour any man would have eſteemed too dearly purchaſt at the cheap price of a complement: yet thought himſelf too eminent to be ſo familiar as to receive them in quality of friends or aſſociates. He had been otherwiſe extravagantly amourous of *Themira*, and becauſe ſhe had treated him beneath the merits he fancied in himſelf, his angry love was turned into hate, which made him take occaſion to diſoblige and affront her all he could.

Whilſt *Senifra* ſtood fair with *Themira*, the leaſt concern'd had taken notice by thoſe aſſiduous addreſſes he made to her, that he took a more then ordinary delight in entertaining her; but his deſcreet behaviour rather made them gueſs then certainly know his purpoſe and deſires; Only *Zaderem*, who lookt upon't thorow the Perſpective of love and jealouſy, had more perfectly deſcried his mind; and led on by his paſſion, he wrought ſo far by his impoſtures upon *Themira's* ſpirit, that ſhe at laſt was poſſeſſed with the belief of her Princes infidelity, as you have already underſtood: and he likewiſe had informed *Balden* that the inclination his ſon had to *Themira*, was the only cauſe he expreſt ſo little joy and willingneſs to have the Princely virgin. *Balden* having exactly informed himſelf in this particular of ſo grand concernment, had prohibited *Senifra* upon the penalty of his ſevereſt diſpleaſure not to ſee *Themira* any more, whom he alſo expreſly commanded to confine her ſelf to her country habitation, to which her own troubled fancy had already cauſed her to retreate.

The time being come, that we were to goe fetch the *Sogdian* Princeſs, I went to take leave of *Senifra*, and then communicated the plot I had laid to ſpring up ſome occaſion of conteſt with *Zaderem*, whoſe ill contrived behaviour promis'd me ſubject enough. He condiſcended, in fine, to let me lay hold of fortunes foreſtep to free my ſelf from my *Gerbſe*, and aſſured me of the honour of his protection and power on all occaſions, or accidents, and withall to give order in my abſence for my *Onerius* liberty, which he ſoon after nobly procured. No ſooner were we arrived in *Sogdiana*, and had paid our civility to the Princeſs, who was indeed rich both in beauty and vertue, but *Zadarem* began amongſt the praiſes he ſhowred upon her, to let fall ſome drops of Mediſance and ſlander upon *Themira's* reputation: he went every where proclaiming that the Prince needed not ſo much regret her loſs, ſince the chaſter flames this worthy Lady might kindle in his heart, could not but extinguiſh thoſe lighter fancies and careſſes of a Miſtriſs. This malice was ſo apparent that every one reſented it as very ſcandalous, there was not any in our company that was not well acquainted with the fair *Themira's* unſoyl'd vertue, and had valour and will enough to aſſert it; but they all flung their looks on me, who am allyed to her, expecting I ſhould ty up his inſolent tongue from beſpattering her with ſuch abuſes. One day after I had mildly reproved him, he had the impudence to ask me, whether the Prince had ſo far loved me, as to let me ſhare with him in that gentle fortune, ſince I took upon me to vindicate him; and if ſo, that he had yet ſo much diſcretion left in ſtock, as not to wake his ſiſters jealouſy with the report of it; and when I reply'd, that I had no farther intereſt in her, but only what every Gentleman would be oblig'd to for his kindred, to preſerve their reputation, which therefore engaged me not to hear a perſon of her high worth ſo unhandſomely calumniated;

he promiſ'd me, but in a kind of raillery, that ſince it concerned me ſo neerly, he would be very careful hereafter not to let fly any thing that might call up my anger: which nevertheleſs he did not obſerve; He could not reſtrain his itching tongue from publiſhing a hundred wanton Tales, and noiſed the reſentment I had ſhown, which I was forc'd to pocket up till we were returned into *Margiana*, as unwilling to violate that reſpect we owe to ſtranger Countries.

The ſame day we had paſſed the confines of *Sogdiana*, about the evening I accoſted him, and having led him to a private place, where I before had ſent a gentleman with two weapons, I deſired him to make choice of one, and I would take the other. The unexpectancy aſtoniſht him more then the danger of the combat; but as he was truly valiant, after the preparation of a few words, we proceeded to blowes; he defended himſelf with as much skill and courage as I aſſaulted him; I received and gave ſeveral wounds, but, in fine, juſtice being in my armour, I gain'd his ſword with this advantage of being able to goe off my ſelf, whereas he lay extended with ſmall hopes of life, which made me ſend to his ſervants to goe and fetch him thence.

In the interim, to ſecure my ſelf, I poſted back from whence we came that day, and ſecured my ſelf in a Caſtle belonging to a *Sogdian* gentleman, whoſe friendſhip I had purchaſed by ſome civilities in his Princes Court. The news of this duell which brought aſtoniſhment to every one that heard it, cut deeper in my parents minds then any accident that ere befel them, they having promiſed themſelves the beſt of fortunes in my alliance with *Hylcha*; whereas now *Balden* having examined the ground of our quarrel, vow'd he would ſatisfy the juſt reſſentments of his favorite by our utter ruine. I ſecretly made *Schiſtra* acquainted with the place of my retreate, and the ſame moment wrote a letter to *Uneria*, by which I conjured her to bleſs me with her preſence at an appointed place, within ten dayes time, that ſo my troubles might not be without ſome allay of hope and conſolation; and that from thence we would goe to *Bactriana*: But becauſe I was to goe thorow a part of *Baldens* Territories to reach this place, I ſhrowded my ſelf in a diſguize ſo ſtrange, that I blinded all ſuſpition and diſcovery. Being at the exact time moſt proſperouſly arrived, I lighted on a perſon whom ſhe had charged to give me notice that ſhe was repoſing her ſelf in a place but very little diſtant thence, where ſhe had borrow'd the benefit of a friendly ſhade, till the exceſſive heat of the day were waſted, and being big with impatience to reach thither, I haſtned to horſe and in my deſires flew ſwiftly towards the place.

What think you now, *Sybaris*, of this meeting? doe you not preſume I muſt be very happy in it? yet o gods, how are you miſtaken? if you gueſs ſo, you wander in a miſtake; and miſs the truth, as much as I did my hopes; I was ſoon alighted indeed, and approached her with a becoming ceremony, and ſhe advanced to receive me in her bleſſed arms; when the ſtrangeſt accident imaginable,

nable, ſnatch'd her away, before I had the time to be let into her imbraces! a Troop of villains iſſuing out of a neighbouring wood, greedily ceazed on thoſe were neereſt to them: *Uneria* was the firſt prey they lighted on, and her they hurried away before my eyes. Pardon me *Sybaris*, that I cannot keep in theſe unruly ſighes which interrupt my diſcourſe. The ſad, yet ſweet remembrance of that fatal enterview, does almoſt ſting my ſoul by the remembrance of it now, as it did when it happened. The tranſport I was in, wing'd me with haſt and fury after thoſe wilde raviſhers, with my drawn ſword, but being then on foot, they galloped into the thicket of the wood, which ſoon ſheltred them from my longing eyes. I ran amazedly ſometimes one way, then another, according as their doleful cries directed me, often hearing my dear diſtreſſed *Uneria* implore and ſummon her *Merame* for aſſiſtance. That voice haſtned my pace, but ſoon after, when the greater diſtance had loſt her to my Ear, as well as Eye, my breath and ſtrength took flight after her, and left me to fall under my own weight: where I lay without motion, till the noiſe of ſome horſes which paſs'd by, having rowz'd me, I perceived turning my head that way, that one of thoſe fellows fled, with a woman in his armes, whom I diſcerned to be *Uneria's* Aunt: He paſſing back again neer the place, where I was unſeen by him, I caught his horſes bridle, and at the ſame inſtant gave him ſo full a blow with my ſword, that he ſoon tumbled off with the woman, whom I was ſtriving to convey away in the wood to ſhelter her from the reſt; when they came ruſhing ſo ſuddenly upon me, I was fain to leave her to provide for my own ſafety. I made all the reſiſtance a deſperate man could levy, but was at laſt preſs'd down under their numbers. I fell betwixt their horſes feet ſo full of wounds, they thought that to take me up, was but to burthen themſelves with a dead carkaſs: ſo they only took away *Unerias* Aunt, whoſe fear and amazement had kept her in a continual fainting. I remember the effuſion of ſo much blood as I loſt ſo enfeebled me, that the cryes and languiſhing looks I endeavoured to ſend after them, were ſoon wrapt up in a deadly ſwoon together with the reſt of my ſences. Some of *Unerias*, company, who by a generous reſiſtance had ſaved themſelves out of their hands, entring the wood to ſeek more unhappineſs then they deſired to find, lighted on me in a condition that promiſed but little hopes of life. How-ever, they bound up my wounds to ſtanch the ſtreames of blood, and took me up to carry me to the Citty, and as they feared, to my grave at once. Whilſt they were going, the agitation having a little reviv'd my ſpirits, I ſent forth a ſigh, which faintly told them there was yet ſome remainder of life dwelling in me, but no more, then to ſhew I was ſtill dying. In this beleef, as ſoon as they entred the Citty, they took councel about my interment, and endeavour'd no longer to conceal whom I was. The Governor heard by their publick regrets that 'twas *Merame* they mourned for, and preſently diſpatch'd away a Meſſenger to advertize *Balden* of it, who after the death of *Zudarom* had given orders to all the Frontire Garriſons to teaze me.

Amongſt thoſe whoſe curioſity had invited them to ſee me, there hapned to come a very expert Chyrurgeon that had formerly been my Fathers houſhold ſervant: This man deſired leave to ſearch my wounds, and not finding any of them mortal, judged that it was only the loſs of ſo much blood at once, had brought me to ſo feeble a condition; wherefore finding ſome ſparks of life and warmth ſtill in me, he aſſay'd to revive me by ſome potent Cordials, which he employ'd unhappily for me, ſince his conjecture had not deceived him. He felt my heart begin to beat a little, and ſome ſmall dawning appearances in my face, which made him proceed to ſuch further applications as reſtored me once more to my ſences. The firſt apparent ſign I gave them, was a languiſhing look, which I ſent as my only readieſt Meſſenger to ſeek for *Uneria*; and that was ſeconded by my tongue which at its firſt motion call'd upon her Name: but when I had gather'd a little more ſtrength and found my ſelf in that condition amidſt ſo many ſtrangers, and began to remember how I had loſt her. Oh gods, cry'd I, can I be yet alive, and ſhe that is my ſoul be raviſhed from me! Then turning my eyes on thoſe were helping to dreſs my wounds, who deſired me to be quiet, Friends ſaid I, you are more cruel than thoſe Villains that hurt me, it was not without ſome reaſon they would have ſlain me, after they had deprived me of her for whom only I lived; And you, whoſe mercy has leſs pity than their cruelty, you would force me to live without her, who alone can make my life a bleſſing to me: Reſtore me my *Uneria*, or all your care is ſuperfluous, and what your Art can do is only to keep my unwilling ſoul for ſome few moments in this ruinous body, which cannot long ſubſiſt being ſeparated from its better ſelf; do not make me languiſh therefore, if you truly love me, but ſuffer my ſpirit to quit this troubleſome abode, and being uncaged take its flight, where only happineſs without diſturbance can be enjoy'd for ever.

Notwithſtanding all theſe requeſts and moans, their care and remedy's brought me by ſoft degrees to ſtrength again; When finding I muſt live, I reſolv'd to bend all my endeavours to a reſearch of the loſt *Uneria*; and was already conſidering the way to ſet about it, when all my hopes were again ſnatched from me. *Hylebus* had ſome correſpondants in this City, who gave him notice of my begun recovery; and that Traytor, whom I may juſtly ſtile the plague of my life, did immediately renew the Governours Order to lay hold of me, who came himſelf, and ſhew'd it me ſign'd under *Baldens* own hand, excuſing himſelf that his office obliged him to execute this Commiſſion, contrary to thoſe real deſires he had to do me ſervice.

As ſoon as they thought me healthy enough to undergo the fatigue of a journey, they conducted me with a Troop of Horſe to *Bacheber*, where I was thruſt into a Tower, in which they ordinarily kept their priſoners of quality. My Father and

Mother with my neareſt relations had once the liberty to come and viſit me: *Semifra*, who was now married to the Princeſs I formerly mentioned, could not obtain it, and what ever endeavours he made to procure my pardon, they could not bow the angry *Balden* to pitty; who notwithſtanding had not declar'd how he would deal with me, but whoſe concealed fury, ſhook my friends hearts with fear, having indeed ſome more then ordinary reaſon to fear that clap of thunder, which ſo long threatned to break forth againſt me, yet kept its lightning ſtill cover'd with a Cloud.

During the afflictions of my impriſonment, ſometimes the lively remembrance of my beautiful *Uneria* invaded my melancholly thoughts and gave them cauſe to make me rejoyce; but when from her bright face, I let fall my thoughts on her black deſtiny, turning the other ſide of the leaf to read our misfortunes, my ſorrow ſwell'd above the power of comforts to allay, and then my ſighs and tears were too abundant to be expreſt in words. What ſhall I ſay more, *Syberia*, when as if there had yet wanted one weight of ſorrow more to ſink me to the bottom of miſery, and diſpair; One of thoſe that were taken with her, having made his eſcape came into this diſconſolate Priſon, to tell me ſuch ſad tydings as utterly extinguiſhed the leaſt glimpſe of hope I had yet remaining in me. He aſſured me, that thoſe Thieves had found *Uneria* ſo rarely handſome, that they had conſulted to make a glorious preſent of her to their Prince, who had a Pallace filled with beautiful ſlaves, in which they were confined to ſatiſfie his wanton pleaſures, and that *Unevia* having underſtood their deſign, conceiving ſo piercing a ſorrow, that it converted into an acute Feaver, which quickly cauſed her death, for whom the *Scythians* had ſo much eſteem and veneration, that to expreſs their regrets for her loſs, they had erected a very ſtately Monument for her, which he had often ſeen and lamented over.

The recital of this funeſt adventure, ſtruck me into the deepeſt ſilence poſſible for a long while: It ceaz'd upon my reaſon too, and made me ſo much looſe the helm of judgement, I was like to run and Shipwrack upon diſpair: ſo that I ſought for ſome weapon, wherewith to put a period to that heap of miſeries, which I could bear no longer on my tortur'd boſome: But finding that means was deny'd me, I had recourſe to my complaints: Ha! what ſaid I, does *Baldon* withhold the execution of his vengeance only to make me linger in my miſeries? Is his cruelty become ſo witty, to make me taſte a thouſand deaths for one? muſt I yet live upon this wrack of torments, and not be allow'd the mercy of a ſudden death? Cruel and inexorable Butcher, you have now found out the way of full revenge indeed, by ſuffering me ſtill to live in a condition that has more of horrour than many deaths could frighten me withal; and thou bleſt ſoul, do not thou charge me with backwardneſs and want of Love and courage; thou ſeeſt I ſearch out all the wayes I can to follow thy too haſty flight: and ſince I am yet bound under the ſad neceſſity of ſtaying longer than my ſoul deſires, comfort me with thy bleſſed ſpirit, that I may not be left thus ſtill alone with thoſe wild thoughts: and here again my griefs came flowing in ſo faſt, they quite choakt up the paſſage of my ſpeech: I was thus a long time mute, and that Gentleman taking at laſt his farewell, left me rather in the poſſeſſion of my ſorrows than my reaſon.

A few dayes after *Seniſra* ſent a Gentleman to comfort me, whom I intreated to tell the Prince, that the only favour he could procure me, would be, not to ſollicite any longer for my pardon, but to joyn his purſutes with thoſe of my Enemies to haſten my end; and that, as this was the laſt, ſo it would be the greateſt favour I could implore, and the moſt welcome honour his mediation could confer upon ſo miſerable a perſon.

Contrary to the prayer of this Petition, that Generous Prince, fearing ſome ſiniſter accident from this diſpair, beg'd of his Father ſo earneſtly, that he obtain'd permiſſion to give me a viſit. He found me in a poſture which begot as much wonder as compaſſion in him. My Chamber was very obſcure, having only the faint light of one little window which I had half vail'd over with a Curtain. I was thrown on my bed, my arms croſſing my breaſt, my eyes fixt upwards and ſo weather-beaten with the ſtorms of tears that bubbled from thoſe ſprings, and my viſage ſo melancholly, wan and diſcompoſed from its natural dreſs, that he might well miſtake me, as he did, and think his feet had led him unawares, into ſome doleful

Cell, where only grief and mourning kept their diſconſolate Court; my thoughts had buried my mind in ſuch a deep ſence of my Calamities, that I did not perceive when he entred into the Chamber, ſo that he came cloſe to me without diſcovery; and after he had gaz'd ſome time upon me, I turn'd my head that way, and look'd upon him with an eye ſo full of trouble, that he believed it furious. Being firſt amazed to behold me in ſo woful a condition, and perceiving me immoveable, his pitty made him firſt ſalute, then call upon me, when finding I made no reply, he proceeded thus to rowze me by a gentle check, Is it thus *Merame*, you mean to receive and ſlight the viſit of *Seniſra*, and is it ſo importunate as to deſerve this ſilence and theſe forbidding looks? theſe words brought him to my knowledge, and ſtriving to ſalute him, I hardly had the ſtrength to ſhew it, by a little inclining of my head: which I follow'd with theſe languiſhing accents, Noble *Seniſra*, the infinite ſorrows that overwhelm me, are the cauſe of my incivility: but what Ceremonies can you expect from a man equally in diſpair of life and death, who during the violent agitation of this perpetual agony does neither live nor dye? a combat ſo much the more cruel, becauſe it continues ſo long in one poor heart, and does not yet quite burſt it. Gods! how mercileſs are your decrees againſt me; why ſhould you thus delight to oppoſe all my happineſs, and will not ſend death, after you have curſt my life, and blaſted all my juſt deſigns, which how unhappily they have ſucceeded you can judge. I drew *Eme-*

sie from my Mothers houſe with the fond hopes of delivering her from a Captivity, which was more advantagious, then that liberty afterwards prov'd to be; If I juſtly revenge her injuries on the deſtroyers of her worthy Family, and her own ſweet repoſe, that becomes the ground work of all my misfortunes; when I imagine I am going to embrace her, and graſpe the higheſt felicity in my arms, I find it rudely ſnatch'd away, and ſhe hurry'd to her fatal end, whil'ſt I am left the ſport to Deſtiny, and example of the greateſt ſufferings mortality ever taſted of and lived under. Cruel thoughts, ſorrowful remembrance, which ſtings my very ſoul with bitterneſs, that I my ſelf ſhould be the ſad cauſe of hers, and thereby my own utter ruine! had I not better have continued to love and adore her in ſilence? But oh —— Here the Prince interrupted me, and mildly ſaid, Ceaſe from becoming yet more guilty by your loud murmerings; you muſt not blaſpheme againſt ſo ſage a conduct as that of Heaven; Are the gods tyed to let fall proſperity on all our actions and purpoſes? no, they more wiſely do diſpoſe, of what we commonly propoſe moſt wildly to our ſelves: Nor ſhould we think our ſelves ſo harſhly dealt with, did we but well conſider, how lamely we go about moſt, if not all our deſigns, and how we ſwerve from thoſe ſtrickt rules of Vertue preſcribed us to walk in, to attain our juſt ends: Is it poſſible, *Mirame*, that when you intended to fight with *Zedamon*, you ſhould not plainly foreſee, my Fathers heat of paſſion and anger, ſince you ſo ſoon fled from it? and who had enſured [illegible] ſafety in her journey to meet you? the attendance appointed to convey her, did not that ſhew what fears you had ſhe might fall into thoſe misfortunes, did afterwards unhappily light on her? Believe me, *Meriame*, you do ill to complain ſo much for having reap'd thoſe thorns your ſelf had planted! your miſadventures cannot be unravel'd again, I mean thoſe that are paſt, do not kick at Heaven, but mildly ſubmit to what Fate and your ſelf have caſt upon you: 'tis better yeilding obedience to the gods, than call more anger down by a rebellious impatience. I, you know, made ſome oppoſition againſt my deſtiny, but in vain, we muſt bow down our ſtubborn wills at laſt, therefore ſtrive to content your ſelf with what Heaven does. The love, the Prince ſhew'd, in his affectionate and rational diſcourſe recalled my reaſon back to her firſt temper; I found, indeed, I gave my ſelf up to deſpair unnobly, and with much weakneſs; and before he parted I promis'd him to ſuck at every flower that could but promiſe the leaſt probability of yeilding any comfort to me. He afterwards ſent very often to viſit me, and had obtained ſo much favour, that my chains of cloſe reſtraint were drawn out to ſuch an extent of liberty, that I might now walk freely in a wide Park adjoyning to my Priſon, where frequently my friends came to give me comfort, and helps to wear out the tedious hours I ſpent in my confinement. One day, whilſt it was yet very early, a Gentleman came to me from *Sediſtra*, and told me, with a ſmiling countenance, which gave me hopes of ſome approaching

ing joy, that it was time to chear my ſelf, ſince that black news of *Uneria's* death, was diſpel'd by a moſt certain diſcovery how ſhe was ſtill alive, to witneſs which, he preſented me a Letter deliver'd him the foregoing night. This ſudden tranſport from a depth of ſorrow, to ſuch a height of joy, had almoſt made me looſe my ſelf in wonder: and, not minding or caring, indeed, how, or by whom this Paper Embaſſy was come to hand, I kiſs'd it many times firſt, and then tore it through impatience to read its Contents. I yet keep that precious pawn of her affection, which, I may ſay, was ſigned with her blood. But ſince I cannot behold or read it without a prologue of tears, oblige me ſo far *Syberis*, as to eaſe me of that ſorrow by reading it your ſelf. *Syberis*, having unfolded it, found theſe words,

UNERIA to MERAME.

That opinion I am poſſeſt with of your death, may be as falſe, as that which I apprehend you have of mine. I dare yet Merame, *tell you I love you, but 'tis only to dye within four days, which are the remainder of as many more were given me to reſolve, rather to forfeit my life then honour; of which time I have waſted the one half only in ſeeking an opportunity to give you notice of it. I now expect the hour patiently, which ſhall make me triumph both over your enemies and mine! And if you would not have me regret my death, ſince 'tis for yours and Vertues ſake I fall, comfort your ſelf,* Merame, *I conjure you by this laſt and higheſt teſtimony of my Love, and live for her ſake, who thus reſolutely reſolves to* *dye for you, as being unalterably either in life or death,*

Your *Uneria.*

Gods! Cry'd *Sybaris*, how has this Letter deluded me! I expected a quite contrary ſucceſs, and had no place to doubt, but it would have eſtabliſht your happineſs moſt firmly. Indeed, purſued *Merame*, the affliction this Letter brought with it, was by ſo much the more ſenſible, as it was unexpected, it cruſh'd down all my young ſpringing hopes, and the weak props my reaſſumed confidence had borrow'd, and ſo infinitely oppreſſed my heart, it never could have riſen from under the weight, if *Semifra*, having ſucceeded his Father, had not quite knock'd off my fetters of reſtraint, and uſed all the noble endeavours poſſible to perſwade me, not to throw away my life ſo cheaply, but try to carve out a brave revenge for my *Uneria*. To this purpoſe he made up a reconciliation betwixt *Hylebas* and me, whom he afterwards commanded to quit the Court, and doing me the honour to admit me to the ſame degree of favour, as my Antagoniſt had enjoy'd under *Balden*, he committed the diſpoſal of all offices to my Father, whom he elected for the General of his Army.

Mean time, the *Scythians*, who hoped for ſome advantage in this grand mutation, broke out into an abſolute War, which their daily pilferings and ſmall incurſions on either ſide had long threatned. *Semifra*, finding the army his Father had levy'd, in a condition to march, commended my Father to prevent the Enemies haſt, on whoſe Frontiers he appeared before they could have leaſure to imagine it: I was impatient till we came to blowes, and as ſoon as we had newes of them by our ſcouts, I went out with a party to diſcover, or rather to attaque them. That firſt enterprize ſucceeding happily, for thoſe I engaged were all either cut off, or taken priſoners; there was not any one of thoſe whom I had ſubdued, of whom I enquired not particularly concerning *Uneria*; who, I told them was that fair Captive in *Margiana*, they had put to death a few days ſince: One only of them all, told me ſomewhat, he affirmed that their Prince and his ſon had both been moſt paſſionately in Love with her, but that the Father prompted by his jealouſie had cauſed her to dye, to roote up the ſons hopes of injoyment, Since himſelf could not allure her to his own deſires, her noble vertue having bravely repulſed the hotteſt of his luſtfull onſets.

The report and the love I had to *Uneria*, together with the hate againſt her enemies & my reſentment reſulting from both, made me perform ſuch acts, as without their impulſe, I ſhould never have undertaken; but thoſe conſiderations did ſo animate me, that in that dreadful Battle we gained, though ſo dearly, that the victory was written in Characters of our own blood and innumerable wounds, I had engaged my ſelf ſo far, in the greateſt ſhock of it, amongſt the Enemies horſe, that being unable to cut my way back again, the numerous herd flying to ſave themſelves hurried me away in the throng with them. The richneſs of my armes and habit ſhew'd me to be of a condition which promis'd them a fair ranſome, which made them treate me civilly enough, and ſecure me in a Caſtle very ſtrongly guarded, which faced the *Caſpian* ſea.

My impriſonment was not ſo cloſe, but I had ſometimes the liberty to breath the freſh ayr in a large encloſed paſture, at the other end whereof there ſtood another Caſtle, where I was told they kept thoſe fair Captives, choſen, for their more then ordinary beauty, to ſatisfy their Princes luſt; which awakened my thoughts and memory of my loſt *Uneria*, whoſe cruel priſon I fancied it to have been, and caſting up my Eye with great attention towards the windows which were ſecur'd with Iron grates, my mind repreſented that fair Planet to me with all its luſter and beauty: whilſt I was feeding my ſelf one day with theſe ſad contemplations, I heard a feeble voyce knock at my Ear, which as I thought call'd me by my name, this made me haſtily gaze upwards, from whence I perceived a note falling down rowled upon a little ſtick, which I ſoon ſnatched up and reading found it was *Uneria's* fair hand which thus expreſs'd it ſelf.

To MERAME.

The Heavens, in fine, Merame, are I hope weary of *perſecuting me; after all my afflictions, they ſeem to be moved to pity. I have found within the walls of this priſon, an officer that proffers me my liberty, and expects no other recompence, but what reſults from the act it ſelf; your intereſts are ſo dear to me, and I have evinc'd they are ſo inſeparably tyed to mine, that he hath engag'd (to make his obligation the more compleat) to ſet you free, the ſame day with me. Meet therefore at the place he ſhall appoint you, which by a ſecond note that ſhall be thrown down to you.*

Adieu.

Gentle Sybaris, for I cannot expreſs the joy in words, which then fill'd my heart, knowing *Byrinthea* to be yet alive, and who to teſtify the true love ſhe ſtill cheriſhed for me, endeavoured to reſtore me to that liberty, which I had made her loſe, when I thought to have procured it for her [illegible] me. Notwithſtanding amidſt theſe hopes and freſh aſſurances of her faith, I reſented ſome little grudgings of jealouſie and diſtruſt againſt him that thus undertook her freedome; and this ſecret ſuſpition would have ſtifled all my joys, if the over eager deſire of ſeeing her, had not quite [illegible] it out of my mind. I thought no more [of] any thing but thoſe happy meanes and mo-

[illegible] waiting for mee, all this was punctually performed, at the houre aſſign'd one came and guided me thither, and no ſooner was I imbarqued but the Marriners ſtretched away amain, making the beſt uſe of their Oars and Sails all night, to be by break of day at the place where I ſhould land, which was cloſe by a Fiſhermans ſmall cottage, where they inform'd me I muſt goe to find ſome certain perſons who were waiting there for me. Having ſet me on ſhoare, they made away from the place with great ſpeed, and I with as much precipitancy, haſted to the Cot- [illegible] find my dear [illegible], whom I ſoon ſaw indeed, but in what condition doe you think [illegible]? alas! that moſt beautiful creature lay extended at her full length upon the graſs, wallowing in her own precious blood, which guſhed from her left breſt. The horror of ſo gaſtly a ſpectacle ſhot ſuch aſtoniſhment into my ſoul, that I remained a long time as motionleſs as the [illegible] with my melancholy eyes faſtned upon her wound; and my hard Fate denying me the mercy of a ſudden death, made me endure the agony of many: [illegible] ſummoned by an hollow ſigh to look [illegible] and approach neerer to her with a tottering [illegible] finding no viſible ſign of life remain-

[illegible] which were no [illegible] in my [illegible] preſence, and during this [illegible] I watched under the window expecting the paper that was to give me directions, which was ſoon after hurld down. By reading it I underſtood, that about midnight a Man would come and [illegible] down a pair of [illegible] ſtaires, which led to the ſea ſide, where I ſhould find a ſmall boat

your neceſſity ſo urgent you would not ſhun it one moment longer? ah heavens, why muſt I behold this [illegible] object, were it not better to have left me ſtill in the uncertain, but more happy opinion of her former death, then thus to blaſt my ſences by the horrid ſight? But my eyes, what is't you ſee? where are thoſe blooming roſes, and fairer Lillies which created ſo excellent a beauty in her Face! Where are thoſe living ſtarrs, whoſe luſter was leſs offenſive, but more glorious then the Suns, and kindled kinder heats in my poor boſome? Can this be fair *Doris*, and all theſe beauties wither'd? yes, 'tis *Doris*, but death has cropt thoſe curious flowers, and caſt a cloud over thoſe brighteſt ſtars! Weepe therefore, weepe, till you are blind, as fit for this ſad funeral of all your happineſs! The violence of my grief cut of all further complaints, and ſunk me down upon my knees beſide her: where ſoftly kiſſing, ſometimes her cold cheekes, then her colder lipps, and bowing my head down in a dejected manner ſighing and ſhedding floods of tears, I gently took up one of her white hands, which ſhe had lockt together, and perceived a Dagger in it, and a peece of [illegible] in the other, which ſhe had torne off from her neck, upon which theſe words were charactred in blood. *To keep my ſelf [illegible] thine, I [illegible].* Ha! well ſaid I, ſince only I am guilty of thy death it is but juſt I ſhould be puniſhed: and I am willing to expiate this crime by offering my own heart thy ſacrifice; but would to heaven, you rather had [illegible] why my *Uneria* have you brought me hither cry'd I, to be ſo ſad an eye-witneſs of your untimely and violent death? Could you believe I ſhould prefer it before your cloſs captivity? or if you deſign'd that I ſhould follow your example, why would you not ſtay my coming? what has occaſion'd ſuch a ſudden change, was

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had hated me, than given ſuch woful teſtimonies of it! I ſhould have no regret in dying for you, were it not after you are dead for me, which is ſo ſtinging a conſideration, I doubt it will not leave me quiet in my grave. Too, too dear pledge of her immortal love, purſued I, kiſſing the Sacred relique; whereon her blood had left ſome bluſhings for my demerits; Receive the impreſſions of mine alſo, which I reſolve to ingrave. And then taking up the dagger, thou fatal inſtrument of our diſcourteous deſtiny, bathe thy ſelf in my blood, to waſh that ſin off thou haſt contracted by letting out of hers. Then having again kiſs'd my *Uneria's* pale lips and reeking wound, and noted where abouts it was made, I ſtabed my ſelf as near my own heart, as that was to hers, and with the firſt drops wrote thus upon the ſame linnen, Meranie *dyes for* Uneria *who is dead for him.* 'Tis ſtrange, me thoughts that blow gave me the greateſt eaſe I ever felt, by diſbanding that diſpair and load of grief that ſo oppreſſed me; and feeling my ſtrength decay apace, I laid my ſelf down cloſe by her, on the ſame bed of earth, embracing her as ſtrictly as I could, reſolving to be united to her at death.

All my ſences were now taking their laſt farewell and flight together. When ſhe preſſed that hand wherewith I held her faſt; I ſtrugled to raiſe my ſelf again, and willingly would have thruſt death from me, ſince *Uneria* yet lived, to have aſſiſted her; but the loſs of ſo much blood as guſhed from my deep wound, cauſed me to faint, ſo that I was wholly deprived of all ſentiment.

ment. While I was in this trance, the owner of the little Cottage, a good ancient man, hapning to come by, was moved with compaſſion, and uſed his beſt means to recover me again: by his care and helpful charity I came at length to my ſences again, and as ſoon as I was Maſter of ſo much ſtrength and reaſon as would guide my tongue, I enquired for *Uneria*, whom he told me was conveyed away by certain ſtrangers, he never had before beheld, he being much amazed at his return from his fiſhing to ſee a horſeman bear away a woman from thence, and to find me on the cold earth ſwiming in blood.

I confeſs I had much ado to refrain quarreling with the old man, for ſuffering any to raviſh her away. The uncertainty, ballancing my mind betwixt hope and fear, whether it were a friend or enemy had taken her thence, I ſtrugled ſo long with my diſpair which ſollicited for death, that it, in fine, made me deſire to live till I could know the certainty; conſidering it would be time enough to take that Sanctuary, when I was ſure ſhe was utterly loſt, who had been as miraculouſly as often preſerved above all expectation.

To this purpoſe, I conjured the good man to tranſport me to ſome ſuch concealed place as might ſecure me; who was ſo ſenſibly touched with the relation I made him of ſome feigned diſaſters had befaln me, that he ſoon conſented to put me in a place of ſafety, before any one ſhould have the time to be informed of my flight. So he, accordingly, conveyed me to a little petty Iſland, where he had found within the hollow womb of a Rock, a place large enough to lodge in conveniently, when he minded not to return to his other habitation. His Wife was there at that time with a child or two, who received me with the ſame kindneſs as he had brought me; and they there took ſuch pains and care to advance my recovery, that within fifteen dayes, I had acquired a great deal of ſtrength. In the interim, this honeſt fellow brought me intelligence, that certain perſons, had made inquiry for me at his Cabin, asking him whether he could give them any notice of a man whom they deſcribed much of my reſemblance: but they not mentioning either the Lady, or the misfortunes I had related, he thought it might be ſome other. However he was reſolved and did keep me hid, till thinking it convenient to remove, I got him to conduct me to the chops of the River *Oxus*, not far thence, where being ſafely landed, I went directly to *Sina* in the Province of *Derbices*, the Governour whereof was one of my moſt intimate friends. I went afterwards to wait on and paying duty to my Father, who being at Court, I had the opportunity to attend *Seniſra* at the ſame time; who having formerly loſt his firſt Wife in Child-bed, was then preparing (after he had worn out a competent time in mourning) to be at laſt married to his deareſt *Themira*. *Seniſra* made me a thouſand expreſſions of welcome by his careſſes, and openly declared his more then common joy for my return: He had the goodneſs and patience to hear the ſad relation of my misfortunes, at which he truly grieved, and gave me encouragement to ſeek again for that loſt treaſure, of whom they had heard no more in thoſe parts, than what I told them.

I made a careful reſearch all over *Margiana*, and *Bactriana*, but in vain; when hearing that one of her relations was in *Labyrtus* Army, I purpoſed to find him out, hoping I might from him meet with that intelligence which I had ſo unprofitably ſought till then. I fortuned to reach the Camp, juſt when the two Armies were ready to give Battle, and being wholly guided by *Uneria*'s intereſt, who had one of her kindred in that party, I thruſt my ſelf amongſt the Voluntiers, and was made a Priſoner by the *Hyrcanians*, but moſt happily for me, ſince by my Captivity I have obtained this honour of converſing with the brave *Sybaris*.

Merame having drawn all the black lines of his ſad hiſtory to this concluſion; *Sybaris* expreſſed how much the ſad Epilogue touched his generous ſoul with compaſſion: and having ratifi'd their former proteſtations of friendſhip with many new and hearty oaths, the ſeals of an inviolable amity; *Sybaris* returned to his apartment, charging his people to attend *Merame* with the moſt diligent ſervice, who ſuddenly betook him to his bed, the fitteſt place of privacy and retirement to entertain his thoughts with thoſe images of ſorrow, which this ſo late relation had brought more freſhly into his mind, as to the many divers accidents that had betided both him and his dear *Uneria* in their amours.

The next day *Sybaris* imparted ſome of theſe

diſaſters

diſaſter to *Cyrus*, whom from the beginning had cheriſhed his Priſoner with a particular eſteem: and whilſt this entertainment yet continued, *Meranes* came to ſalute him, as he did alſo the *Armenian* Prince with *Artabaſus*, *Chryſante*, and all the perſons of Quality, who were at that time met in the Generals Tent to wait upon him.

These illuſtrious friends had ſcarce put an end to the Ceremonies this new acquaintance claimed, when ſome advertiz'd *Cyrus* that a Meſſenger juſt then arrived from *Medis* deſired to ſpeak with him. He commanded them to admit him, and finding it was *Abracome*, he led him into a little Cloſet apart, to have the greater liberty of diſcourſe with him. This crafty confident of his affections, whom he had left in *Ecbatane* to have the more punctual information of his Princeſs, feigned at firſt that he came not from her, but to acquaint him how his Uncle *Cyaxares* being paſſionately enamoured with her, had convey'd her to his ſtrong Palace at *Julier*, where ſhe was ſo ſtrictly guarded, it was hardly feaſible either to ſpeak with her or ſee her. But perceiving how much diſquiet this novel brought with it, by the many little queſtions and diſordered exclamations he made, he calmed him again, for the time, with a letter he preſented which ſhe had contrived to ſend him by means of an Eunuch, whom ſhe engaged by Oath not to deliver to him till he ſhould find him readily diſpoſed to ſerve her.

Cyrus how ever eminently couragious and victorious, could not receive this Embaſſy without a kind of trembling; and having ript it open, his eager impatience made his eyes ſlip over all the firſt part unread, to ſee whether it were really ſigned by *Birinthea*, who wrote thus to him.

Cyrus, your generoſity which otherwhile made you preſerve my Fathers life at my requeſt, gives me juſt hopes to believe you will not deny that ſame protection to reſcue my own; which I am now in hazard of forfeiting, ſince your Uncle Cyaxares *deſires that of me, which he ſhall never obtain; though I Prognoſticate from his wild humour, that finding his perſwaſions and gallantries vain, he will make force and violence become the Miniſters of his paſſion, whence you may gueſs in what an extremity of danger I am. I do not acquaint my brother* Tygranes *with it, becauſe you only ought to free me from this Tyranny, ſince it was you alone that delivered me into his hands, and you only are conjured to aſſiſt diſtreſſed*

Birinthea.

He repeated the Lecture of this Meſſage three or four times, as though he had not rightly comprehended its Contents, but what might ſeem his difficulty was indeed only his exceſs of love for her, and wonder at his Uncle; and then ſaid, with a ſoft voyce: 'Tis true, I put you into *Cyaxares* hands, but, [illegible], I ſhall have no leſs power and reaſon to fetch you out again; do not doubt of it, my Princeſs, you need not only hope, but fully promiſe your fair ſelf any thing you can deſire of me, which though I am bound too by the immortal obligation of juſtice and my devoir, yet I ſhall undertake it with more affection than they can prompt me to, being heated by your nobler commands.

He ſaid no more, but ſmothering the ſtruglings of his paſſion, and not willing to fret away the time with empty words, he called for *Sybaris* to whom he imparted the buſineſs. That choice friend inſtantly profer'd to go and ſet her at freedome, but *Cyrus* could not ſuffer any other hand ſhould render her that ſignal ſervice, which love and reſpect ſolicited him to act perſonally. He was a long while in ſuſpence weighing his reſolutions, for the greateſt concerns of his Princeſs, and his affection called him into *Media*, but his fame and honour bid him not quit the Army ſo ſoon: in fine floating upon theſe waves and different tydes of irreſolution, an expreſs came, which being from his Uncle *Cyaxares*, did for a while interrupt his former thoughts.

Cyaxares the night that *Cyrus* parted from him, amuſing himſelf with moſt of his Nobility in a grand debauch of Wine, had not yet taken any particular notice of the great number of Lords who had abſented themſelves to follow *Cyrus* in his more generous employments, but the next day, miſſing that numerous throng of Courtiers who alwayes attended at his riſing, and underſtanding they had left him, to accompany *Cyrus*, he was ſtung with that poor envy, for this young Conquerours vertue, which uſually ceazes on thoſe, who cannot revere that in others, which they are uncapable of themſelves.

This knowing jealouſie had ſuggeſted the enſuing

ſuing Letter, which he addreſſed both to him and the *Medes*, as follows.

Cyaxares to *Cyrus* and to the *Medes*.

I had thought, Cyrus, *you were too well acquainted with the reſpect you owe me, to entice away the chiefeſt of my Court: And you* Medes *my Subjects, that you would never have been ſo perfidious as to forſake me to follow him. If my Nepveu, according to my advice, do return hither, return alſo with him: But if he perſevere in his obſtinacy to purſue the* Aſſyrians, *and you deſire not to incurre my higheſt diſpleaſure, quit him and be at ſooneſt with me.*

Cyaxares Rex.

Cyrus having by this Letter encreaſed the ſuſpicion he had conceived of *Cyaxares* his ill will towards him, reſolved, however to communicate it to the *Medes* and *Perſians*, and having ſummoned them together, he read it aloud to them. After which the *Medes* wavering a while in a ſuſpence, whether they ſhould return back to their King, or adhere to their General, conſidering the glory they had acquired under the proſperous ſucceſs of the one, and the duty incumbent upon them towards the other; cauſed *Cyrus* to ſpeak, who gave free leave to ſuch as urged it to go, but increated the more indifferent to wave their reſolutions till he had given a full anſwer to his Uncles Letter. Till which time he detained the Envoy that came from him, to be a Witneſs he acted nothing againſt his Uncles intereſt, or his own devoir.

Which propoſition having their general approbation, *Cyrus* wrote his letter, which he afterwards let them ſee in theſe expreſſions.

Cyrus to *Cyaxares*, King of *Media*.

Your Majeſty will, I hope excuſe me, if I tell you, that it was never the intention of the Medes, *or my ſelf to forſake you: ſince, thanks to the gods, having left you triumphant at home by the victory over the* Aſſyrians, *you enjoy at preſent the proſperity of a* Fortune, *which can never leave you deſtitute of* Friends, *ſo long as it laſts. And if to give them chaſe, we have been conſtrained to ſeparate our ſelves a while from your Majeſty, and that be the only cauſe of your diſpleaſure; we deſire you to conſider that this ſhould rather ſtand as an argument to evince our fidelity, greater then theirs who yet remain in your* Court; *ſince we endeavour to drive thus far the* Enemy *from you, that we may keep all dangers at the biggeſt diſtance we can poſſibly from interrupting your repoſe and* Peace. *But not to rely on theſe conſiderations ſingly; I beſeech you to call to your remembrance in what degree I have the honour to belong to you, and, thereby you may eaſily judge me uncapable of ingratitude, or ſelf deſigns to your prejudice; Or if you can vouchſafe to credit the teſtimonies I have already given of my willingneſs to ſerve you, you cannot with any ground entertaine the*

leaſt

deep ſuſpition, than I confounding all that reſpect and faith, my birth and quality binds me in towards your Majeſty.

What reaſon then, good gods, can your Majeſty have to command your Subjects away from me now, ſince you expreſly commanded ſome, and gave your gracious permiſſion to others freely, to follow me, whilſt I was preſent, and had brought a puiſſant Army out of Perſia into your dominions without any other hoſtage or ſecurity, then the requeſt you made of my Father? Nay, be pleaſed to give me leave to ſay further, that ſhould I treate you, as you doe me, I muſt then beg you would reſtore to me thoſe Palmes of victory remaining in your hands, which the valour of my companions lately reaped, and which I bound up in wreathes and garlands, and preſented you withall: But to evidence the ſincerity of my deſignes, I am deſirous you would be pleaſed to take notice, that I pray me leave to make ſome new levies in Perſia, which I referred you to diſpoſe of abſolutely, according to the order I have left with my Lieutenant to render you all the obedience and ſubmiſſion ſuch Majeſty can deſire.

Withall, I intreat your Majeſty, not to take it ill, that I preſume to give you this humble advice, not to revoke thoſe favours you have already granted, becauſe thereby you would make more [illegible] then friends, or obedient ſervants; and if, by your menaces and commands to return, you would affright ſuch as are here, with the apprehenſion of your diſpleaſure, it will not be proper to let them know, you are left with ſo thin a train, ſince the knowledge that muſt give them of your weakneſs, might make them careleſs of obeying you;

you? 'Tis all that I deſire to retain thoſe Medians that are willing to return; I have granted them all their full liberty; but as for my ſelf, I conjure you before I return, to allow me only ſo much time, as ſhall be moſt neceſſary to compleat that conqueſt, which we have ſo happily begun, and from which you may expect as much advantage and increaſe of Dominion and Glory, as is wiſhed by

Your Nepveu

CYRUS.

Diapherne had Commiſſion to haſten to *Media* with this anſwer, and *Sybaris* undertook to make the levies in *Perſia*; and withall to procure *Birintheas* releaſe; they parted together with *Abracome*, whoſe orders were as cloſely covered, as the cauſe of his comming had been hid from [illegible]

Not one of the *Medes* would return with them, and *Cyrus*, the more to chain them to him, becauſe they made up the beſt part of his Cavalry: diſtributed the richeſt of the ſpoil, which had been taken from the Enemy, amongſt them; leaving the care to themſelves to reſerve that which they thought fitting for their King. The *Hircanians*, *Armenians*, and the meſſenger whom *Cyax ares* had ſent, did partake with them likewiſe: Only the *Perſians* took what the others ſlighted, for being accuſtomed to hard uſage and frugality, made no account of ſuch trifles as only contribute to vanity and outward parade, but are not absolutely neceſſary to ſuch as ſquare their lives according to the ſeverity of that diſcipline they had lived under in their renown'd Accademie.

The End of the First Book.

Birinthea

Birinthea

The Second Book.

WHilſt they were yet ſharing the booty, the vigilant ſentinels diſcover'd a great body of horſe that advanced directly towards them. They were already going to alarm the whole Camp, when three or foure cavaliers leaving the groſs behind them, haſtned to aſſure them; that their troops deſired rather peace then war.

The Prince that commanded them, was a venerable ancient gentleman called *Gobrias*, who cauſing his man to make a halt, advanced, only with a ſmall party to attend him, demanding to ſpeake with their General; the Majeſty of his countenance imprinted reſpect in all thoſe that beheld him, an eminent officer having received him, conducted him to *Cyrus* Tent, at whoſe feet he preſently caſt himſelf down, but being inſtantly raiſed, and imbraced with a more then ordinary civility, he began to expreſs himſelf in this manner.

I would not, Sir, that you ſhould beleeve I preſent a traytor, or perfidious man before you, if my revault were an act of baſeneſs, I ſhould not dare to caſt my ſelf into the armes of the moſt generous Prince in the world, but the Subject of it having the appendages of juſtice and honor to warrant it legal, I hope when you are made acquainted with the reaſons of my deſerting the *Aſſyrians* party to embrace yours, that I ſhall find a noble reception from your infinite goodneſs. *Cyrus* having intimated how glad he ſhould be to know the occaſion that urged him to come in ſuch a manner, *Gobrias* went on thus.

I am an *Aſſyrian* by extraction, the eldeſt of one of the moſt illuſtrious and puiſſant families, from whom their Princes are deſcended, I have the Soveraign command of the Province of the [illegible]*meens*, where I have many places of great ſtrength and plentifully ſtored. I came from thence with a party of thirteen hundred horſe to find out *Labynetus* King of the *Aſſyrians*, who was ſlain in the firſt battle they fought againſt you. I was one of the moſt intimate friends, and had ſerv'd him divers times in his armies in quality of General, with ſo much happineſs as to merit my favours from his noble acknowledgement, amongſt all which, the moſt advantageous was the deſire he had to allie me to his family. He haſt one only ſon, and a daughter, and I was bled with a like paire: So that to make our kindred firme by an indiſſoluble knot, he ordain'd his ſon *Vectorez*, the ſame that does now ſucceed in his Empire, to eſpouſe my daughter, and mine reciprocally his *Malzune.* So was my deare ſon named, to render his juſt aſſiduities to the Princeſs, was alwayes at the Court, where I was likewiſe obliged to reſide to accompany my daughter, whom the Prince entertained every day, being intirely affected and inamour'd with her.

The time was neere at hand to celebrate thoſe nuptialls, and all things preparing for ſo illuſtrious a ceremony, the Court expecting the conſummation of it with much impatience when a ſtrange accident ſuddenly ruffled this calme of promiſing joyes into a ſtorme of unhappineſs; which then ſwallow'd up my deareſt ſon, and ever ſince all my content and felicity. The whole Court being preſs'd with a general gladneſs, the two young amorous Princes appointed to take the divertiſement of the chace; the firſt beaſt they rouz'd out of a little wood was a bear at which *Vectorez* caſt a javellin that miſs'd, and my ſon by an unfortunate addreſs couching it dead at their feete, every one ſtarting into acclamations for that ſucceſs, the Prince was netled with diſpleaſure, as if my ſon had given an affront, yet making the chace continue to redeem that credit, he lanc'd a ſecond javelling at a lyon, which preſented it ſelf, but with the ſame fortune as the firſt, and my ſon ſpurr'd with as generous emulation having given this it's death wound alſo; *Velarres* coud no longer bridle the ſiniſter effects of his rage, thinking thoſe praiſes, the company beſtow'd upon my ſon, reproach'd his want of skill, and being inflam'd with this jealouſy, ſnatching a lance from one that was next to him, he furiouſly ſtruck it quite through the body of my ſon, who was the dearer to me, becauſe an only ſon, and whom in a few dayes I hop'd to ſee in the bleſſed armes of his faire Princeſs, whoſe daring valor and Heroick ſpirit promis'd no leſs then Crown's and Scepters to my family by this alliance; and who in fine was the only conſolation of my life.

But, Sir, the rage of this degenerate Prince, was not yet glutted, though he ſaw him weltring in the ſtreames of his own blood, he would not ſuffer them to carry him to the City, fearing leaſt, his wound not being ſo mortall, as his own curſed hate there might be a poſſibility of his recovery: and therefore to prevent all my endeavours, and deprive me of the ſad conſolation to behold him once again, he caus'd him to be caſt into the river *Tigris*.

The King his Father, immediately after he had learnt this woeful accident, came to me perſonally to teſtify the reſſentment he had of my juſt griefe, complaining with much tenderneſs, of thoſe conſiderations which hindred him from puniſhing the Author, and ſeriouſly proteſted that if he had but any other ſon to inherit his Crown, he would have made him the object of exemplary juſtice by ſacrificing him to my revenge. The Kings compaſſion, and the real ſorrow he had for my affliction, ſmoothered that hatred which I ſhould otherwiſe have kindled againſt that abominable aſſaſſins Father; But I remain'd his friend conſtantly till his late death canceld that obligation, and was now going to aſſiſt him with my beſt indeavours againſt you; but having been inform'd how that unhappy King was ſlain in the firſt fight; I am come (generous Prince) to caſt my ſelf at your feet, imploring the honour of your protection againſt the tyrant that ſucceeded him, who is ſo far from any ſence of pitty, or repentance that in ſtead of denying his reaſon, to have conſented with his rage to perpetrate that horrid act, he triumphs in his cruelty, with as much glory as if he had bravely defeated the talleſt of his Enemies. Judge therefore, Sir, if my intentions be not faire and equitable, and whether I can doe leſs without reproach of tameneſs, and ſtraying from the path of nature, and affection, then ſeek a retaliation for his blood. 'Tis from your valour that I expect my vengeance, I ſhall remit it to your own diſcretion to diſpoſe wholy of my intereſts and life, with all that does concerne me.

Cyrus interrupting his diſcourſe, aſſur'd him of that aſſiſtance he expected, with much civility and cheerfulneſs, and *Gobrias* reſuming his ſpeech, continuing thus; But, Sir, that you may have no cauſe to doubt the verities of what I proffer you, two dayes journey will bring you into *Ga-*

ramee where you ſhall take full poſſeſſion of all the Towns and fortreſſes at your own pleaſure. My daughter the generous ſiſter of *Melzune*, who was deſtined to be that Tyrants wife, will gladly receive you, whoſe pungent ſorrow will challenge no leſs pitty then my own. I bred her, as I have already ſaid, to be the *Aſſyrian* Queen, but though I had pointed out *Vellorez* to be formerly the object of her love, ſhe now conſiders, him only as the Subject of her deepeſt hate, and and whatever that Traytor has projected to appeaſe her indignation, yet ſhe had ſo much ſpirit in her, as to tell him one day aloud, before his Father, *Sabinetus* that ſhe more then admir'd he had the confidence to hope for any affection, or reſpect from one whoſe brother he had baſely butcher'd, that the mourning vail ſhe wore was an evident teſtimony of his blacker crime, and that as ſhe could never ſhew too much regret, by her continual griefe, for what ſhe had loſt, ſo conſequently ſhe could never manifeſt too great a hatred againſt him that had ſo ignobly raviſh'd it from her, and further ſhe would never ſuffer that man, though a King, to be her husband that was her brothers aſſaſſin, but he ſhould rather expect the ſudden effects of the ſevereſt revenge her mortal hate, and anger could levy againſt him, then the leaſt inclination from her extinguiſh'd love.

In fine, to ſhun the importunate purſuites of that unworthy Prince, ſhe baniſh'd her ſelf voluntarily from the Court, and returned with one of my ſiſters into *Garamee*, that ſhe might be no more oblig'd to have that deteſtable object in her ſight. I prais'd that conſtant reſolution of my daughter, which ſeconded my own reſentments, and by the firmneſs of her indignation perceived ſhe did inherit the vertues of her noble anceſtors; but I was utterly ignorant (and never ſhould have given way to it; though my revenge clamor'd my ſoul to wiſh it) that ſhe had conſpired againſt *Vectorez* life. She had given a private commiſſion for this enterpriſe to a Prince called *Emuin*, who long before had been my daughter willing priſoner. This unhappy lover, who during *Vectorez* faire correſpondency had been conſtrain'd to keep his paſſions under aſhes for the reſpect, & diffidence of ſuch a puiſſant rivall, was raviſh'd to find an occaſion whereby to rid him thence in ſerving her, hoping by this attempt, to cut his way to his own bliſs, this being the only tall cedar that hindred the full proſpect of his happineſs, ſhe having told him that the performance of this important ſervice ſhould give him a juſt claime to her affection. In fine this juſt murther was undertaken, but by miſfortune not executed, the number of thoſe that attended *Vectorez* hindring the fatal blow of vengeance. *Emuin* was taken in the attempt, who was maſter of ſo much conſtancy and reſolution amidſt the tortures of the inquiſitors, and impriſonment, that he never reveal'd my daughter to have had the leaſt hand in it. None could imagine that love and hatred had combin'd in this enterpriſe, nor would he declare upon any interrogation, for what cauſe he was mov'd to take away the Princes life, and inſtead of imploying his friends, who were very potent to ſue his pardon, he perſiſted to declare, that he deſired not to live but to performe that by a ſecond attempt which he had ſo unhappily miſs'd in the firſt, it being a deſign too juſt to be thrown by. If any other but a Prince had appeared in it, I might perhaps have fallen under their ſuſpition of being confederate, but it was above conjecture to imagine that a perſon of his condition would be but anothers inſtrument, and therefore he alone was adjudged guilty.

He was condemn'd to pay down his head for the price of this treaſon, and becauſe this peece of juſtice was to be exemplary, the execution was defer'd till the Kings returne, who was at that time within a dayes journey of *Ninus*, that the whole Court might be aſſiſtant. My daughter in the interim was made acquainted with the ſentence pronounced againſt him, and feigning as if ſhe were to goe a hunting, as ſhe frequently did, being well mounted, ſhe went directly towards *Ninus*, where ſhe arriv'd (juſt the evening before the fatal day, which *Emuin* reck'ned as the laſt in his unhappy Calender) diſguis'd under the ſhrowd of ſuch a habit, as was not uſuall to her ſex.

The day following all the Court being aſſembled, with the herds of common people, the King and his ſon being there preſent with their extraordinary guard of ſoldiers, they drew the miſerable *Emuin* forth of the priſon, to end his life and miſeries at one blow, but whilſt every one had their eyes fixt on him, deſcanting diverſly on his misfortune, they were ſuddenly taken off to behold a freſh object which preſented it ſelf in that black Scene, it being a perſon vail'd all over, making way through the croud with two Trumpeters marching before.

It was the cuſtome, of a long ſtanding, amongſt the *Aſſyrians*, that if any one could reveal ſomewhat, which might aggravate the offenders crime, or could fully clear and diſcharge them, they were to come thus diſguiſed, to preſent their information. According to this order the Judges inſtantly ſuſpended the execution to know what this might be, they carried the written information to the King, who was amaz'd that the perſon which brought it, accus'd himſelf as the ſole author of the attempt, and fully diſcharged *Emuin*, as having only undertaken the performance of it, out of a blinde obedience to that perſons command.

Many had formerly been known to bring in aggravations, but hardly ever any preſented themſelves ſo voluntarily to certain death. In this general conſternation, they caus'd the unknown perſon to approach near the King, who was no ſooner within reach, but before he gave ſo much time as to examine a word, ſnatch'd off the vail which concealed the admired perſon. None could at the firſt inſtant diſcover who it was, and truly it were difficult not to be extreamly ſurpriz'd with ſuch an unlook'd for object as a Lady ſo generouſly out-braving death it ſelf. 'Tis my Daughter *Aximea*, who as I ſaid before under colour of hunting, ſtole away from me, with a full reſolution to ſave that Prince, and who with an incomparable courage addreſs'd her looks and words thus to *Vectorez*.

Thou wouldeſt pretend, infamous man, not to know me becauſe of this diſguiſe, thou find'ſt, my preſence like thy own conſcience the Monitor to reproach thy bloody cruelties, and an authentick Witneſs of the juſtice of my enterprize to take away thy life, which is ſo clear an evidence that I would almoſt think Heavens juſtice ſlept when I miſs'd of my hopes in puniſhing thee, for a retaliation of my deareſt Brothers life. Ah degenerate man, do not turn back thy ſight, maintain that bloody action, thou hadſt then impudence to commit, thou trembleſt, Traytor, to ſee her in thy preſence from whom thou didſt expect the ſofteſt careſſes, avouch ſhe is thy deadly enemy, and wiſh ſhe could have buried a dagger in thy heart: but, tell me, what wonder doſt thou find in this change, haſt not thou oblig'd me to it, can I manifeſt leſs revenge, and hate againſt my Brothers aſſaſſin, and be a Princeſs ſtill? Tell me what crime there is in this attempt? or rather what juſtice does not authorize it? can leſs than thy ignoble life ſatisfie for that worthy ſoul? or doſt thou think me ſo tame and cool to paſs by ſuch an injury, and not reſent it. If I be guilty 'tis only for my want of that revenge, and leaving it to be committed by a hand that was too weak, when I ſhould rather have undertaken it my ſelf, which Heaven, without doubt, would not have diſappointed ſo unhappily: but thou doſt make no anſwer, and thy penſive ſilence gives a ſtrong aſſent to theſe indictments, and are alone ſufficient to make good the juſtice of my intentions against thy guilty perſon.

Theſe publick reproaches dy'd with ſuch ſharp and vehement language, did ſo aſtoniſh the Prince and gall his ſoul, that he had not the power to anſwer her one Syllable, whom he yet dearly lov'd; but the King his Father perceiving his confuſion, ſtood up and ſpoke, to take her off from ſtretching her bitter reproofs out further againſt that horrid crime ſo openly. He ſent forth *Emium* to confront her, who confirm'd the whole information, and all that ſhe had ſpoken, after which he was return'd to the Priſon again, and *Asimea* was carried to the Palace, where ſhe was ſtrongly guarded till my arrival.

Labynetus, as I told you before, affected me extreamly, and ſent for me, whilſt I was in the greateſt fears in the world for my abſent daughter, to come to Court and hear news of her; According to this meſſage I haſted with the moſt diligent ſpeed, and having preſented my ſelf full of perplexity before him, he ſent for *Vectorex* and *Asimea*, and related, in the preſence of his choiceſt Nobility, all that had befallen; and told me, that notwithſtanding all the reaſons of State and intereſt of his Crown, he found it equitable to pardon my Daughters attempt, ſince he had been oblig'd to leave his own Son unpuniſh'd; and that his regret was the more ſenſible, becauſe his Succeſſor by this unhappy accident, was expos'd to the juſt hatred of our generous family: but as a ſatisfaction of my Sons loſs, he now reſtor'd my

Daughter, pretending by that means to bury our quarrel in oblivion.

I accepted the Kings mercy to *Azimea* with all the teſtimonies of acknowledgement my duty bound me to, without relinquiſhing the hate I had conceiv'd againſt his Son. I had forgot to tell you, that his Daughter was preſent at this enter-view, who being no leſs paſſionate of my Sons memory, than ſhe had formerly been of his Perſon, upheld the intereſt of my Family ſtoutly, and confeſs'd openly that if *Vectores* had not been ſo near of blood to her, ſhe would not have been ſo bravely prevented in the deſign of revenge.

During the little abode I made at Court, my Daughter in her agreement making a ſuperficial reconciliation with the Prince, obtain'd his rivals pardon; whom they were content to baniſh, and withall made the Prince renounce his pretence of Marriage with her, by an abſolute refuſal of that proffer'd love he often made, which poſſeſs'd him with as much violence as ever.

Our affairs being thus handſomly compoſed, I return'd to *Garamee*, where I was no ſooner arriv'd, but *Labynetus* ſent an expreſs, for me to go and joyn my troops with his, to carry on the War commenc'd againſt *Cyaxeres*. I was already on my way to this purpoſe, when I receiv'd tydings of his death, which made me change my reſolutions, and turn my courſe towards you, to whom I fly for Protection against that bloody Tyrant whoſe cruelty, not fully gorg'd with my Son's innocent blood, has often made him profeſs, that if he ever came to be Soveraign, he would by force conſtrain us to repentance, and make my Daughter flexible to the laſt of his deſires.

Gorgias having thus wound up the ſeveral threds of his diſcourſe, *Cyrus* again repeated his embraces, and the promiſes he had made for his revenge, proteſting he ſhould find in him the readieſt perſon in the world to ſecond his reſentments and his Daughters extraordinary generoſity.

This converſion was not broken off till the *Medes* came in a joynt body, to preſent him with what they thought he would eſteem the richeſt of their purchaſe lately taken.

It was a woman of *Suſiana*, whoſe miraculous beauty darted aſtoniſhment and dangerous wonder into every eye that gaz'd upon her, ſhe appear'd ſad indeed, but yet that ſadneſs was mix'd with ſo much conquering Majeſty, that it was eaſie to be read how little power the unhappineſs of her Captivity had gain'd upon her ſpirit, *Cyrus* himſelf, who had no eyes but for the bleſſed object he ador'd, could not refuſe them ſuch a grateful ſight, he ſtood ſtill a while wrapt with the admiration of her perſon, and after he had receiv'd her with all thoſe high expreſſions of civility her condition ſeem'd to claim, he underſtood ſhe was the Wife of *Abradate* Prince of *Suſiana*, whom the *Aſſyrian* King, had ſent to the King of *Bactria* to make a confederation of their Armies. The knowledge of her condition put him into the ſame terms of reſpect towards her, as her beauty had of admiration, and therefore unwilling to detain her in a prolix diſcourſe, which could not but diſpleaſe in ſuch a condition, he left her the full liberty of returning to her own company, with whom ſhe might condole, and try to diſmiſs her ſorrows, only giving charge to a young *Perſian* Lord, nam'd *Araſpe*, to have a particular care to treat her with that honour which was due to her birth, and merits.

Araſpe had from his youth been bred up in the *Perſian* Academies with *Cyrus*, to whoſe fortune he had ſince particularly ty'd himſelf. It ſeem'd that *Cyrus* impoſing the Commiſſion on him to guard this Woman, had conſulted with his inclination, for before ſhe was preſented to him (inſpir'd by the ſecret motions of that fatal deſtiny which none can avoid) *Araſpe* had already ſought her out amongſt all the other Priſoners, and being only invited to a compaſſion for her Captivity, he had look'd on her with a more then ordinary curioſity.

Panthea (ſo was the name of this beautiful Princeſs) at that preſent was but meanly clad, ſitting amongſt her maids, who ſhew'd her no reſpect, more than to any other, thereby to hide her quality from diſcovery: but raiſing her ſelf before *Araſpe*, whom ſhe judg'd to be ſome extraordinary perſon by the great throng that follow'd at his heels, he preſently imagin'd that nature had not plac'd ſo much Majeſty, as he remarked in her action, and port, to one of ordinary birth and beauty.

His opinion did not deceive him, for the civility he expreſs'd, having oblig'd her to unvail that Divine face, which ſhe till then had alwayes hid behind that cloud, his eye not only met with ſuch a raviſhing complexion, and ſweet feature as did ſurpaſs the power, and liberty of fancy to imagine: but he reſented the vertue of thoſe charms (whoſe ſecret Magick had compel'd him to ſeek her out) diving into the very centre of his breſt with love, and all-controuling paſſions. He had no ſooner ſeen her, but he deſir'd to eclipſe her from all others: but having ſuch a crowd of Witneſſes, he was conſtrain'd, diſpite of all repugnancy, to conſent that ſhe ſhould be preſented to *Cyrus* as the *Medes* had propounded. This new-born paſſion ſhe had ſhot into his ſoul, ſhook him with apprehenſion leaſt *Cyrus* ſhould accept of her, and one may truly ſay that he received with more joy, (though not without the allay of inward trouble) the command of guarding her, then if they had beſtow'd the richeſt Crowns, and Scepters in the world upon him.

Cyrus who perceiv'd the emotions of his heart characters on his tell-tale face, would have known the cauſe, and wiſh'd him above all things if he found himſelf too feeble to withſtand her charms, not to undertake the charge: the combat being the more dangerous, becauſe that fair enemy being ever preſent, he muſt lye at a wary guard to defend himſelf each moment, and enjoying yet a liberty that was uſurp'd by none, it would be difficult to refuſe that bewitching Sex, invading it ſo ſweetly: he added more-over that 'twas impoſſible to behold a beauty like *Pantheas* and not love it, but then he muſt preſcribe that affection within the limits of vertue, becauſe it did import them; very much to preſerve the reputation of their victory unſtain'd, by right of which, the Captives were indeed become ſubject to their juſt power, but not to their unlawful paſſions.

Araſpe having recover'd his ſetled countenance, anſwer'd that it was true indeed he had not been able to eye ſo many miracles in one perſon without aſtoniſhment, neither could he believe that any man living could be ſo dull as to behold her, and not find the like ſentiments of reſpect towards her, as he did in his ſoul; but yet he was not ignorant of the rules of his devoir, and the trouble which might have overſpread his face, being only an effect of his admiration, he aſſur'd him that whatever inclination he ſhould cheriſh for *Panthea*, it ſhould never exceed that which one ought not to deny to any beauteous perſon.

Cyrus in fine recommended the conſtancy of this reſolution to him, and told him at parting that he ſhould remember, it was difficult to approach the fire and not be heated, that love dealing treacherouſly in all his wayes, he muſt ſuſpect him, as one that never flatters but to hurt. *Araſpe* promis'd on his part diſpite of all thoſe notions in his heart that he would never go beyond an eſteem for her. But the rapid ſtreams of his inclination drove him far beyond all theſe bounds, and after a few dayes ſiege, which he maintain'd againſt thoſe potent paſſions, he was compel'd to yeild to their violent aſſaults, upon no better compoſition than their uncertain mercy.

If the firſt ſight and preſence of *Panthea* had ſo powerfully charm'd him, 'tis eaſie to imagine that her noble converſation wholly vanquiſh'd him; ſhe ſtudied every day, finding he treated her with ſuch choice reſpect, to oblige him by a thouſand new civilities, expreſſing a great care for his perſon, and rendring him in fine all the teſtimonies of love and amity that he could have expected from a Siſter. The effect of *Panthea*'s civility was very different from what ſhe deſired, her deſign aiming only to gain him for her friend, not perceiving that ſhe ingag'd him as a Lover. This poor Prince ſtifling the flames affection kindled in his breſt, by his diſcreeter ſilence, that he might not break the promiſe he had verbally ſeal'd to *Cyrus*, conceal'd his paſſion. But this contagious malady of the mind infected his body, and fir'd that frail Cottage with a burning Feaver, whoſe flames brought thoſe ſecret thoughts to light, which he till then had kept hidden, and though there did appear ſome extravagancy in his diſtemper'd ſpeeches, yet it was eaſie to be known, that the remembrance of *Panthea* did alwayes feed his imagination. She went often to viſit him, and though his fits redoubled at her preſence; yet he was ſometimes of a more compoſed ſpirit than when ſhe was not there. One day when ſhe enquired of the Phiſicians of his malady, they told her that in the extremity of his Feaver he moſt times ſpake of her, but yet ſhe could not ſuſpect in the leaſt that this was any effect of love, but was perſwaded that being often in his ſight, the image of her perſon might often preſent it ſelf to his fancy.

But coming another time into his Chamber when he was troubled in his wilder thoughts; he turned towards her, and with a vehement ſpeech; Well Madam, ſaid he to her, is it not enough to torment me with your remembrance, but you muſt come to kill me by your ſight? ſhall I have no releaſe from thoſe deep ſufferings? and my recovery being deſperate, am I forbidden the leaſt conſolation? Yes, continued he, turning ſuddenly from her, and whiſpering to himſelf in a ſad tone; Lets dye ſince 'tis the will of Heaven, for death is the only remedy for my afflictions. Ha! *Panthea*, cry'd he again, darting his eye upon her, after a little ſilence, *Abradate* is your huſband, *Cyrus* has forbidden me, I have promis'd it, your devoir will not permit you, I ſhould violate my own: But! ——I have reſiſted to my utmoſt, and 'tis you conſtrain me, is it not true Madam? with theſe words which he pronounced ſomewhat loud, he ceaſed from ſpeaking, and caſt his looks wiſhly upon *Panthea*, who being in amazement at what he had talked with ſo much confuſion, not being able to comprehend it, ſhe approached nearer to his bed, and finding him as ſhe thought in a calmer temper; Is it poſſible, ſaid ſhe, *Araſpe*, that I ſhould be ſo unhappy as to have contributed any thing to your ſufferings? what have I done, which is ſo harſh to your remembrance? what can it import you, that *Abradate* is my huſband? what has *Cyrus* forbidden you? what have you promis'd him? wherein have I treſpaſs'd againſt my devoir? what have I conſtrained you to do, good gods, 'gainſt which you have ſo much reſiſted: Tell me, *Araſpe*, and aſſure your ſelf that if your health depended upon me, though 'twere to be purchaſed with my life, you ſhould not be one moment longer in this languiſhing condition, and though I am unhappy in my fortune, believe it, I will not lye under the guilt of ingratitude for thoſe noble favours I have received, but ſhall eſteem the fortune of my captivity a bleſſing, if there be any means left me at preſent whereby to ſerve you?

Araſpe after a great ſigh, anſwer'd her with a ſoft voyce, I perceive Madam, that the violence of my Feaver has made me diſcourſe extravagantly, I am aſham'd to be ſo unprovided of fitting excuſes for it, and beg your pardon, if I have mention'd your ſelf, or worthy Husband in my diſtempers: In that condition you may gueſs, that being not the Maſter of my reaſon, I only talk what my extravagant imagination ſuggeſts, and that, which it may be, my Devoir would forbid me once to think on. *Panthea* would not preſs him further, and eaſily believ'd, that what ſhe had heard was only the effects of his troubled fancy; Therefore after ſhe had a while longer entertain'd him with much mildneſs, ſhe left the ſad *Araſpe*, more turmoiled with his paſſion than his Feaver, which both together ſet upon him with ſuch violence, preſently after her going, that the Phiſicians began to diſpair of his life.

Cyrus, *Tygranes*, *Artabaſus*, and many other perſons of quality being informed of it, came together to viſit him, they found him in more danger than he had been, and he no ſooner perceiv'd *Cyrus*, who drew near to his bed, but caſting a furious look upon him: 'Tis you likewiſe cruel ——— ſaid he, that ſeconded the Tyranny of her Devoir; I ſhould be leſs unhappy were it not for you, nor ſhould I meet ſo many obſtacles to my content, were I not conſtrain'd by your conſideration. Hence, cruel, hence, what you are come to perſecute me with your preſence, and take away the very liberty of complaint. Ah 'tis too, too much! his ſobs, and hollow ſigh's blockt up all the paſſages of ſpeech, and the Phiſitians perceiving his tranſport, intreated *Cyrus* to withdraw, with all thoſe that accompanied him, to give him a little repoſe. He was no ſooner left alone but his reaſon returned to her ſeat, and quickly tam'd the tempeſt of his mind, ſo that he commanded one of thoſe that waited in his Chamber, to go and beſeech *Panthea* in his behalf to come to him.

As ſoon as ſhe arriv'd he caus'd all the reſt to avoid the room, except one Gentleman, whoſe fidelity he might confide in, and one of *Panthea*'s Maids, and then ſeeing himſelf at liberty to ſpeak, he began thus: I find, Madam, that you are no leſs ſurpriz'd to ſee me in this tranquility of ſpirit at preſent, than you were before, when I had loſt the helm of my reaſon and judgement. The ſame cauſe nevertheleſs has produc'd theſe different effects, and that which occaſioned my rude diſtempers, does now reſtore me to ſo ſmooth a calm, that I can diſcover a ſecret to you, which I ſhould yet conceal, did I not find that the approach of death obliged me to it. This laſt extremity, Madam, may excuſe me if there be any temerity in declaring it to you, which ſo far concerns my life, that 'tis the only thing which makes me looſe it now. Judge, Madam, whether I may not reveal it without a crime, I know however you will not hear it without ſome diſpleaſure, but I am confident likewiſe that you are too generous to refuſe my pardon, which I implore before I dye, together with the permiſſion to diſcloſe it. At theſe words he made a little pauſe, to hear what ſhe would anſwer in that vacancy, but perceiving his propoſition either too melancholly, or too obſcure to gain a reply: What, Madam, ſaid he, do you not yet underſtand me, muſt I expound that in plain terms, which I would hide in ſome manner from you, and will you not take notice of my paſſion, unleſs I ſay expreſly, that I love you? Ah, Madam, that word will coſt me my life, I can add no more, and 'tis ſufficient for my ſatisfaction that you know it. He could not command ſtrength enough, either to draw out the thred of his diſcourſe any longer, or to expect her anſwer, his ſences taking their flight together with his ſpeech, and *Panthea* beholding him in this condition, reſſented the uproar of many paſſions ſtrugling in her breſt together: modeſty, anger, and compaſſion invaded her mind, ſo that ſhe was ſome moments in a deep ſuſpence, but ſeeing thoſe that were by, ſo buſily imploy'd to aſſiſt him, ſhe recover'd ſo much pitty as to lend her beſt endeavours, and truly one may ſay that ſhe alone was able to revive him, as ſhe had only been the occaſion of his troubles. So ſoon as ſhe was approached, his nature gather'd up its ſtrength, and his eyes returning to their firſt offices, beholding her in that obliging imployment, his tongue unty'd it ſelf in theſe expreſſions.

Ha, what, Madam, will you not have me dye after ſo preſumptuous a declaration, do you pretend to cure me, ſtriving to make me live. Yes, reparted *Panthea*, I will not have you dye, though I do not pretend your cure, having no remedy for your malady, you only are the cauſe of it your ſelf, and if you found any inclination to love, you ought not to have undertaken the charge of me. Nevertheleſs what help I can contribute, without a prejudice to my honour, you may juſtly hope for. To love is not a crime, I confeſs it, *Araſpes*, and provided you manage your affection according to the laws of vertue, I conſent to it: but do not break the rules which I preſcribe you, if it ſuffice you, as you would have me believe, that I ſhould only be acquainted with it, I ſhall eſteem it ever real, ſo long as you do not offend my reputation, look to your health only, and make it apparent to *Panthea*, who intreats you, that your affection being not guilty, is capable to bring you as much repoſe and content, as it hath coſt you trouble.

If I have ever wiſh'd to dye, reply'd *Araſpes*, to end my torments, I do as earneſtly now implore the gods, to ſuffer me to live, ſince you command it, Madam, that I may teſtifie by my reſpects, and ſervices, the immortal obligations I owe to your infinite bounty, which does concede far more than my moſt flattering hopes could ever promiſe, by permitting me to love you; my ambition reach'd no higher but to diſcover it before my death, and I ſhall be, if I may live, henceforth too happy, in my aſſiduous endeavours to make known that the bent of all my worthieſt actions tend only to the honour of your ſervice.

This conference gave no leſs eaſe and comfort to *Araſpe*, than it occaſioned trouble, and aſtoniſhment to *Panthea*. She was no ſooner alone, but examining in her own chaſt thoughts all that had paſs'd, ſhe accus'd her ſelf of too much complaiſance, as if ſhe had forfeited that ſevere vertue in which the world does make a Ladies honour conſiſt, and feared leaſt the permiſſion ſhe had granted him to continue his fair affections, ſhould ſpur him on beyond reſpect and decency. But afterwards ſhe excus'd her ſelf of fondneſs upon that weight of obligations which ſhe ow'd, and thought ſhe could in civility do no leſs, than ſuffer an honeſt and vertuous friendſhip.

On the other part, *Araſpe* had quite a contrary opinion, he conſtrued *Panthea's* civility ſo much to his own advantage, that taking the conſent ſhe allowed his affection, to be meant a retaliation equal to his paſſion, he took a nice care of his recovery, that he might be able to reap the fruits of his deſires. This vain preſumption had almoſt loſt him, he laid by all reſpect, which he till then had obſerved towards her, and follow'd his own head-ſtrong paſſions, ſo that *Panthea* finding her ſelf dangerouſly perſecuted by his inſolent courtſhip, was conſtrain'd to prefer the bill of her complaints to *Cyrus*, who weighing how important it was towards his affairs nor to offend a Princeſs, whoſe Husband with his forces might go near to turn the Scale on either ſide, whom he pretended to court to a compliance by the mediation of his excellent Princeſs, he took her out of his keeping, and made her all the noble ſatisfaction that was poſſible for her to expect.

About this time *Cyrus* went into *Garamee*, hard by the City of *Orabie*, where *Gobrias* was making preparations for his reception. He encamped thereabout, and being attended with the principal Officers and Nobility of his Army, made his entrance, which was as magnificent on his part, as it was proud and coſtly on the inhabitants. The peoples loud acclamations declar'd with how much joy he was receiv'd. *Gobrias* with a great Train of Nobles gallantly mounted, and richly cloathed, went forth to meet him, and conducted him to his Palace, where his Daughter the generous *Azimea*, and all the great Ladies received them: this ceremony being performed on either part with a thouſand civil expreſſions. They made him preſents of a vaſt ſum of money, and all the other rarities which the Orient does produce, the which he nobly accepted, but it was only to reſtore them to *Azimea*, to whom he profer'd them ſo gracefully, that ſhe could not refuſe them with handſomeneſs, after ſhe had long diſputed with him for generoſity, and that he had proteſted more-over that if he commenc'd that War againſt the *Aſſyrians* for reaſons of State, the deſires to ſerve her and to revenge her juſter intereſts ſhould be henceforth the principal cauſe to make him continue and carry it on, to confirm which, having given her his hand, he followed her into many ſpacious rooms, whoſe furniture for beauty, and magnificence gave no leſs wonder than delight; and afterwards taking his quiet repoſe for a ſhort ſpace (having contracted ſome wearineſs in viewing the rarities of one of the faireſt houſes in all *Aſia*, and viſiting the fortifications about the City) being ſomewhat refreſhed of that toile, he took his farewell of *Gobrias*, (who earneſtly intreated him to honour him with his preſence at ſupper, and paſs away ſome dayes in that City) and returned to his Camp, preferring that ſober frugality which the *Perſians* obſerve in their diet, before the delicacy of thoſe exquiſite meſſes which *Gobrias* prepared at his ſplendid entertainments.

Amongſt thoſe whom the beauty of the Ladies of *Garamee* had inamour'd *Hiſtaſpe* Lieutenant General of the *Perſian* Cavalry, was one, being conquer'd by *Azimea*'s, but whatever advantage he promiſed himſelf from *Cyrus* favour, who dearly loved him, to whom *Gobrias* had abſolutely committed the diſpoſal of his Daughter, yet he durſt not fly his thoughts ſo high as to pretend affection towards a Princeſs, who had been elected for the Scepter of *Aſſyria*, and ſo generouſly refuſed it. He propounded nevertheleſs to ſerve her, and to become, if poſſible, the miniſter of her vengeance, to merit at leaſt by that action ſome acknowledgement from her goodneſs, if he durſt not expect it from her love.

In the mean while, *Cyrus* was full of moſt ſtrange inquietudes, he appear'd ſo ſad, and was ſo troubled and impatient, that the warlike occupations for the Conqueſt of *Aſſyria*, not being able to divert him from the thoughts of his dear Princeſs, it ſeem'd that *Sybaris* and *Abracomas* were too ſlow in ſending him the news he languiſht to hear. *Gobrias* who was unacquainted with the cauſe of his trouble, and had a great deſire to be informed of it, meeting *Artabaſe* in a Garden walking with *Merame*, and the *Hircanian* Prince accoſted them, and having molded his diſcourſe upon that ſubject, it tempted the *Hircanian* Prince, and *Merame* with the like curioſity of enquiry, who joyntly declaring to *Artabaſe* the obligation it would be to inſtruct them in the happy knowledge of what ſo nearly concern'd their noble General, being all ſeated in a pleaſant Arbour, *Artabaſe* to feed their greedy deſires and attentions, commenc'd his diſcourſe in this manner.

You may have great reaſon to wonder at the black melancholly of a Prince victorious over his enemies, glorious for his heroick actions, and happy, in fine, in all appearance, if ever any man were. A Prince to whoſe high valour all others yeild their powers, either in ſeeking his protection, or flying from his preſence. The melancholly nevertheleſs, which is ſo legible to you on his countenance, is one of the effects of his firſt victory he gained in this War, the Lawrels which compos'd that Crown of triumph, were interlaced with thoſe Thornes which yet torment him, he having loſt his repoſe and liberty amongſt thoſe whom the chance of War had made his Captives:

but that I may entirely ſatisfy the curioſity which you may have to know the compleate hiſtory of this young Heroe, who in his tendereſt yeares perform'd ſuch actions as are too rare to be paſs'd over in ſilence, you muſt permit me to take my riſe from thoſe times.

The Hiſtory of Cyrus *and* Birinthea.

You cannot but have heard of thoſe celebrous Academies in *Perſia*, where vertue alone preſides, and where they are ſo well taught to practice it. 'Twas in thoſe learned ſchooles. Our Prince was bred and inſtructed, whoſe condition did not diſpenſe him from the ſeverity of thoſe lawes which they obſerve, they gave him no other but the ordinary courſe nouriſhment of bread and creſſes, and ſatisfied his thirſt with natures plain beverage, a diſh of water, thereby to accuſtome him to undergoe hardſhip when he ſhould come to be more neceſſarily acquainted with it in time of war: they taught him likewiſe to ſhoot exactly with a bow, and caſt a ſpear, with all thoſe other exerciſes which concern the agility and vigour of the body. In a word, he was treated with the ſame rigour as all the other were, the only difference that could be noted was, the wonderful aptitude, and readineſs of his attaining every thing with facility. Amongſt all his condiſciples there was not any that could paralel his activity of body: and for learning, none ever made a greater progreſs in ſo ſhort a time: and concerning all thoſe little intrignes, and differences, which ever happen amongſt children, as thefts, rapine, calumny, ingratitude, deceits, and other ſuch like crimes, he was made judge, and ſo behav'd himſelf, that ſuch as are moſt perfect in the lawes; and have a long time weilded the ſword of juſtice, never pronounced more equitable and judicious ſentences, nor could the ableſt barriſter have ſhap'd better pleas to defend innocency, or have heap'd more preſſing reaſons on the head of guiltineſs, then he continually did.

These rare advantages of body and mind, conjoyn'd to his illuſtrious birth made him become ſo famous, that *Aſtiages* his Grandfather formerly King of the *Medes*, the Father of *Cyaxarez* having heard a recital of ſo many wonders, was extreme deſirous to ſee him. *Cyrus* as you know is ſon of *Cambyſes* King of *Perſia*, and *Mandane* the daughter of *Aſtiages*. His Mother would needs go into *Media* to conduct him to his grandfather, who found by him, that Fame, which uſually exceeds in her report of other things, wanted both mouthes and breath to proclaime all the excellent qualities of this young Prince. He found him more compleate every way then report had blazon'd, the diſpoſition of his body and poſture, was handſomer and more taking then he could poſſibly fancy, and beyond that, he found ſo mature a judgement, and ſuch a ſparkling vivacity of wit, as he confeſs'd, that all what had been related, though that were many ſteps above a fond beliefe, was yet ſo much beneath the exquiſite indowments he now really met with in his perſon, that nothing but the teſtimony of his own ſight, could ever have perſwaded as a truth. In a word, the infinite charmes and graces of his perſon, and ſpirit were ſo many, that it may juſtly releaſe me from repeating them it will ſuffice to tell you, that in an age ſo tender and Blooming, which eaſily receives any impreſſion, not having yet ſtept over fourteen yeares, he had ſuch ſolid principles of vertue, that the delicious and ſoft lives they led in *Media* could never corrupt his nobler ſentiments.

The firſt time he ſaluted his grand-father *Aſtiages*, ſeeing him richly habited, having many jewells, and a ſweet cloud of perfumes about him, he freely avowed that the modeſt plaineſs the *Perſians* obſerve in their veſtments, pleaſed him far beyond it, and he prefer'd the ſober frugality of his former wholeſome diet, before the dainty viands they now preſented to his taſte. In fine, amidſt all that delicacy, he kept himſelf up ſtrictly, to that rigid vertue he had practiſed at home, all that he learned amongſt them was to mannage a horſe, because in his country it was neither ſo frequent, nor ſo perfectly taught, as ſoon as he had attained this skill, he went continually to hunting with *Cyaxares* the ſon of *Aſtiages*, in which exerciſe having given many evident proofs of his valour and activity, he aded one more alſo of his courage in an occaſion of war which proffer'd it ſelf at that time.

Aſtiages having been advertis'd that the *Aſſyrians*

ans endammaged his frontiers by their continuall pillaging, and frequent incurſions, ſent *Cyaxares* with a competent ſtrength to repulſe and tame them. Then was it that *Cyrus* felt that generous ardour firſt boyling in his youthful veins, which the alarm's of war does uſe to kindle in valiant breaſts. In lieu of following his unckles ſteps as a volunteer, he put himſelf in the head of their troops, as if he only had been their Captain, ſo that neither *Cyaxares* nor the *Medes* had any other conduct but his own, nor could the god of war himſelf have inſpir'd them with more courage then did his noble examples. He was ſo heated in the fight, and thruſt himſelf ſo far amongſt the thickeſt of the enemies, who already began to fly before the fury of this young Conquerour, that *Cyaxares* fearing leaſt he ſhould too eagerly engage himſelf in a further purſute, was conſtrain'd to goe in perſon and fetch him of. In fine all his actions bred every day new and deſerving admiration, nor did *Aſtiages* returne him to his Father *Cambyſis*, but with regret, who coveted to have ſo ineſtimable a jewell in the poſſeſſion of his own dear embracements, having heard what a new luſter and glory his freſh victories had put upon his fame. Returning into *Perſia*, he carried all the hearts and affections of the *Medes* along with him, which they paid readily down in myriads of happy wiſhes, & bleſſings at his departure, ſo generally he acquir'd their love and zealous reſpects, by thoſe good offices he render'd them whilſt he reſided there, and the obliging carreſſes with which he treated all men.

Shortly after his returne from *Medis*, *Aſtiages* died, and *Cyaxares* his ſon, and his ſucceſſor to the Empire, found himſelf dangerouſly aſſaulted by all the *Aſian* puiſſance at once. *Labynetus* King of the *Aſſyrians* having already ſubdued all *Siria*, rendred the *Arabians* tributaries, and vanquiſht the *Hircanians* and the *Bactrians* believed that if he could but hang his chains upon the *Medes* and *Perſians*, he ſhould find no more enemies ſo powerful as to diſpute his intire conqueſt of *Aſia*. He had ambition enough for this deſign: but doubting of his ſtrength to carry him thorow, he wrote to the King of *Lydia*, to him of *Capadocia*, to the *Phrigians*, *Indians*, the people of *Caria* and *Cilicia*, cajolling and intreating them to enter into confederation, and undertake a war with him againſt the *Medes* and *Perſians*, whoſe ſtrong alliance he perſwaded them to feare, repreſenting how neceſſary it was for them to knit, and unite their force together, to invade and diſſolve them, whom alone they neither would be able to ſuppreſs, or reſiſt, This reaſon engaged ſome of theſe Princes to joyn with him, the others being oblig'd alſo to conſent either as being their vaſſalls, or their friends.

The mighty preparations which were made in all thoſe nations for this war, could not be ſo ſecretly managed, but *Cyaxares* had notice given him of it, and leaſt this tempeſt, which ſo horridly menac'd him, ſhould ſuddenly breake upon his head and over-flow him unprovided, he quickly caus'd a numerous Army to be levied in his own kingdome, and wrote to *Cambyſes* King of *Perſia* intreating him to joyn forces with him; ſince the intereſt to oppoſe theſe Enemies was equall to them both, and to conſtitute his ſon general of thoſe men he would ſend, becauſe he was ſo indeared to the *Medes*, and they built ſuch mighty confidence and hopes on his magnanimity, by thoſe early proofs he had already carved with his ſword when he was amongſt them, that they believ'd the greateſt helpe that ever heaven could lend them, would be the preſence, and conduct of that young Prince.

Cambyſes hugg'd the propoſition of *Cyaxares* with the more willing embraces, becauſe the glorious eſteem they ſet upon his ſon concerned himſelf ſo neerly. He caus'd thirty thouſand ſouldiers to be raiſed with all poſſible diligence over whom *Cyrus*, by the full vote of the Councel of war was elected general, and the very next day having caus'd his army to be rang'd in battalia, he eſtabliſhe him in this high office, whilſt they were offering the ſacrifices, uſual on ſuch occaſions, the ayre was fil'd with extraordinary lightning and thunders, which ſeem'd to ſpeak the gods conſent to this ceremony, to which the ſouldiers repeated a thouſand loud acclamations of joy, which they ſent up to Heaven for his proſperity.

The air in fine having recover'd the beauty of its former ſerenity, *Cyrus* impoſed ſilence thorow the whole Army, and ſtanding in an eminent place from whence his words might reach their hearing most diſtinctly, he made this following Harangue to his ſouldiers;

The Harangue to the Perſian Army.

I am extremely glad fellow ſouldiers, that heaven by its happy auguries has authoriſed the choice which Cyaxares, and Cambyſes have made of me, to be your general; but though this office be due to my birth, as being ſon to the one, and the others Nephew, and that I find, in myſelf, courage, and reſolution ſufficient to undergoe it, I muſt confeſs, nevertheleſs, that I ſhall ſtand in ſome need to be ſupported by yours alſo, and we muſt reciprocally, by our joynt valour, ſecond the fortune which the gods promiſe felicitous to us: otherwiſe, ſouldiers, if by our unmanlineſs only, the event of this war ſhould fall ſhort of the hopes we have, to make it ſucceed according to our own deſires, and the gods ſhould abandon us to all the misfortunes which commonly attend a ſhameful defeate, we ſhould not however have cauſe to complain that they were wanting in the promiſe of that victory they now proclaim to us by the mouth of thunders: For to judge aright, dear companions, theſe horrid claps which ſeem to be the teſtimonies of their favourable conſent to our juſt deſignes, doe advertiſe us likewiſe that they have power to avenge themſelves upon their Enemies And who, I pray you, are their Enemies, but thoſe that turne their backs to honor, to prop and maintain injuſtice and cruelty, and will *you not acknowledge with me, that if they ſeem to declare themſelves for us againſt the Aſſyrians, becauſe that nation aſſaults us wrongfully, and with much baſeneſs, they at the ſame time menace thoſe amongſt us, who have not vertue or courage enough to defend the honor of their country, their Princes reputation, together with their deare parents lives, and their own families ſecurity; but not to rove ſo far to point out the inſtruments of their threatning vengeance, doe we not know already, that the Aſſyrians have unſheath'd their thirſty ſwords, and if by our ignoble cowardiſe, we render our ſelves unworthy of heavens protection, may not thoſe barbarous people be made the rod to puniſh us. Let us therefore beware ſoldiers, of betraying the intereſt of juſtice and our own ſafety, let us not pull our ruine on our own heads, ſince we take arms but to preſerve our ſelves, lets carry on the war with as much courage as we commence it with fixed reſolution; and let us ſhow the Aſſyrians, that 'tis not without reaſon they have confederated ſo many nations in one body againſt us, and ſet ſo many thouſands a foote, ſince they ſhall find it no weake oppoſition: and that they are deceiv'd in their deſign to invade us, we going now to prevent them, and turne the bloody ſtreame of war upon themſelves.*

The whole army anſwer'd this harangue with many redoubled ſhouts and acclamations, which ſpoke the ſouldiers impatience to be facing their enemies, againſt whom they now were ſuddenly to march. The Captains and all the moſt expert officers of war, confeſs'd they never undertook a voyage with a more promiſing aſſurance of victory, then now under this young, but hopeful General. The orders in fine, were given to ſet forwards within eight dayes, in which time *Cyrus* received the adieus from all the Nobility, and the King his Father, and took his farewel alſo of his deare Mother the Queen, with the Princeſs *Axumane* his ſiſter. The appointed day being come, *Cambyſes* would needs accompany him to the borders that were contiguous to *Perſia*, (where being arrived a mighty Eagle appeard flying at his right hand) and having taken his laſt leave of his Father, and the gods of *Perſia*, at his entrance into *Media* he adored their deities, and went to *Cyaxares* his unckle, who was advanced very near the frontires to receive him, and teſtified by all the becoming tokens of civility and affection, the joy and infinite content he reſſented at his arrival.

Cyrus who as yet had let in no other paſſions to governe his young ſoule, but the ambition to improve the glory of his courage, hearing the Enemies were yet at a great diſtance, imploy'd his time in the continual exerciſes of war, for which he ordained many prizes which he moſt commonly won fairely himſelf, with more agility and skill then fortune: but at length being tyr'd with their long ſtay, fearing leaſt the idleneſs and delights of that country ſhould ruſt or enervate his ſouldiers wonted courage, he intreated his unckle to give him leave to march towards thoſe *Aſſyrians* whoſe tedious delay ſhew'd ſome unwillingneſs in them to come to any blowes. *Cyaxares* who ſtudied nothing but to defend himſelf, becauſe he knew his numbers leſs then the Enemies, and being ever poſſeſs'd with a kind of feare, made the arrival of ſome *Indian* Ambaſſadors the pretext to ſtay him, ſhowing him the neceſſity there was that he ſhould know the ſubject of their negociation before he precipitated his affairs, Theſe Ambaſſadors being appointed audience, declar'd the command they had from their King to ſpeak with him, and the *Perſian* Monarch, to know, what reaſons moved them to make war, and aſcertain thoſe that ſhould proceed moſt juſtly, of a powerful aſſiſtance from him, on their behalf, and after they had learn'd from *Cyaxares* own mouth, that he arm'd himſelf only to withſtand the *Aſſyrians*, and bridle their inſolence, and ambition, they took their leaves of him, and bearing away with them the pretence that detain'd *Cyrus*, they left him full liberty to preſs his march with more eagerneſs.

Cyaxares nevertheleſs, who believ'd he wanted as much ſtrength as he did courage, indeavour'd by many conſiderations to keep them back ſtill, the cheifeſt there of being a want of money at that preſent, which is the only ſoule, and life of war. But this which he propounded as an obſtacle, ſpur'd him on with the greater ſpeed, and gave the firſt motion to his generous expeditions, which have rais'd him ſince to the proudeſt pitch of glory that ever Conquerour could hope or wiſh; for being perfectly acquainted with all his uncles affairs, he remembred that he had heard ſay *Artaban* the King of *Armenia* had refus'd to pay him the tribute of fifty talents which he ow'd him for thoſe Provinces that *Aſtiages* had formerly conquer'd, nor was he very haſty to anſwer their demands of thoſe troops he was oblig'd to furniſh them withall: wherefore he told *Cyaxares* that he ought to begin his war firſt with his own rebells, that ſo he might not have any domeſtick Enemies within his bowels, and that by reducing *Artaban* to his becoming Devoir, it would caſt a bridle on the remainder of his ſubjects necks, and keep them in the roade of due obedience.

This propoſition having been canvas'd, and conſulted on in the Counſel of war, was found to be very rational, and they judg'd it convenient to attaque the *Armenian*, who fed his ſtubborne inſolency, only with the faire promiſes of protection from the *Aſſyrians*, For this purpoſe *Cyrus* made a great match of hunting thereby to draw ſome troops, under that colour, neer the mountains of *Armenia*; and *Cyaxares*, to take of all ſuſpicion of any ſuch deſign, feigned that he went to viſit the frontier garriſons in perſon, in each of which he left a good number of ſouldiers, which *Cyrus* afterwards ſecretly ſent under the command of *Chryſante* to poſſeſs themſelves of ſome paſſages, in the mountains, of great importance.

Before *Artaban* could be informed of their enterpriſe, *Cyrus* diſpatched a Courier to him, by whom he gave him notice that he was entred upon his dominions to receive that money, and thoſe ſouldiers he was obliged to furniſh his uncle with, or to fetch them in perſon at the head of a potent army, who would ſoon wring this out of his hands,if he reſus'd a preſent compliance.

Never was Prince more perplexed, or amazed then *Artaban* at this demand , he never could imagine that *Cyaxares* having ſuch puiſſant Enemies could think of any thing but to defend himſelf: the promiſe he had made to the *Aſſyrians* not to ſend any aſſiſtance to the *Medes*, and the preſence of a reſolute Army which threatned to force him to his devoir, ſuſpended his judgement a while.

In fine having return'd, in anſwer to *Cyrus*, many excuſſive delatory reaſons , proteſting an impoſſibility to ſatisfy him for the preſent, hinting that himſelf was in diſtreſs of men, and treaſure for his own ſecurity,and could not ſpare any to others.He thought to ſteale himſelf from their purſuites amongſt the forreſts, and inacceſſible mountains in that country, till by the helpe of the *Aſſyrians*, to whom he ſent letters of his condition, he were in a poſture to drive them out again In this reſolution he left the campania open to his Enemies, and having caus'd his wife, and children, with his richeſt treaſures to be ſhelter'd in the forreſts under the ſave guard of one of his ſons nam'd *Phraarte*, he gather'd as many ſouldiers as poſſibly he could, to hinder his Enemies from ranging about his lands, but *Cyrus* advancing with his main body, ſoon diſperſed thoſe that had reſiſted his fore-runners, and conſtrain'd *Artaban* to quit the poſts he was poſſeſſed of.

Cyrus, who would not give his Enemy the leaſure to make his own choice of a retreate, purſued him ſo cloſs, that notwithſtanding the difficulty of the wayes and thicknes of the forreſts, he never loſt his ſight. *Artaban* would willingly have made his eſcape by ſome concealed path, but the providence of his Enemy had cut of all poſſibility of an eſcape before: ſo that he was at length ſhut up within thoſe mountains, which debar'd all further flight, and *Cyrus* no ſooner found he had reduc't him to the inevitable neceſſity of yeilding to hunger and thirſt, or throw himſelf into the danger of a fight, but he ſent him a Trumpetter, by whom he exhorted him to diſpute for his liberty generouſly, rather then pine away with meager famine, which could not be reſiſted: but the *Armenian* defferr'd always to anſwer him, till he heard the heart piercing news of his wife, and childrens, being fallen into the hands of *Chryſante*.

Theſe tydings ſtab'd him to the ſoule with griefe, and ſtaggard his former reſolution not to yeild till the laſt extremity; he came down into the plaines, judging it now better to ſave or looſe himſelf with his diſconſolate family, then by an obſtinate and vain reſiſtance to inflame the juſt anger of his generous Conqueror, at whoſe triumphant feet he came and caſt himſelf to implore his clemency. *Cyrus* having received him as King, but yet as a rebell King and priſoner, gave order for the troops, that came in with him, to be diſperſed amongſt his own, and without waſting further time, according to the expreſs command injoyn'd him by his uncle *Cyaxares*, he aſſembled the principal of his Army, before whom he ſummon'd *Artaban* to appeare, who having loſt his courage with his liberty, preſented himſelf rather in the poſture of a guility perſon then an afflicted Prince. After ſeveral interrogations made to him, this unhappy King could alledge nothing to excuſe his rebellion but the deſire to gain an abſolute liberty for his ſucceſſor, by ſhaking of the yoke of being tributary, he made him firſt acknowledge how unjuſtly he had refus'd to furniſh his uncle with the men and money he demanded, having ſo good title to them, and how baſely he had proffer'd aſſiſtance to the *Aſſyrians*, with whom he had ſecretly treated, and having afterwards asked him how he would chaſtiſe a vaſſal that ſhould thus betray him, he drew that neceſſary condemnation out of his own mouth, which ſentenc'd him to death.

Whilſt *Cyrus* was imploy'd about this ſad doom, *Chryſante* arriv'd, who brought in the *Armenian* Queen and her children as priſoners: but to obey the command he receiv'd from his Uncle to put that miſerable Prince to death, *Cyrus* ordered expreſly that they ſhould not ſuffer them to come together, nor let them in the leaſt know what was intended, to ſhun that conflict of compaſſion which their tears, and the rigour of his duty would raiſe in his noble breaſt.

The *Armenian* Queen liv'd yet in the happy ignorance of her Husbands miſery and captivity, but when ſhe from her Chariot, beheld him going forth from the Tent circled within a Guard of Souldiers, with a viſage whereon the expectation of death had already epitomized all his fears and horrors, ſhe threw her ſelf down ſuddenly with bitter cryes; and renting the vail which covered her head, with extream violence, ſhe furiouſly bent her precipitate ſteps toward thoſe that held *Artaban*, endeavouring with earneſt prayers, and interrupted reproaches, and threats to wreſt him from their hands; when *Cyrus* warn'd of the diſorder by the ſad noiſe and moans which reach'd his ear, came forth to know the Original of it.

The fury of this almoſt diſtracted woman, whom he knew not to be the *Armenian* Queen at firſt ſurpriz'd him, and being told by one of the Souldiers who it was, he approach'd to appeaſe her: but ſhe continued ſtill her fruitleſs violence, perſiſting in her mournful cryes, that they ſhould either lead her with *Artaban*, or kill her preſently? till being told that *Cyrus* was there preſent, ſhe no ſooner knew him, but falling at his feet, and ſuppreſſing her furious tone, changing it into accents of ſupplication; ſhe implor'd him with all the melting language thoſe dolorous paſſions could ſuggeſt to one, who having already loſt her Kingdom and liberty, beheld her Husband led away in chains, by whom alone ſhe could conceive the ſmalleſt glimpſe of hope to be reſtor'd to any happineſs again. *Cyrus* was ſtooping juſt to raiſe her up when the noiſe of ſome approaching Cavaliers interrupted his civility. They brought him a new priſoner, whom at firſt ſight he had no cognizance of, but which the Queens redoubled ſhrieks, and cryes ſoon made him know. It was the Prince *Tygranes*, eldeſt Son of *Artaban*, who is at preſent in this Army, he being then juſt return'd from a Voyage he had made, fell into the *Perſians* hands, before he was acquainted that any Enemies had footing in his Fathers Country. His Mother no ſooner ſpied him, but ſhe cryed out ſo dolefully that it increaſed his aſtoniſhment, and the beholders pitty; and you dear Son, will you be likewiſe one addition more to our heap of ſorrow? the anger of the gods would not be fully ſatisfied, if their injuſtice had not drag'd you hither, to compleat the ſad cataſtrophe of our ruine. Come, come, approach yet nearer Son; ſuffer him, ſaid ſhe to *Cyrus*, to ſee his Father once before he dyes. Conſider, *Tygranes*, in what a loſt condition is *Artaban*? and how undone your Mother, Wife, Siſter, and all relations are, and then, ô tell me wherefore you came hither? but you unmerciful and angry deities, why have you brought him to us? is it to catch the falling Crown and Scepter, and ſupport the reeling Throne which your injuſtice batters down ſo cruelly. Ha! no, 'tis to involve the heyre, together with the other leſſer reliques of our unhappy Family, in one general deſtruction, leaſt any ſhould ſurvive our rugged fate. You gods therefore, I do retract my former words, for I perceive there is ſome kind of equity in your judgements, it being more juſt, if our ruine be ſo inevitable, that we ſhould fall together, then that any ſhould be reſerved to weep our ſad calamity. Come near my Son, come children, come, cry'd ſhe in a ſharper tone, calling thoſe who ſtood at a little diſtance, fetter us altogether, ſaid ſhe to *Cyrus*, in the ſame chain, and if you can be ſo merciful in your cruelty, let one blow put a period to all our miſeries, for this will be a more welcome favour than alone to raviſh *Artaban* from us. Her ſwelling ſorrows ſtopt the current of further diſcourſe, and the frequent ſobs, and ſighs that throng'd out of her boſome, left her no other power of expreſſion, but her fugitive tears.

Mean while, *Cyrus* was wrapt into the greateſt aſtoniſhment that could be; *Tygranes* had been otherwhile his particular friend, they having had their breeding together in the *Perſian* Academies.

The unhappineſs of this Prince, and the Queens tears fill'd his eyes with horror, and his heart with pitty. He knew not whether he ſhould anſwer the Mothers moving plaints, to whom he had already given full aſſurance of her own, and all her childrens lives, or comfort the Son whom the amazement of ſo unlooked for an accident had ſo ſurpriſed, that of all his ſences he could command the uſe of none but his ſight, to be the Witneſs of that funeſt ſpectacle.

His Father *Artaban*, who had not enough conſtancy to ſtand the ſhock of his own particular miſfortune, ſeem'd to increaſe it, when he was made acquainted with the miſerable condition of his Wife, and Children; and whether his grief were too great for expreſſion, or that the extremity of his affliction, ſeeming to ſting him beyond the help of conſolation, caſt him into diſpair, which hardens the moſt timorous ſpirits with reſolution, he now endeavour'd to comfort his Wife, and his Son *Tygranes*, ſhewing them that *Cyrus* was obliged to ſave the reſt of his Family by the ſame argument, and juſtice which ruin'd him; ſince they were no way guilty of that rebellion he had alone been Author and occaſion of. That they ought confidently to expect a milder treatment from his clemency than himſelf, becauſe his death would ſatisfie the reſſentments of *Cyaxares*, and that they ſhould endeavour by their vertues to regain the glory of his Houſe, which he had ſo eclipſed, and ſtain'd by his perfidious act, proving by their future ſervices, and fidelity, how free they truly were from being his accomplices in that crime. He could not keep thoſe tears that hung at his blubbering eyes from ſtealing down his face, nor ſuppreſs a multitude of ſighs his grief tore from his heart, when he ended this generous diſcourſe, eſpecially when he beheld his young Son *Phraorte*, his Daughter *Birinthea*, and *Artemiſa* wife to *Tygranes*, whom *Cyrus* had cauſed to be brought to him.

Never was any ſpectacle ſo mournful, pitty had ingraved ſo much ſorrow on each viſage, that it was difficult to diſcern the Conquerours from the Captives.

Tygranes, whoſe tongue was till now fetter'd with his too violent griefs, finding himſelf obliged by his Parents tears, and preſence, eſpecially his deareſt *Arthemiſa*'s, went towards *Cyrus*, who ſtood mute likewiſe, and could not hide ſome tokens of pitty from appearing, ſpeaking to him in this manner: ‘Ah Sir, what muſt we expect from this deep ſilence, is it an effect of the compaſſion our unhappineſs ſtirs up in your heart, or the ſeverity of your ſentence? what, is it not enough to take away the Crown and Scepter from a Royal Family, and ſo many Subjects from their King, without depriving a Woman of her Husband, and raviſhing the Father from ſo many children, who deſire nothing of all what they have loſt, but the liberty to dye preſently with them, or to have him remain a miſerable Captive amongſt them? does this Petition ſeem to be unjuſt? what right have you to deny death to us, ſince you believe it to be ſo juſt towards him? or if you do conceive him to be alone guilty, wherefore do you puniſh us more rigorouſly than him, letting us live with the regret for looſing him which is a thouſand times more ſenſible to us then death it ſelf? but I perceive what 'tis cauſes his condemnation, 'tis not your ſelf, Sir, nor the reſſentment of *Cyaxares*, that pittileſs, reaſon of State does murther him, and you fondly believe there is no more cauſe to fear, after the Leader of a Rebellion is thruſt out of the world: a poor conſideration, and weak argument of unadviſed policy, what then do you imagine the children of Kings, have ſuch low ſpirits, and ſo ſmall courage that in what ſtate ſoever they remain, they will not endeavour to revenge a Fathers death (who was ſo dear and tender in his affection to them) by all the means that hatred, and diſpair can ſtore them with; 'tis true indeed the head of ſuch a faction is thereby taken off; but know, Sir, 'tis a *Hydra* ‘which ſtill ſprouts new ones forth, and of all thoſe you now behold in your preſence, as *Artabans* children, expect the ſame fixt reſolution either to dye with him, or elſe perpetually to ſeek a full revenge. Or if, Sir, we are not criminal in your judgement, let your vertue appear in its full extent, do not confine it, generous Prince, within ſuch narrow and ſevere limits, let the Father taſte part of that mercy your clemency confers upon the children, who humbly implore the life of *Artaban*, which I perceive your own compaſſionate, and noble ſoul prompts you to grant him; vouchſafe it therefore, Sir, and bind a King by this immortal obligation, to endeavour by his faithful ſervices hereafter, to teſtifie he holds the poſſeſſion of it only by your extraordinary goodneſs. And if you did believe he was able once to prejudice you, you may as well think him not altogether uſeleſs by making him your friend. Take away all the ſubjects of your apprehenſions from him, place your Souldiers in Garriſon in all the places of ſtrength in *Armenia*, and only leave him and his children wherewith to ſerve you in their own perſons, and to the *Armenians* (who love him too affectionately to ſuffer his loſs without reſſentment) the power to teſtifie the obligation they ſhall ſo juſtly owe you for their Princes life.

Cyrus preſſed betwixt the Amity he had for *Tygranes*, and the obedience he ow'd to *Cyaxares*, anſwer'd him, that he took the gods for witneſs, and wiſh'd they might puniſh him, if it were not a real truth, that he was as much griev'd for his misfortune,

tune, as it was poſſible for a man to be, for one he ſo dearly cheriſhed, and that without thoſe preſſing arguments he had alledged, the friendſhip they had contracted together during their infancy, was but too powerful to obtain all that he could in reaſon deſire of him, but in this occaſion, what he demanded, depending not upon his will, but the devoir of his charge, and birth; he beſeeched him to accuſe his hard fate, and he ſhould evidently finde by the treatment which the reſt of the Family ſhould receive at his hands, that what he was compel'd to now, was utterly againſt the inclination he had to ſerve him.

He had no ſooner ended theſe Proteſtations, but, fore-ſeeing that if he gave ear to their further complaints, which had already awaken'd his heart to pitty, he ſhould not be able to reſiſt their clamorous petitions, he would have withdrawn himſelf within his Tent, commanding thoſe that held *Artaban* to conduct him where he had appointed, and *Chryſante* to withdraw his priſoners. But then their cryes and ſhreeks became moſt vehement, and doleful; and *Birinthea*, who till then had only made her precious teares keep company with their fruitleſs prayers, broke through the croud which throng'd about *Cyrus*, and falling down at his knees which ſhe embrac'd in her tender arms, ſhe ſtopt him with theſe words: 'Do not fly, my Lord, nor ſtifle all the 'thoughts of mercy in your breaſt decide, before 'you go, whether the children ſhall follow their 'Fathers doom, or the Father partake of the chil-'drens fortune: or rather, ſacrifice them all to

‘ your juſt anger to expiate *Artabans* crime, and re-
‘ ſerve only him, ſince the gods will not gratefully
‘ accept a victime that is not truly pure, and im-
‘ maculate. And we being innocent, ſhall better
‘ ſatisfie their juſtice than he can, becauſe he is ſo
‘ guilty. Then ſtoping her ſpeech a while and
‘ finding he anſwered not a word; Ha cruel, pur-
‘ ſued ſhe, lifting up the vail which cover'd her
‘ face, and looking on him with a countenance
‘ whereon ſo many foot-ſteps of grief and ſorrow
‘ appear'd, as would have melted a heart of Braſs
‘ into compaſſion, thou reply'ſt nothing, and ne-
‘ vertheleſs the proffer I make is fair to glut thy
‘ cruelty, and if thou art ſo greedy after blood
‘ there is more plenty for thee in our youthful
‘ veins, than in his aged body parched through
‘ time and labour; ſpeak cruel man, and if ever
‘ thou knew'ſt what bleſſing a Father is, or haſt the
‘ leaſt ſentiment of nature in thee, let that work
‘ ſome ſence of pitty in thy ſoul.

This laſt aſſault could be no longer withſtood, it was too powerful not to prevail, and therefore *Cyrus* yeilded up his ſeverity to the ſtronger riſings of compaſſion in his breaſt, *Birinthea*, had no ſooner diſcover'd her divine face, though it were bath'd in tears which bubbled from their chryſtal ſprings, but he reſſented, beſides the motions of pitty, all thoſe other effects which ſuch an afflicted beauty can inſpire in a moſt generous and tender heart. He revok'd the order he had given *Chryſante* concerning the perſon of *Artaban*, and committed him together with his Wife and Children to *Chryſantes* Guard, promiſing them to do his utmoſt to obtain his pardon from *Cyaxares*, to whom he immediately wrot for that purpoſe.

When the Meſſenger, whom he had diſpatched, return'd and brought him word, that he might abſolutely diſpoſe of the life of *Artaban*, according as he pleas'd to think convenient, this news did ſo fill his mind with a particular joy, and he found himſelf ſo puiſſantly intereſſed for *Artabans* preſervation, ever ſince *Birinthea's* mediation, that he would be himſelf the bearer of it. He went to the place where they were yet detained priſoners, where their divided fears and hopes held them in a trembling ſuſpence what would be the event concerning *Artaban*, whom at that preſent moment they entertain'd in a converſation compoſed more of ſighs, and tears, then words. His unexpected viſit ſurpriſed them extreamly, and they were timorouſly weighing in their thoughts the reaſons of it, which he cleared to them, by declaring the cauſe thereof: This bleſſed news notwithſtanding did not wipe off their tears, they wept for joy, as they had wept for grief, and in this firſt tranſport, whilſt they tender'd him millions of thanks for his infinite goodneſs, with all the ſubmiſſive acknowledgement they were capable, *Birinthea* mov'd him no leſs by the reſſentment ſhe witneſſed for this favour and grace, then ſhe had done before, by thoſe bitter reproaches of cruelty ſhe charged him withall. He afterwards concluded the conditions of pardon, he vouchſafed to *Artaban*, by which the King obliged himſelf to pay yearly double the tribute which *Aſtiages* had formerly impoſed and to give up all the places of ſtrength into *Cyaxares* hands, and voluntarily offer'd beſides to furniſh him, towards this War, with forty thouſand Foot, and eight thouſand Horſe, and for ranſome of his perſon, and his wife, he intreated him to accept of all the treaſure his Father had left him, which amounted to about three hundred talents: and ſeeing he had nothing left remaining to ſatisfie for his children, he claſped his arms about *Cyrus* knees, the tears hanging at either eye, and told him he refer'd them to his own generoſity, not being able to proffer any thing elſe but the aſſurance to pay that debt, by the continual exerciſe of his daily ſervices, and a plentiful acknowledgement of all his noble obligations.

This manner of expreſſion touched *Cyrus* in the moſt ſenſible part of his vertue, who could not have ſuppreſſed his generoſity in things, for which he had leſs inclination, the Articles in fine were ſigned, and the *Armenian* King obtain'd, beſides what he had handſomely intreated, many choice favours which his hopes could not expect, on condition however that as an aſſurance of this treaty, the young *Phraorte* his Son, and his Daughter the Princeſs *Birinthea*, ſhould be ſent into *Media* to remain as Hoſtages for their fidelity.

It would poſe me to tell you whether *Cyrus* retain'd this Princeſs, for his Unckle *Cyaxares* intereſt, or his own inclination only, but this I am certain of, that after ſhe had dryed up her tears, and recover'd the luſtre of her beauteous face, which thoſe clouds of grief and ſorrow had dreſs'd in mourning weeds, he was firſt conſtrained to admire thoſe freſher graces, and then to digeſt his admiration into this open acknowledgement that notwithſtanding the ſeverity of thoſe doctrines he had learnt in the Accademies of *Perſia*, which denyed a Conqueror to look upon his Captives with any other eyes than thoſe of a Victor: yet it was impoſſible to behold ſo imperious a beauty and not efform rather ſentiments of ſervitude and worſhip, then of triumph and Empire. This declaration, nevertheleſs, paſſed only for an expreſſion of galantry, and perhaps himſelf as then, believ'd it ſprung from his own mind on no other conſideration. He invited the Royal Family that ſame night to a ſumptuous Feaſt, and afterwards requeſted the Prince *Tygranes* (amidſt their other pleaſing diſcourſe of former acquaintance to which *Cyrus* had engaged him with much affection) to relate the Hiſtory of his life ſince the time they were ſeparated, from whence he now came when he was taken, and particularly in what alliance he had found ſo fair and vertuous a Princeſs as his wife. *Tygranes* ſatisfied his curioſity to the full, and told him all the marvellous accidents which had hapned in their amours, which *Cyrus* heard with infinite delight, and perhaps you would find as much content in the recital did I not fear ſo prolixe a digreſſion would tyre you.

The *Hircanian* Prince *Gobrias*, and *Meranie* having told him they ſhould rejoyce exceedingly to be made partakers of it, he was diſpoſing himſelf to tell it them, when perceiving *Hypocratides* walking in the next Alley, he propounded to hear it rather from his relation, as being one who alwayes had a great ſhare in *Tygranes* fortune, and who was more fully acquainted with each particularity.

They went joyntly to intreat him, and that Gentleman being glad of an occaſion to entertain ſo noble a ſociety, firſt intreated them to excuſe him, that he was oblig'd to commence with the Hiſtory of *Arthemiſa's* Father and Brother, becauſe it was abſolutely neceſſary for the intelligence of the other, and then began after this manner.

The Hiſtory of Tygranes *and* Arthemiſa.

If you were not already well aſſured by your own experiences and every days examples, that of all paſſions in the ſoul, love and hatred are the moſt potent, the recital of this Hiſtory of *Tygranes* and *Arthemiſa* would be ſufficient evidence to prove it.

This Princeſs is Daughter of *Cteſiphon* Prince of *Colchis*, whoſe Mother *Laodice*, five years after ſhe had brought her into the world, was conſtrain'd to leave her by a malady, which ſuddenly ſnatch'd her from her husband and pretty children. *Cteſiphon* was not very young, and nevertheleſs after he had worn out four years in widdow-hood which he thought were due to regret his dear wife, he took a reſolution to marry. He caſt his looks for this purpoſe on all his neighbour Princeſes to find ſome object ſuitable to his condition; but whilſt he was thus in queſt, his unhappineſs met a woman, who under the bewitching appearance of a florid beauty, cover'd the poiſonous ſentiments of a moſt vicious ſoul. It was the cruel *Erixone*, whoſe luſtful flames kindled that diſſention which hath cauſed ſo much misfortune to her Family: having ſifted out his inclination, ſhe knew ſo well how to gain that Prince by her affected flatteries, that in fine, he married her maugre all thoſe reaſons of State which oppos'd his affection, all which he trampled under foot. The blindneſs of *Cteſiphon*'s love, and *Erixone*'s ambition, forged this ominous match: but this unhappy woman loving nothing in his perſon but the vain quality of Prince and Soveraign: being ſatisfied now with that, reſolv'd unlawfully to ſeek elſewhere for greater pleaſure, than *Cteſiphon* could feed her inſatiate brutality withal; inſpir'd with theſe deteſtable thoughts and deſires, ſhe ſhot her poiſonous glances at every one in whom ſhe ſpied any lovelineſs; her aſpiring vanity ſoothing her with the fond belief, that none could poſſibly reſiſt her piercing eye, when it was edg'd with ſo much paſſion, nor refuſe the ſweeter correſpondency with her temptations: yet fearing leaſt the unwary indiſcretion of ſome, or the too reſerved prudence of others ſhould unmaſque her wanton deſignes, ſhe thought it moſt ſecure to ſingle out one alone, and ſhe could find none more deſerving to be doated on then *Theramene*.

She was not miſtaken in the judgement ſhe made of the perſon of that young Prince. He was then but ſeventeen years of age; his body, of an excellent ſhape, was but the habitation of a more noble ſoul, and any others paſſion but *Erixene's*, would have challeng'd its excuſe from the catching charms of his brave qualities; but that infamous woman inſtead of conſidering him as her own Husbands Son, believ'd him the fitteſt perſon with whom ſhe might practice her inceſtuous projects moſt ſafely, because *Theramene* was ever in her eye, and the familiarity which ſhe uſed towards him, perſwaded her ſhe might eaſily convert the careſſes of an indulgent Mother, into the ſtrickter embraces of a deare Miſtriſs, and that he was not ſo green in experience, but he would ſoon diſcern and approve of it. This ſpecious pretext was a long time the cover to diſguiſe her paſſion, and though ſhe were moſt ſubtil in her behaviour, yet could ſhe not make *Theramene* take notice of any thoughts beyond his Devoir. Not but that ſhe diſcover'd her ſelf apparently enough ſometimes, as he related ſince; but becauſe the purity of his ſoul being incapable to enter in ſo ungrateful and horrid affection, he could not ſuſpect ſo baſe an ambuſh then. Every one perceiv'd evidently that *Erixene* had a particular affection towards *Theramene*; even *Cteſiphon* declar'd he was obliged to her for it: but never any could imagine her more then ordinary tenderneſs was the Pander to her abominable luſt.

In fine, after the vain purſuite of a whole year, finding her itching deſires could not be thus ſatiſfied, tiſhed, ſhe conceiv'd as much violent hatred in the beginnings of her diſpair, as ſhe had cheriſhed love for him in her ſoul; ſhe reſolv'd to oppreſs the Princes vertue, if ſhe could not corrupt it, and in the means ſhe ſought to ruine him, ſhe found the ſatisfaction of theſe two different paſſions which ſtrugled in her breſt, becauſe ſhe fixedly intended to throw off all diſſimulation and diſguiſe, and break through the baſhful laws of ſcruple, and nice decency, by making a manifeſt declaration of her love, to which if *Theramene* gave a willing ear, and correſpondency, hers ſhould be fully glutted in the fruition; and if he ſhould recoile by his too cold denials, ſhe voted ſuch a deep revenge, that he ſhould ſink under her enrag'd diſpleaſure, if he became not flexible to her more ſoft deſires.

This Princes extraordinary civility furniſhed her with frequent occaſions to ſecure her ignoble deſigns, there was not a day paſs'd wherein he did not ſee her; he reſorted every morning to her Chamber as ſoon as decency permitted him a becoming entrance. One time above the reſt *Cteſiphon* being ſomewhat indiſpos'd, ſent *Theramene* to give her the *bon-jour*, and communicate certain affairs to her, ſhe made her maids and women retire, and though ſhe were yet undreſs'd, led him to her Cloſſet under a pretence of telling him ſome important ſecret, and forbad any one to interrupt her; There was ſhe aſſaulted with the ſeveral paſſions of Love, and Hatred, Hope, and Diſpair, Confidence, and Fear, and after ſome moments ſilence, in which a buſie eye might have read

read her thoughts in her countenance, which though not truly underſtood by the Prince, did ſomewhat raiſe his aſtoniſhment, and invite him to beg the knowledge of the trouble he peruſed in her face, (ſo often ſhifted from its natural ſweetneſs, into betraying bluſhes) ſhe ſet two or three ſighs at liberty, and darting her looks upon him fuller of Love, than Anger. *Ha Prince,* (ſaid ſhe to him) *What do you expect more! would you have a clearer evidence, or more apparent teſtimonies of that which I have endeavoured ſo long time to reveal? are you alone inſenſible in the world? and nature that has enjewel'd you with all the exquiſite qualities that can render a man admirable in a Soveraign degree, has ſhe depriv'd you of all ſentiments of Love, as well to the perſons of others, as your ſelf.*

The Prince was ſo amazed with this diſcourſe, that he could not get his troubled thoughts to ſhape out any anſwer, he heard indeed ſhe mention'd the name of Love, but could not comprehend from whence this declaration proceeded, or why it was addreſs'd to him, and therefore they ſtood gazing a long time upon one another without pronouncing a ſillable, but ſhe recovering her ſpirits again, went on thus. *You are ſurprized methinks, as if it were news for Love to raign in a young heart, or that a woman as I am were capable to affect and adore a man like you, have I now explained my ſelf and broken the Ice enough? do you now underſtand my looks, and thoughts, or muſt I bring more light yet to diſcover ſo fair a flame? your ſilence which cannot be in you a ſign of ſtupidity, is it a mark and effect of the diſdain you have for me? am I too poor in beauty? or in my*

Age too ſtale, and does your buſy eye, ſurveying me from head to foot, meete ſo many defects in that ſhort travel as to diſtaſte and ſlight the correſpondency I begg? Ha Madam, anſwerd Theramene *having recollected his diſturbed fancy, is it to try, and ſound me that you make this diſcourſe? yes certainly, you have too great a ſtock of eminent vertues to be capable of ſuch a criminal love, but tell me Madam, what is that grand miſcarriage, which has ſo falſely perſwaded you, I harbord any ſentiments ſo contrary to my devoir The reſpect I have ever rendred you, can that have betrayed my intention, and can my exceſs therein teſtify any thing beyond what I doe owe you? juſt heavens you know at leaſt the purity of my ſoule.* Erixone *interrupting the current of his diſcourſe told him, no* Theramene *you need not wander ſo far for teſtimonies of that, there never was in you the leaſt ſparke of love for me, I have but too long watched to eſpie that, doe not complain of the exceſs of your eſteem ſince I reproach only your want of it, had that been but true in the ſmalleſt portion you could not have been ſo inſenſible, and you might well have judged that though I had not merited your affection for any handſome quality in my ſelfe, yet I at leaſt deſerv'd it as a retaliation for mine to you. Inſenſible, or ingrateful man, which of the two ſhall I reproach you of, ſhall I excuſe one, to accuſe of th'other, declare it* Theramene, *and acknowledge the verity of my paſſion from its exceſs,*

The Prince, who could no longer find the leaſt ſhaddow of doubt after ſhe had uncloath'd her thoughts ſo nakedly, reply'd, 'Madam, I now find

‘and that true which had been ever ſaid of love,
‘if it be poſſible that you love me in ſuch a
‘manner as you have expreſs'd your ſelf, the
‘blindneſs of that paſſion has ſo hood-winkt your
‘ſight and memory, that you have quite forgot-
‘ten who I am, you do not remember, Madam,
‘that I am *Cteſiphons* ſon, that *Cteſiphon* is your
‘dearer husband, and you his lawful wife: this
‘is enough, and this weighty conſideration a-
lone were ſufficient to inſtruct you that I have
‘been as little capable of ingratitude as inſen-
‘ſibility on your behalf, ſince I ought not to be
‘ſuſceptible of any love for you, as I muſt needs
‘beleeve you do but feigne towards me: but, Ma-
‘dam, it was unneceſſary to repreſent you theſe
‘conſiderations, to make you ſee a fault of which
‘ſurely you are no wayes guilty; 'tis only I am
‘ſo by thoſe unhappy ſuſpitions you have ſtarted,
‘that I ſhould be ſo raſhly inſolent to hatch ſuch
‘baſe deſires contrary to my duty, and reſpect;
‘this declaration muſt be only to try me, I ſhould
‘wrong your vertue to beleeve otherwiſe, for you
‘have too much judgement. Say too much love,
‘reply'd ſhe interrupting him, cruel; what then
‘muſt I give faith to it, ſaid he: what reaſon an-
‘ſwerd ſhe, ſhould make you doubt it; nay ra-
‘ther, reply'd he, what reaſon would not con-
‘demne ſuch a beleeſe, the opinion I have
‘of your vertue, Madam, your devoir, and
‘my own, doe not all theſe forbid my boldeſt
‘thoughts to let in the leaſt ſhaddow of ſuch a ſuſ-
‘pition; is this all, ſaid ſhe, that thou canſt pro-
‘poſe, doe I tranſgreſs in my devoir by loving

you, ſince the gods having created you ſo lovely, inſpire me with a ſecret paſſion towards thy perſon, beſides that which all the world is bound to cheriſh for their moſt perfect works?

She ſtopt her ſpeech a while to fix her looks more ſteadfaſtly upon him, hoping by thoſe hot glances to melt his frozen boſome, at which ſhe had ſo vainly knock'd for entrance with her alluring words, but finding the ſweetneſs of her amorous beames had not that powerful influence ſhe preſum'd, and only excited more averſion in him, ſhe reſum'd her ſpeech again, and tuning her tongue to the recover'd gajety of her ſmiling countenance, ſaid to him in a cajoling accent, And 'wherefore would I not love you, ſince the devoir and vertue you object are, but bugg-bear *Chymera's*, which the baſe jealouſy of men invented? I being more forcibly oblig'd to obey that fatality which ordains me to love you, then their poor fancies; *Cteſiphon* is not wrong'd in this, I love him enough to correſpond with his affection, and how little ſoever I have for him, young as I am, I doe but ſatisfy, too much the paſſion of an old decrepit man. Then 'tis in earneſt, reply'd the Prince, & far from acknowledging your fault, you would couple ſacriledge to inceſt, and make the gods accomplices of your infidelity? ha doe you charme my Father with your falſe careſſes but only to betray him, and are you ſo perfidious in your deſigne as to deſire his ſon for your companion in the crime you have addreſs'd your ſelf unhappily *Erinne*, you'l miſs your ayme, *Theramene* will act the duty of a 'child better then you doe of a wife, and I could 'almoſt ſtrangle thoſe conſiderations which tye 'my hands up from ſpeedily revenging the 'affront you caſt on *Cteſiphon*, did I not cheriſh his 'honour more then you, my exaſperated indigna'tion ſhould immediately light on your head. He went out haſtily after he had ended theſe words, and though he indeavour'd to compoſe his countenance, yet every one perceived his trouble and alteration.

Erixone deeper gall'd with ſhame for having been rejected then at the foulneſs of her crime, follow'd him ſtill with her eyes, and looked ſtedfaſtly on the door which let him out, when one of her maids whom ſhe moſt favour'd entred into the cloſet, and found her yet in the ſame poſture as *Theramene* had left her; but with farr other ſentiments. Love had reſign'd its throne to hatred which inſtantly ſuggeſted a thouſand wayes to ruine him, of which her rage choſe the moſt bitter, but the moſt expedient for her purpoſe, intending to imploy the Father as an unhappy inſtrument to deſtroy his own ſon, as ſhe before deſign'd to make the child ſin againſt his Fathers honor. She reſolv'd to anticipate the complaints which *Theramene* might make, and the ſame moment this came into her mind ſhe left her cloſet to prepare her ſelf to goe to *Cteſiphon*.

During the little portion of time ſhe waſted in dreſſing her ſelf, ſhe conſulted how ſhe might moſt cunningly prepoſſeſs her husbands mind: flattery and ſweetneſs ſeem'd the moſt catching, and deceitful, and ſo ſhe having decreed that, and being come in his preſence before he could have time to note the trouble in her face, ſhe prevented him by a moſt earneſt prayer whereby ſhe deſired him to grant her one favour.

The particulars which I ſhall now tel you, were diſcover'd to me by one of my friends who was then preſent, whom ſhe was glad to have for witneſs to publiſh her rare vertues, and the crime ſhe faſtned on *Theramene*. *Cteſiphon* who was not accuſtomed to refuſe her any thing, nor could deny the leaſt of her deſires, without informing himſelf of the particulars of her requeſt, gave her a full aſſurance that having an abſolute aſcendant over his will, ſhe might ſafely promiſe her ſelf all that was poſſible for him to grant. The better to delude *Cteſiphon*, ſhe would not rely on his bare promiſes, ſhe made him firſt ſolemnly ſwear that he ſhould not pretend any reſſentment for a great injury which had been deſign'd againſt him, and that what ſhe now deſir'd with ſo much importunity was a full pardon for it. Theſe words of injury and pardon aſtoniſh'd *Cteſiphon*, he knew not where to fix his thoughts, but *Erixone* who had as much ſubtilty as malice, having proteſted by ſome tokens of affection, which ſeemed to be interwoven with more truth then falſhood, that her intereſts being inſeparably united to his, ſhe would never have deſired the pardon of a fault, which were not excuſable in its nature, and eſpecially in a perſon whom of all the world muſt be moſt deare unto him, ſhe thus prepar'd his ſpirit as ſhe pleas'd, and told him the crime was love, the moſt venial of all ſins, and the ſubject *Theramene* that was guilty, who beſt of all men deſerved a free pardon, having imprudently ſuffer'd himſelf to be ſurpris'd with that paſſion towards her; but the violence of it having conſtrained him to make an open declaration, ſhe hoped that ſhe had cured his diſtemper by thoſe remonſtrances ſhe had made to him on that ſubject.

Here ſhe broke of her diſcourſe to ſee what effects it wrought in *Cteſiphon's* ſpirit, who could not keep in his anger. He loved *Theramene* indeed, but not ſo paſſionately as he did *Erixone*, the tender goodneſs which that woman had feigned towards his ſon, imploring his mercy for an act, which wounded him ſo mortally, touch'd him with the more fondneſs towards her, and vehemence againſt him, what, cry'd he *Theramene* is my greateſt Enemy, and my only ſon ? He, he alone will raviſh from me my cheifeſt joy, you have too great a bounty, Madam, for ſo ignoble a perſon: if this crime were pardonable, it would be ſo in any other but himſelf, and if you truly love me, you will permit me to revoke the grace I had conceded at your petition, and ſhut my eyes on all the ſentiments of nature, for a ſon who tramples on them all towards his Father. What *Theramene* ! *Erixone* who found it not ſo fitting to let him proceed any further at that time, ſtopt him with her diſſembled tears, and gently ſweetned his ſavage fury with theſe words, ‘The gods know, ‘*Cteſiphon*, whether I love you, and without ſeek‘ing other witneſs you likewiſe know it your ſelf, ‘the exceſs of my affection is ſufficiently evident ‘in this occaſion, ſeeing the infinite care I take to ‘preſerve your ſon. ’Tis that inſpires me with ‘theſe deſires for him, though I am far more ſenſibly offended then if he had attempted againſt ‘my life, I acknowledge he does wrong you? but ‘’tis in my own perſon, and you muſt confeſs likewiſe the higheſt affront is given to my devoir & ‘vertue; nevertheleſs, ſir, if ever you had any ‘eſteem for me, and if there be the ſmalleſt roote ‘of it remaining, vouchſafe the pardon for a fault ‘which he committed involuntarily, ſince my ‘unhappy beauty is the cauſe, and that it is a ſin ‘of youth, rather then of his perſon; and if you ‘doe deny this favour, never expect any content ‘again from *Erixone*, her griefe would be above ‘the remedy of conſolation, if after having caus'd ‘unwittingly your ſon to love, ſhe ſhould be likewiſe the occaſion of his diſgrace, therefore if ere ‘you purpoſe to endear me, prevent this laſt misfortune. *Cteſiphon* demonſtrated that *Erixone* was more choice to him in all reſpects then *Theramene*, and as her intereſts was the chiefe ſubject of his anger, her prayers in fine calmed his ſpirits, and ſhe wrought him ſo pliable to her will, that ſhe made him vow, he would never teſtify any diſpleaſure unleſs *Theramene* ſhould impudently repeate his baſe purſuites, which if he offer'd, ſhe promis'd him not to hinder his juſt anger and revenge.

You may note in this occaſion, that if ſometimes jealouſy has been more powerful then love, love in this did triumph over jealouſy; ſhe did not intend to ſmoother his reſentments altogether, but only bridle their violence for a time. *Erixone* had ſo much ſway over her huſbands paſſions, that ſhe not only fully perſwaded him to her mind, but having made him capable to be the miniſter of her vengeance, ſhe confirm'd him ſtill the more in his fond beleef of her affection by the intereſt ſhe diſſembled in the pardoning his dear ſon. Some ſmall time afterwards, which ſhe had purpoſely ſlipt over to hide her malice, having pent in her husbands wrath only to make it burſt forth with the greater violence when ſhe thought fitting, ſhe judg'd it would not be convenient to defer it any longer, leaſt the Princes more ſevere vertue, who omitted to complain out of reſpect, being ſtirred with the importunity of new ſolicitations ſhould be forc'd to break his modeſt ſilence, ſhe declar'd to *Cteſiphon* that not being any longer able to endure the daily inſolencies of his ſon, ſhe wiſh'd him to provide for the ſecurity of her honour, and to abuſe him the more neatly, ſhe councel'd him to imploy, if it were feeſible, no other meanes but ſweetneſs to reclaim him.

This nnhappy Father whoſe judgement was corrupted through his jealouſy, and who from his ſons countenance, that never could appear in *Erixones* preſence, but with much change and alteration, had falſely gueſs'd it to be an effect of love and not that noble indignation he conceived againſt her, reſolved to ſacrifice him to his paſſion, and ſent the Captain of his guards for that purpoſe to ceaze upon his perſon, with ſtrickt ſtrict command to ſecure him in a Caſtle, a little diſtant from the City, till he ſhould further determine how to diſpoſe of him.

I was with *Theramene* when they firſt took him; that Prince having ever perfectly honor'd his Father, ſubmitted without reſiſtance to thoſe who had the order to apprehend him, and not being able to imagine the cauſe of his reſtraint, told them aloud, that though he knew himſelf to be purely innocent, he would freely follow them even to his own death, to ſatisfy his Father, towards whom perhaps he was too guilty, ſince he was ſo unhappy, as to have given him cauſe to think ſo. I accompanied this poore Prince into the Priſon, where his guards likewiſe kept me till they had order for my freedome; whilſt I was with him, he communicated all that paſs'd 'twixt himſelf and *Erixone* to me, and not finding himſelf at all guilty of any thing, but the diſdain of her baſe luſt, he knew he could incurr only the hatred his averſion had bred in her, and could conceive no other reaſon for his impriſonment, but that ſhe who had been ſo wicked, as to entertain ſo deteſtable a paſſion, taking a pique at his refuſal, had certainly accus'd him of ſome horrid crime againſt his Father; theſe words bred new aſtoniſhment within me, for the opinion every one had lived in of *Erixone's* excelling vertues, ſeem'd to render this impoſſible; ſhe had ſo craftily manag'd her affection, that none had ever diſcover'd the leaſt ſpark: but it was more impoſſible for *Theramene* to ſpeak falſely; I had a particular eſteem for him, and the amity he honour'd me withal as his Privado, and confident in his moſt ſecret actions, was capable to perſwade me to any thing. After I had made ſome ſhort reflexions on ſo ſtrange an accident, and had proffer'd him all that depended on my beſt ſervices, on the aſſurance he was intirely poſſeſt of my Faith, he commanded me to ſee *Learchus* the ſame, that was preſent, as I told you, when *Ermone* accuſed *Theramenes* before his Father, and becauſe he was intimate with *Cteſiphon*, and that he alone was his chiefe counſellor, he thought I might learne ſome thing from him concerning his confinement.

Learchus was extremely my friend, an honeſt man, and one that had teſtify'd as much affection as reſpect towards the Prince, I went immediately to viſit him, and having ſpoken ſomewhat of *Theramenes's* impriſonment, he proteſted he was a ſtranger in the knowledge of it. The little aſtoniſhment however which appear'd in his words and actions, perſwaded me that he was not altogether ignorant of the reaſons, therefore I ſifted him more narrowly, and conjured him at laſt in the Princes name, to tell me what he knew. *Learchus* at this, looking earneſtly upon me, anſwer'd, he much admir'd the Prince doubted of the cauſe, and ſought to learn it from others, becauſe he could not beleeve that *Cteſiphon* who loved him ſo tenderly would treate him ſo ſeverely, unleſs he had moſt urgent reaſons for it, and that his own conſcience could better informe him, then any one beſide. When I perceiv'd he ſpake ſo ſparingly, I told him what *Theramene* ſuſpected, he anſwer'd me, that there was more diſguiſe then verity in that ſuſpition, and that if the Prince were not minded to conceale his thoughts, I might as he beleev'd eaſily gueſs the ſubject of his diſfavour. Not being able in fine to diſcover any further at that time, I made a faithful report of all he ſaid to *Theramene*, and *Learchus* was as ready in relating all what I had asked him for *Cteſiphon*.

The Father blinded under the double vail of love and jealouſy together, commanded *Learchus* to goe to the Prince, and reproach him how much his crime was offenſive without adding this impudent diſguiſe, and the effrontery to accuſe her, whoſe innocency was fully enough vindicated, by the more then common care and goodneſs ſhe imploy'd to excuſe him. *Learchus*, ſpeaking to *Theramene* on the behalf of *Cteſiphon*, punctually diſcharg'd the duty of a faithful ſubject: his amity towards the Prince could not make him ſwerve, and though it did imprint compaſſion for his miſfortunes, his due obedience and the blackneſs of the crime, of which he was accus'd, oblig'd him to repreſent, with bitter reproaches, that guilt which mov'd him the more ſenſibly, becauſe he was moſt innocent of it.

The ſmall change it wrought upon the Prince; abated the edge of his ſeverity, he reade the motions of juſt anger upon his viſage, and beheld the lineaments of perſecuted vertue there, but not the leaſt character of a guilty conſcience, which uſually imprints it ſelfs condemnation on the face, and therefore he gave a very willing, and patient eare to the diſcourſe he made in his own defence. And whether, or no, he were before perſwaded of *Theramenes* fault, he now return'd in ſome doubt of his innocency, and was moreover inclining to a full beleefe of it, if that imbecillity which ſo ordinarily prepoſſeſſes men to credit the firſt impreſſions, had not yet ſuſpended his opinion. The relation he made to *Cteſiphon* found not the ſame ſucceſs, he rather would faſten the crime upon his ſon, then his wife, and *Learchus* had no ſmall a doe to oppoſe the reſolution he had taken to put him inſtantly to death, by ſhewing him how neceſſary it was to have more certaine evidence, and ſtronger proofes.

Erixone who well fore-ſaw, that if he had the leaſure to deveſt himſelf of paſſion, and lure his reaſon to her ſeate again, which now did wildly flutter, he would ſcent out her ſecret projects, and turn the horrid tempeſt of revenge upon her head, mightily preſs'd to have him puniſhed; *Learchus* defer'd it alwayes, and knew ſo wiſely to interpoſe the importance of ſuch a chaſtiſement to *Cteſiphon*, that he yeilded to the Princes friends, and eſpecially, to the Princeſs *Arthemiſa's* moving prayers, to have him confronted with *Erixone*.

To this effect they brought *Theramene* forth of his priſon, who appear'd before his father, and thoſe that were aſſembled there, with as much noble confidence, as *Erixone* did with trembling feare: this infamous wretch had woven her ſubtill accuſation ſution with ſo many ſoft expreſſions of love towards her husband; and the Prince ſhaped his with ſuch becoming reſpects for his dear Father, that as I have already hinted, every one having ſo faire an opinion of both their vertues, would needs beleeve they were both innocent, and could not tell on whom to lay the guilt. The neceſſity however of deciding this controverſy, divided their opinions, and as it is impoſſible our inclinations ſhould be balanced ſo equally, as not to weigh more towards one then another, either of them had partiſans, who did ſuſpect the others crime and defend their beleeved innocency.

Amongſt thoſe who more particularly interreſted themſelves, one *Tarſus* embraced Erixone's cauſe, and *Learchus* ſtood for the Princes: the firſt inſiſted with more noiſe and heate, but the ſecond with more plenty of reaſon, inſomuch that the difficulty to give a certain judgement plung'd *Cteſiphon* into ſuch ſtrange perplexities, that according to the various motions of his trouble, he ſenſibly touch'd the Peoples hearts with pitty. *What ſaid he, have I ſummoned you here to leave me in the labyrinth of a doubt, I thought your judgements would have ſoon unravil'd? And if we have no cleerer proofes of the crime and innocency, with what juſtice can we chaſtice the one, and recompenſe the other? Cruell inquietudes, how am I involu'd what to judge of my wife, or ſon? Oh ſad neceſſity which fatally ordains me to looſe one or other, if heaven would needs find me an enemy, could it not with more juſtice have cul'd out any others, but ſuch as owes me as much love, as I did cheriſh for them; but what ſhall we deliberate* in fine? Speake wife, reply my Son? to which of you am I become ſo hateful, which muſt I looſe of the two that are ſo infinitely deare unto me, and to whom I never wanted in my affection. The love I beare to her, makes him appeare as guilty; and when I turne my thoughts on him, ſhe ſtands a criminall offender in my eye? Love? —— Nature? Come hither joyntly to defend your rights. Nature thy plea is firſt, but love thine is more preſſing, you both ſollicite with extreme earneſtneſs: but which muſt I obey? The one moves with more tenderneſſe, the other with more vehemency. Shall I bow to compaſſion? Or give the reines up to my raging anger? Oh gods? He gave paſſage to three or foure ſighs, which ſtop'd the farther enlarging his complaints, viewing them both with lookes which beam'd with love and hatred together; whilſt Theramene wholly interrupted him ſaying. Ceaſe deare Father, ceaſe theſe cruel motions that torment you, you may at the ſame moment ſatisfy both your compaſſion and revenge, I am worthy of the one, but am not culpable of the other, and if neverthelesſe Erixone or Theramene muſt periſh to appeaſe you, never make it a doubt to which of theſe you are to give the preheminence, though I am clearly innocent of the crime I am accus'd of, yet I will joyfully ſacrifice a life to your repoſe, of which I hold the leaſe only from heaven, and you my death may juſtly expiate for Erixones crime, ſince I am cauſe of it, and if the conſideration of looſing a child doe hinder, ſhe is young enough to bring you many more, and perhaps you may never meete another woman that you could love with ſo much heate of paſſion.

Erixone would have ſpoken likewiſe, who during his diſcourſe had by her often ſhifted countenance given many infallible tokens of her crime, if any one had ſtudiouſly peruſ'd it: but *Cteſiphon* ſtarting up, much troubled, commanded the Officers to return with the Prince, and retir'd himſelf to his Cloſet, whence coming forth again, *Erixone* who attended him, threw her ſelf at his feet, and feigning a deſpair, fearing her life in danger, ſhe ſob'd forth theſe words before a great number of people. *Wherefore do you defer my death, my Lord, if you eſteem me guilty? Is it becauſe you know, that it would be a more welcome puniſhment than the ſuſpition you have of my infidelity: Yes my Lord, I have plainly diſcern'd, that* Theramene's *artificial plea his gain'd more credit than my ſingle vertue, 'tis fit you ſhould ruine a woman to preſerve a Traytor, becauſe he is your only Son and heir, I ſhall appeal no farther, but to give this laſt aſſured and becoming teſtimony of my love, I am reſolv'd to dye for him, ſince in the doubt you dwell, I can no longer be affected by you.* *Cteſiphon* would not ſuffer her to ſay any more, but amorouſly embracing and raiſing her up, he reply'd thus: *It is too true, Madam, that I offend your vertue extreamly by not puniſhing your falſe accuſer: but pardon a Fathers tenderneſs towards his Son. I wrong'd my ſelf moſt in this caſe, ſince I oppos'd my own hotteſt deſires, which makes me languiſh to deſerve as great returns of love from you, as I cheriſh for you: the evidences which you give me of your affection, oblige me to a full retaliation, and are ſufficient to aſſert the crime of that perfidious child, whoſe ſudden chaſtiſement ſhall ſatisfie your vertue, and my provoked anger.* He told her a great deal more, which we heard not, becauſe he led her into an adjoyning Chamber, where he ſpent ſome time alone with her.

There he reſolv'd poor *Theramene* ſhould dye, but the moſt ſecretly that might be poſſible, to prevent the clamour, and commotions of the people, and ſome Officers who dearly reſpected him. This black deſign however could not be contrived ſo ſecretly, but one might eaſily ſee it on wicked *Erixones* joyful face, which ſhe endeavour'd notwithſtanding to hide, by a diſſembled intermiſſive ſorrow for her Husbands trouble. *Arthemiſa* who watch'd inceſſantly to preſerve her brother, was advertiſ'd ſecretly by ſome that *Theramene* had but a ſhort ſpace to live, and that it was high time to ſet all poſſible means a work to ſave him.

She had diſcover'd a clandeſtine intelligence betwixt *Erixone* and *Jerſus*, which gave her much apprehenſion, becauſe ſhe knew that man ambitious in the higheſt nature, and one capable of any miſchief. In this ſtreight of neceſſity, ſhe endeavour'd by ſeveral ſtratagems to deliver her brother, ſhe tryed to tempt his Keepers with the, ſeldome failing, power of Gold and Silver, and courted many people of worth and quality to ſteal him thence: but finding all thoſe wayes block'd up with too much difficulty, and that it would but make him more guilty in his Fathers jealous mind to attempt eſcape, ſhe decreed to hazard one means, which ſhe did honour me with, the knowledge of the performance, of which generous deſign, ſhe ſhew'd as much judgement, as affection and tenderneſs to *Theramene*.

Cteſiphon the cloſer to conceal his pernicious intentions againſt his Son, treated him with leſs ſeverity then he had done before, his friends had the liberty to viſit him, and *Arthemiſa* feigning to go for ſome dayes to a Country Houſe, twenty Leagues diſtant from the City, would take her farewell of him. The reſpect all gave her, facilitated her Noble deſign: every one retyr'd when ſhe came to the *Prince*, and then ſeeing her ſelf alone, ſhe in a few words propounded the intention ſhe had to change habits with him, that ſhe might remain in his ſtead in the Priſon, whilſt he eſcap'd in her diſguiſe. *Theramene* being at firſt ſurpriz'd with this propoſition, would have offer'd ſome conſiderations on this enterprize, and eſpecially the perill he ſhould leave her under: but *Arthemiſa* not giving him the leaſure to conſult his prudence, quickly made him diſroabe himſelf, and dreſt him in her own cloaths. If their ſeparation had not been ſo ſudden, *Theramene* would have expreſs'd more fully to his deareſt Siſter, how much this rare effect of love obliged him: but finding himſelf compell'd to be gone, after they had embrac'd with infinite affection, he quitted her, and paſſing through the midſt of the two firſt Courts of Guard, he acted her part and geſture ſo handſomly, that the Souldiers deluded by the perfect reſemblance of his viſage, which nevertheleſſe he hid in part, and his ſhape and habit, thought him to be *Arthemiſa*.

He was already deſcended into the firſt Court, and now thought he had no more to fear, when looking towards the Gate he perceiv'd *Sitalces* coming, the Nepveu of *Tarſus*, who in the Confrontation had pleaded for *Erixene*: This ſight at firſt amaz'd him, but quickly recovering and imboldning himſelf, he haſtned his pace to meet him under the Gate, which being more obſcure he judged it would the better cover his diſguiſe; yet he could not prevent *Sitalces* from abording him before he came to it, who eſpying him afar off, and thinking him to be the Princeſs, had imediatly alighted, and came with more then ordinary ſpeed to meet him. I am confident you are in as much impatience to know the ſucceſſe of this rencontre as *Theramene* was in fear, however he counterfeited as well as he could politely the *Princeſſes* Civility, and excuſing his great haſte, becauſe it was very late, went with a winged diligence to his Siſters Chariot, which waited at the Gate, without being diſcover'd.

I attended near that Road by which the *Princeſs* went to the Caſtle, with a dozen of my intimate friends, about two miles diſtant in a thick wood, where as ſoon as he arrived, not ſtaying ſo long as to change his Cloaths, we mounted him on Horſe-back, and ſwiftly gallop'd through many by-wayes to a little Town whereof I was Governour, reaching thither after midnight: And after we had there refreſhed our Selves a little while, changing our Horſes, we bent our courſe towards *Armenia*, where we were received by *Artaban* and *Tygranes* his Son, with all the civil reſpect we could deſire. But whilſt *Theramene* is in ſecurity, and puts the whole Court to their wonder at his rare qualities, let us ſtep back a little to *Arthemiſe*, and ſee in what manner ſhe receives *Sitalces*, who inſtantly demanded to ſee the Prince, and whom ſhe had diſcovered out of her Window when he aborded her brother, not knowing what had paſs'd ſince. The fear which that doubt had thrown on her, taught her to ſend him word that being ſomewhat indiſpoſed, and deſiring to take a little reſt, there was no poſſibility of receiving a viſit that day. *Sitalces* ſatisfied with that excuſe, without ſuſpecting any further, returned to Court again, with the newes of this feigned Malady: *Erixene* was preſently Alarmed with it, and fearing this ſickneſs might rob her of the Subject of her revenge, ſhe went immediately to *Cteſiphon* and ſolicited him to ſend to know the verity. The Meſſenger could not come to ſee her, becauſe She made as if She ſoundly ſlept, the longer to conceal her ſelf, and give her Brother the more ſcope to get away, ſo that after he had throughly informed himſelf of thoſe that waited uſually on *Theramene*, he reported to *Cteſiphon* that the Prince was taken ill, but ſince the departure of *Arthemiſe*.

Erixene who was of an extraordinary malicious and diſtruſtful Spirit, began to entertain ſome doubts, that the Princes indiſpoſition was onely a pretence whereby to forge ſome means for an eſcape, which perhaps *Arthemiſe* or ſome other had undertaken to manage for him. The abſence of that Princeſs, mine and my friends together increas'd her Inquietudes and Conjectures, ſo that ſhe reſolv'd either to loſe her hopes of full revenge, or bring it to effect the night following. At the ſame moment ſhe ſought out *Cteſiphon*, and knew ſo well by preſſing diſcourſes, to repreſent the likelihood of her ſuſpitions, and hide her own guilt of conſcience, that the unhappy father conſented to put his Son to death before he ſhould have opportunity to perfect his Intended flight, which they believed was projected, and which the Subtil *Erixone* had urg'd would be her husbands ruine. *Cteſiphon* gave warrant preſently, and *Tarſus* had the Commiſſion to provide Executioners, and ſee it performed; the night was extreamly tenebrous, and I believe the Heavens had ſpread their blackeſt Sables to maſque their ſight from ſuch a horrid ſpectacle, and withall ſecure *Theramene* in his Journey: when *Athemiſa* heard a rude knocking at her Chamber Door, where none had yet entered ſince ſhe diſſembled ſleep. This Inſolence, and the ſufficient time ſhe thought ſhe had procured her brother for his ſafety, made her fling open the Door immediately: When the Captain of the Guard advancing himſelf, preſented her a Letter, which contain'd the Sentence for *Theramene* to dye, ſign'd with his Fathers own hand. She had no ſooner read it, but ere that Officer could have the time to diſcover her, ſhe with a gallant Confidence ask'd for the Executioners which were appointed, and he that had brought the Order; When *Tarſus* approached to make a bad excuſe, that againſt the inclination he had to ſerve him, he was conſtrain'd to obey the Kings abſolute command, who would needs by this Act make a particular tryal of his Fidelity. *Arthemiſa* could not contain her ſelf any longer, but was confirmed in the Opinion ſhe had conceived, that the cloſe Intellegence this Wicked Fellow held with *Erixone* was an effect of Love and Inclination; *I had reaſon, Hang-man, ſaid ſhe to him, to expect this Commiſſion ſooner from thee then any other, 'tis this thou haſt ſo long been hammering with* Erixone, *and ſure enough thou haſt promis'd* Theramene's *Head to that Luſtful Adultreſſe for an acknowledgement of her wanton Favours, but thanks to Heaven and their Juſtice, thou art deceiv'd* Tarſus, *thou ſhalt not this day take away my Deareſt Brothers Life; But if thy black Commiſſion extends to* Arthemiſa, *fulfill it Traytor, come Command thy cruel Miniſters to Deſtroy me, I will not oppoſe, provided thou but ſave my* Theramenes; Here ſhe diſcovered her ſelf, and ſurprized all that were preſent with that aſtoniſhment, which you may better gueſſe then I diſcribe. *Tarſus* wrapt with amazement at this Accident, and the juſt reproaches ſhe aſſaulted him withal, retreated ſneakingly without a word, and preſently gave information thereof to *Cteſiphon* and *Erixone*, whom he found together; the one buried in ſadneſs and diſcontent for being obliged to murther a Son, the other netled with impatience to hear the certainty of his death, whoſe life was ſo obnoxious to her. It ſeemed that *Cteſiphon*, though he were not yet penitent for his fault, ſhew'd no great ſignes of diſpleaſure for his Childs eſcape by *Arthemiſa*'s aid, but keeping his wonted poſture of deep Melancholy, he told *Erixone* ſhe muſt excuſe a Siſters indulgent affection towards her Brother, because it ſprung but from the root of Nature and Reaſon; but that ſhe muſt expect the puniſhment of his crime would fall upon his head from Heaven it ſelf, ſince 'twas not in their power, and he believed the gods reſerved this vengeance to themſelves to make it the more weighty, and exemplary.

Whilſt this diſconſolate Father, after his trouble had made him chuſe his bed, began to think of tenderneſs towards his Children; *Erixene's* Sentiments flow'd from another Spring, her diſpair made her diſtracted with rage, ſhe entertain'd no other deſigns, but to ſacrifice all ſhe could to her own ſafety, and to Authorize her firſt crime by a greater, ſhe wrote a Ticket to *Perſas*, by which ſhe injoyn'd him to come to her, as ſoon as day appear'd, to ſettle their affairs, it being no longer convenient to boggle or diſſemble, but to ſecure their lives and their contentment, to the deſtruction and coſt of all thoſe that might oppoſe them. The trouble and perplexity ſhe was in, made her utterly forget the ſtrict order which *Cteſiphon*, at her importunate Solicitation, had given that evening, to ſuffer none to go forth leſt they ſhould uſe ſome means to ſtop the Execution of his Son; ſo that it hapned to be intercepted, though he that carried it had Authorized his Meſſage with the name of *Erixene*, and it was immediately delivered to *Cteſiphon*, according to the command impos'd on all the Officers. There was no need to rouſe him from his ſleep, the wracking thoughts which were his bed-fellows loves with their unquietneſs had ever kept him waking, and when they preſented the Ticket to him, the paſſions he had towards *Erione* were newly cured in his mind. He was powerfully ſurpriz'd, finding ſuch ſecret correſpondence twixt her and *Tarſis*, which he was ignorant of before: but prepoſſeſs'd with love and fondneſs, he at firſt imagin'd that ſhe ſummon'd him rather to aſſert her innocency, then to back her crime: but preſently theſe thoughts were ſhoulder'd out again, to make way for the ſuſpicions his jealouſie began to inſpire, and till morning was renew'd, he lay in a moſt cruel agony of trouble, and then haſtily aroſe to ſpeak with *Erione*, who expected *Tarſis* with a ſtrange impatience.

I muſt impoſe a neceſſary ſilence on my tongue, and intreat your Judgment to conceive how infinitely ſhe was ſurpriz'd when *Cteſiphon* entred her Chamber, and accoſted her with this demand, *What need ſhe had of* Tarſis *for her ſafety, and if he were not ſufficient to protect her from any Enemy, what diſorder ſhe apprehended in her affairs, what buſineſs ſhe had conceal'd ſo ſecretly, which the preſent conjuncture obliged her no longer to diſſemble; in a word, who were thoſe that durſt have attempted againſt her life?* This diſcourſe ſo affrighted her, that being admoniſhed by her guilty conſcience, ſhe wanted little of caſting her ſelf at his feet, to ſupplicate for pardon of thoſe crimes ſhe thought he had diſcovered; but being extreamly impudent, with the ſame bold confidence ſhe had undertaken them, ſhe pleaded excuſe for having been obliged to ask the councel of *Tarſus*, whom ſhe knew to be a man ſo faithful, and affectionate in his Princes Service, to defend her innocency openly, which was the more ſubject to ſuſpition, becauſe perſecuted by his own Children, whoſe intereſt ſhe knew his own natural inſtinct would ſooner incline him to vindicate then hers: and that it was not the care to ſave her life that troubled her, but to maintain her honour, to prevent his unjuſt jealouſie from charging her exceſſive love with blame, which ſhe preſerved ſo devoutly towards him. *Cteſiphon* having anſwered her diſſembled expreſſions of feigned affection with his more ſincere acknowledgements, returned thence, as fully perſwaded and ſatisfied, as was poſſible with her diſcourſe. As ſoon as ere he had quitted the Chamber, *Tarſus* arrived there, to whom ſhe made ample relation of the ſucceſs of that accident, which ſo much ſtartled him that ſhe began to fear he would not have the reſolution to perform what ſhe had already projected.

In this apprehenſion ſhe courted and ſolicited him by all the probable conſiderations, and eſpecially thoſe of ambition and love, to conſent to her deſign; and in fine, perceiving he ſtill waver'd, ſhe repreſented the danger and laſt extremity of their affairs ſo preſſingly, that as deſpair ſteeles the moſt leaden courage, ſhe engaged him in all her undertakings, and leaſt his blood ſhould coole, or his Spirit turn edge thorow long delay, ſhe put him immediately to carry on the Plot, going to her Husband, juſt when *Arthemiſa* was come out of the Priſon, to juſtifie what ſhe had acted to ſave her Brothers Life. And ere ſhe gave her leaſure to take any notice, ſhe highly praiſ'd her for the generous amity ſhe had ſhown to *Theramene*, eſteeming her ſelf unhappy the ſevere Laws of honour forbid her the like pitty, *Arthemiſa* who could no longer endure the perfidious hypocriſy of that Woman, broke forth into bitter reproaches, and had undoubtedly convinc'd her, if *Cteſiphon* who was offended they ſhould Characterize the perſon he loved, ſo deteſtably infamous, had not impoſed ſilence, and told her, ſhe ſhould be contented to have rob'd her Brother from his juſt vengeance, without maintaining his crime ſo inſolently ; the obedience ſhe ow'd her father, made her ſilent, and *Cteſiphon* having withdrawn himſelf into his Cloſet, ſhe diſdainfully left *Ericone*, who would have entertain'd her, and whom this diſcourſe precipitated to that horrid attempt ſhe ſtudied againſt *Cteſiphon*, with the more eagerneſſe and ſpite.

Of all the wayes ſhe had bethought her ſelf for her cruel purpoſe, the moſt ſecret ſeemed the moſt facile. Her inclination feeding her with the ſad delight of miſchief, ſhe had particularly bent her mind to know many experiments of poyſon, and amongſt the ſecrets which you know thoſe of *Colchus* are very curious to ſtudy ; She found one which ſhe thought moſt fit to imploy in this deſign, the virtue whereof was to make the perſon miſerably languiſh upon whom it was practiz'd, caſting them after ſome time into a Lethargy paſt cure. None could ſuſpect her in the leaſt to have cauſed that conſumption which daily waſted *Cteſiphon*, the world attributing his malady to thoſe diſpleaſures and misfortunes which invaded his Family.

In the mean time the news came, that *Theramenes* was refugiated in *Armenia*, and *Birinthea* received Letters by an expreſſe, who informed her that *Artabas* was ſending Embaſſadours to her Father, either to clear the innocency of his Son, or to obtain the pardon for his offence if any were. Theſe tidings did ſomewhat alleviate the affliction ſhe was in for her Fathers indiſpoſition, who every day ſenſibly decayed. Soon after the *Armenian* Ambaſſadours Arriv'd together with the Prince *Tygranes*, who would needs accompany them in perſon the better to ſollicite for *Theramenes* favour and return, whoſe eminent virtues had particularly acquired his Friendſhip. Had not *Cteſiphon* been in the extremity of danger for his life, their coming would abſolutely have thrown the wicked *Evixone* into diſpair: that unhappy Father began to regret the abſence of his Son, and blame his own raſh haſt, that had condemned him without any other evidence then his own paſſionate anger, and his Wives intereſt, who knowing well that if he once return'd, her impoſtures would be unmaſqu'd, and laid open to every eye, was preparing to impede his coming, or prevent it, when the poor *Cteſiphon* by his death left her a power & fit opportunity to maintain that crime, and commit many freſh ones.

Every one bemoan'd this loſs with ſigh's and tears, but *Erixone* did ſo far out-Act a *Theatrical* diſſimulation in her regret and mournings, that even *Arthemiſa* who perfectly knew her falſe heart, and had her own Soul filled with the ſharpeſt grief, could not but be moved with it, and for a while doubted if it were poſſible that a woman could ſhow ſo many ſignes of deep affliction for a husband ſhe had betray'd her ſelf ſo treacherouſly, and whoſe impudent deceit ſtretch'd ſo much further, as to intreat the *Prince Tygranes* and the Ambaſſadours, to haſten *Theramene*'s return withal convenient ſpeed, whom ſhe moſt willingly pardon'd, that he might come and ſettle himſelf in his due Succeſſion, thereby to eaſe her of the cares and troubles of Governing the State, which ſhe had took into her management only to keep things in good order till his Arrival: that afterwards in a more ſolitary retreat, ſhe might have full ſcope ſadly to bewail, with becoming Tears and Sorrows, the loſs of that Dear Husband, who during Life, ſhe loved with all the reſpect and tendernes that any woman is capable of.

Who ever could believe Treaſon ſhould lurk under ſuch ſpecious ſhowes; her *Crocodile* craft deluded the moſt prudent and concern'd. The Ambaſſadours returned better ſatisfied from her, then they had been by *Cteſiphon*, and *Tygranes* remained charm'd with *Arthemiſa*'s excelling beauties, to whom he had already proteſted the aſſurance of his Love and Services.

How be it when every thing ſeem'd to be

huſh'd in peace, and all their troubles in *Colophon* buried with *Cteſiphon*, *Erixone* who continually watched the iſſue of her projects, being inform'd the *Prince* was coming from *Armenia*, ſent the choiceſt of the Country to receive him on the borders, whom *Tygranes* at her requeſt, and to oblige *Arthemiſa* accompanied with much State and Magnificence : But Oh gods what a Reception, what Entertainment was it, what Treaſon more black, or deteſtable, then ſhe now dip'd her hands in, could the moſt curſed inſtrument of malice ever have invented ? The Young *Prince* who thought he was fairly invited to come and take the full poſſeſſion of his Inheritance, and that *Erixone* by a generous and ſincere repentance had wip'd out her grievous faults, had already drowned the remembrance of all his troubles in the Sea of promiſed hopes to enjoy a more tranquil Life, when the execrable rage which *Erixone* and *Tarſus* had hatched againſt him, burſt forth. He thought of nothing leſs, and only ſtudied handſomly to anſwer the many Teſtimonies of his Friends affections, and eſpecially *Tygranes*. Here, *Hippocratides* interrupted his Diſcourſe, and they were all oblig'd to put off the continuation till another opportunity, to meet *Cyrus* whom they ſaw coming towards them through another alley, with an action which had the face of much inquietude and anger.

They were not long without knowing the Cauſe, *Cyrus* as ſoon as he came near them, complained as if *Artabaſe* had contributed ſomewhat towards his diſcontent, becauſe *Cyaxares* had given him that antient *Prince* his kinſman as a pledge of their good intelligence, and faithful correſpondence. *Artabaſe* ſaid he to him, *Give me an Account of my Uncles intentions, tell me pray what deſignes had he when he put the ſword into my hands, and what reaſon at preſent, whilſt he at eaſe enjoyes the Sweetneſs and benefit of that Victory I purchas'd, to blaſt the Lawrels of my Triumph, and blemiſh the beauty of my Glory by the unhandſome treatements, and ignoble purſutes he practices to raviſh the Honour of* Tygranes *Siſter*.

Write to him Artabaſe, *that his paſſion miſguides him, and makes him forget how I put* Birinthea *into his hands as a moſt vertuous Princeſs, in quality of an hoſtage, and not as a ſlave, and that without infringing the reſpect I owe him, I will protect fair vertue, and punctually ſatisfie thoſe promiſes I have ſworn, to anſwer for her fitting entertainment where ever ſhe be.* And you, continued he, generous Prince, addreſſing his Speech to *Tygranes: Suffer me to joyn my intereſts to yours, and leave me the care to preſerve your Siſters Honour, I ſhall have power enough, ſince I have ſo much Juſtice, and reaſon to tame my Uncles unruly paſſion*; Yes ſaid he, *Turning again to* Artabaſe, *I give all the* Medes *that will, free leave to returne, I ſhall not deſire to with hold one here; Conduct them,* Artabaſe, *to their* Prince, *againſt whoſe paſſion I openly declare my ſelf an Enemy.*

Artabaſe having proteſted he would never forſake him, complain'd at the ſame time for the ill opinion he had of him, in that he thought him ſo weak, as to abandon vertues cauſe, to embrace vices, as if he wanted judgment to diſtinguiſh what obedience he owed to his Prince, to whoſe will he muſt be indiſpenſably ſubject, onely ſo long as he maintain'd it reaſonable. The *Medes* that waited upon *Cyrus* repeated the very ſame, and they immediately went to the Camp, profeſſing by their ſhouts and acclamations they would never leave him.

In the mean time *Artabaſe*, who was ignorant of the Cauſe of *Cyrus*'s anger, and patiently received his reproaches, was very Joyful to underſtand it from a friend who had been in preſence when the Meſſenger that *Abracome* had ſent to *Cyrus* from *Media* related how *Cyaxares* tyr'd with his vain purſuits, and *Birinthea*'s conſtant virtue, was reſolv'd to ſatisfie his beaſtly paſſion what ever hapned, and having already raiſed a doubtfull comment on *Abracomes* Journey to *Cyrus*, the further Intelligence of an old woman, whom he had placed as a wary ſpie over all her Actions, had made him abſolutely jealous: and being confirmed in thoſe fears and doubts, he had privately ſent her into ſome concealed place, which could not yet be diſcovered.

When *Artabaſe*, whoſe long experience had taught him much prudence, heard this News, he preſently gueſs'd the importance of that quarrel this might beget betwixt the Uncle and his Nepveu, if the intereſt of their paſſions ſhould fomentit, the one having the ſubject of the injury in his power, and the other the means to revenge it ; therefore he diſpatch'd a Meſſenger of his own with him that *Cyrus* ſent back to *Cyaxares*, to inform him by divers conſiderations of the many diſorders that would inevitably follow, the unwarrantable raſhneſs of his affection, and the unhandſome blemiſh it would caſt upon his Nepveus victory and reputation.

Cyrus cruelly combated betwixt his love, for *Birinthea*, and choller at her impriſonment, ſo conceal'd, was almoſt reſolv'd under a diſguiſe to goe and learne further concerning it, and if the uncertainty to find her had not ſtop'd him, he had given up the advantage his ſword had already gain'd upon the *Aſſyrians*, to render the homages and ſervice to his Princes which were ſecretly vowed. He nevertheleſs, was ballanced a long time on the thoughts of going into *Media*, the letter from *Birinthea* preſſing him ſo earneſtly, and beleeving his preſence would have more influence then *Abracomes* : but when he was in ſome manner fully reſolved, the incertainty whether it were beſt to goe ſecretly to releaſe her, or openly declare himſelf her Protector, or rather her lover ſuſpended him : he fear'd if he ſhould hide his perſon with his paſſion, he could not become conſiderable enough to perform any thing ; and on the other hand, he apprehended to make too cleer a diſcovery of his heart to that man, whoſe bare ſuſpitions made him already jealous, and if he did reſolve on either of theſe wayes, then a new doubt ſteps in, whether he ſhould imploy perſwaſion, or power for her liberty, though he were confident, amity would never be able to match his unckles love. In fine, pruning himſelf with better hopes from *Birintheas* prudence, and noble vertue, then any expectation of what he might perform: he deſign'd to march towards his Enemies, and divert his ſadneſs by ſome other actions againſt the *Aſſyrians* (on whom he diſcharged the effects of a ſmart anger) till he might heare ſome gentler news of his Princeſs.

To this purpoſe, he gave order next day for all his men to be in a readineſs to march, and being with-drawn together with the *Hircanian* Prince, and *Gobrias* on whoſe experience he leaned very much, he inquir'd of many particulars concerning the country, that might advantage his deſigne of breaking and ſhattering the *Aſſyrian* puiſſance, who ſeemed to refuſe to cope with him ever ſince their firſt defeate, indeavouring without open force or oppoſition, to ruine and moulder away his army by idleneſs, which in a ſtrange Country does oft-times come to paſs for want of action.

The Counſell of theſe two great men outweigh'd the generoſity of his ambition which blindly prompted him to undertake every thing that ſeem'd to contribute to his glory, he joyn'd in opinion with them, to tempt the diviſion of their forces by enticing away a great party of their men who ſerved the *Aſſyrians* only out of feare and conſtraint. The *Hircanian* Prince promis'd to gain the *Sacques* and *Caducians*, if they could find the way to approach but neere them, which was full of difficulty, becauſe they were to croſs a great part of *Syria*: but *Gobrias* levell'd that hindrance, and aſſured *Cyrus* that *Gadate* who was principal Governor of moſt part of the Country they were to paſs by, would not at all moleſt them, being confident to draw him on their ſide, knowing of a long time that he deſired to avenge himſelf on *Vectorez*, by whom he was inhumanely affronted, and this fit opportunity being preſented, he nothing doubted, but that worthy Prince would gladly lay hold of it with as much courage as reſſentment, and that he freely proffer'd himſelf to this purpoſe to treate with him, but only one obſtacle interpos'd, which would be a main rub in this negotiation, for which he ſaw no remedy but was very hazardous. *Gadate* was at that inſtant in *Babylon*, whoſe gates were cloſs ſhut up and guarded, into which place it was no leſs difficult to ſend letters then men, beſides that *Cyrus* could not well get into his Countries without paſſing his Army very neer that great City, which encloſed the whole *Aſſyrian* power within her walls whoſe numbers ſwel'd far above that of the *Perſians* and *Medes*

Cyrus who could endure nothing, which oppos'd his valour, and took all for affronts that thwarted his deſigns, made *Gobrias* know by many urgent conſiderations, that what he reckoned as ſo many blocks in his way to conquer, were but ſteps which would the ſooner raiſe him to his noble ends, the *Aſſyrians* having lock'd themſelves within the bull-warks of that Citty, only out of principles of feare, and this would but augment it doubly, if he drew up ſo neere them ; that their numbers were rather an argument to diſpiſe

piſe and flight, then apprehend a danger from thence, becauſe as amongſt generous ſouldiers, the more their are of them, the greater is their confidence and courage, ſo likewiſe amongſt degenerate Cowards, their multitudes does but augment their dread and terror, and he doubted not but their preſent fright, would at his preſence turn to a general confuſion, when they beheld him before their gates, circled with that victorious Army that had already defeated them, when they were in the height of confidence and pride, and far more numerous, it being likely that the ſick, and wounded ſouldiers, and ſuch as yet wept the loſs of their dear friends in the laſt battle, made up a greater number in *Babylon*, then thoſe that were in a fit condition to make any conſiderable ſalley upon them ; at that time, whereby to hinder the preſent deſigne and expedition.

The End of the Second Book.

Birinthea

The Third Book.

THe next morning at the firſt birth of day he led his Army directly towards the province of *Babylon*, & arriv'd at the confines thereof, after four dayes march, & there having reſerv'd thoſe whom he judg'd to be the choiceſt, and moſt faithful of his troopes to remain with himſelf, he commanded the reſt to ravage and ſcoure the Country, and not give quarter to any that were found in arm's The ſpoile which theſe plunderers brought in was very conſiderable, and after the Prieſts had made choice of what they eſteemed moſt precious for their gods, and that he had diſtributed ſomewhat to the ſouldiers, he beſtowed the remainder, with the conſent, and in the name of the Army, freely upon *Gobrias*, in retaliation of that noble treatment

ment they had all received at his hands. He afterwards ranged his Army in Battalia, which he cauſed to march within ſight of that proud City, towards which he diſpatched a trumpetter with *Gobrias*; who being approached neer the walls, told an Officer whom the ſentinel had advertiz'd, that he came on the behalf of *Cyrus* to challenge *Vectorez* to a ſingle combat, or if he deſired rather to have a general one, the *Perſians* and *Medes* would be ready to meet him in the next plain. This generous defy did not ſo much gall the *Aſſyrian* King, as the diſpite of having it brought by a man that was borne his Subject, and to whom he was ſo inveterate an Enemy. He return'd him anſwer by the advice of his cheif Counſellors, whom he ſtraightway aſſembled for this purpoſe, that concerning the propoſition of a Combat, he was ſo ſurpris'd, that he found himſelf not yet diſpoſed either to receive, or give it, till a moneth after, at which time he promiſed to ſatisfy *Cyrus* his deſire, and that for his own particular, the moſt ſenſible diſpleaſure he felt was to have let *Gobrias* ſurvive one moment after *Melzune*.

Cyrus having heard this anſwer, thought that his honour obliged him to give the *Aſſyrians* the leaſure to be able to make his Victory the more compleat and glorious by a more vigorous reſiſtance, and therefore drew off his Army: but not to let them ruſt in idleneſs, he took a reſolution to goe into *Gadates* Countrys, thereby to oblige him to come out and defend them, and by this meanes find ſome opportunity to treate with him. *Gadate* who was within *Babylon*, had no ſooner intelligence of the Enemies march, but he ſtraight went forth with thoſe forces which he commanded, to oppoſe *Cyrus*; which *Gobrias* having immediately underſtood by his ſcouts, he ſent him a Gentleman of a try'd fidelity, who making a ſhow of plundring the Country with ſome few troopers, was willingly taken by the *Aſſyrians*, who conducted him into the preſence of *Gadate*, by whom he was known to belong to *Gobrias* whoſe intimate friend he was, and having received him very civilly, he inquir'd of his Maſters health and affaires, upon which the Gentleman taking an occaſion to ſpeak with him in private, preſented him a letter of Credence from *Gobrias*, and aſſured him by word of mouth of the protection which *Cyrus* proffer'd him againſt *Vectorez* if he would quit his party, as he had abundant reaſon to doe. This propoſition preſently awaken'd the deſires *Gadate* had to revenge himſelf of that Tyrant, and therefore without much conſultation, he inſtantly reſolv'd to ſend the Gentleman back ſecretly, to certify *Cyrus* that he would ſuddenly come in to him: but not to give any body cauſe to ſuſpect their private intelligence, he craved only the time to diſpoſe of thoſe things which might prove obſtacles to his deſigne, and in the interim it appeared very requiſite to him that *Cyrus* ſhould draw neere, and make as if he would beſiedge a place which he named, that ſo getting into it under a colour of relieving it, he might by ſome ſmall ſalies diſpute the delivering of the place, till ſuch time as he ſhould find occaſion to ſurrender it handſomely into his poſſeſſion: as he very plauſibly did after he had made a capitulation that was honorable, feigning that he yeilded out of neceſſity of proviſions, to which they had reduced him. At his leaving of this City, he went to waite on *Cyrus*, before whom he proſtrated himſelf according to the cuſtome of that Nation with the moſt profound adorations.

If the reſpect wherewith *Gadate* ſaluted *Cyrus* were extraordinary, the civility that was return'd him was no leſs; he expres'd ſo much affability and honor by his careſſes, that *Gadate* was fully ſatisfied and comforted in finding ſo generous a Protector againſt the Tyrant *Ucibrez*.

Cyrus after he had a while entertain'd him, was deſirous to know the cauſe which could excuſe that infidelity and rebellion againſt a Prince, whom nature and his birth had made to be his Soveraign. *Gadate* would have made the relation to him; but *Cyrus* intreated him to repoſe himſelf in a Tent, prepared for him after the toiles of his ſiege, whilſt he would heare the ſtory from thoſe of his ſervants, who beſt knew the ſecrets of it. So *Gadate* taking his leave to retire, commanded his Eſquire to rehearſe all the particulars, who approaching neer *Cyrus*, began in this manner.

The Hiſtory of Gadate *and* Chryſeide.

MY Maſter upon leſs grounds then now he has, might very juſtly have diſpenc'd with the Obedience he owes *Victorez*, and you will quickly find, that he is too generous to have forſaken that party, if that Tyrant had not conſtrained him by ſuch cruelty as is above all example, in not only denying his *Subjects* the liberty of innocent actions: but even the moſt becoming and Ligitimate deſires as will appear by the following diſcourſe.

You may have remarked, that beſides the advantages of his Birth and Condition, there are other very conſiderable qualities in my Maſters perſon, which Nature has with a liberal hand beſtow'd upon him, which made him eſteemed amongſt all the Grandees in the *Aſſyrian* Court. He was eſpecially reſpected of all the Ladies in General: but amongſt thoſe whoſe affection he had particularly acquir'd, ſhe who was the moſt paſſionately in Love with him, was alſo the moſt unhappy. She was the Widdow of a great Lord, who had lived but five or ſix moneths with her: but Young, and Handſome if ever any were. The King Affected her above all the Ladies of the Court, and *Chryſeide*, ſo was ſhe named, who was prepoſſeſs'ed with the affection ſhe had towards *Gadate*, generouſly refuſed that which ſo many others eagerly ſought to obtain with all the Arts they could.

Vectorez who was as much concerned for her diſdain as her beauty, firſt ſought all the means imaginable to make her read and underſtand his paſſion : he imploy'd a thouſand grateful paſtimes to charm that god, who has nothing of Childiſhneſs in him but his ſtature, and who in his littleneſs may juſtly vaunt he is the great Father, and Univerſal cauſe of all things. But finding her entertainment very cold, and at a diſtance, and having an opinion, that he ſhould rather be courted then denyed, he judged that what oppoſed his contentment, muſt needs be the conſideration of ſome rival, who had taken poſſeſſion of her heart and fancy. Theſe thoughts prompted him to ordain ſpies to uncover that fair Ladies Actions : but what vigilancy or care ſoere they uſed, they could not lay hold of the leaſt conjecture of her Love ; ſhe having ever conceal'd it with great diſcretion, believing it was not beſeeming the Reputation of a Woman, to anticipate *Cupide* by a too evident ſign, or any Declaration that might leave the Print of her ſhame written in the bluſhes of her Cheeks.

The King having loſt a great deal of time without any hope of ſucceſs to his content that way, imagin'd that to make her ſenſible of the worth of his eſteem for her, he muſt feign it loſt as towards her, and beſtow it upon one of her Neeces, whoſe Name was *Frinea*, with whom ſhe entertain'd a ſtrickt League of Amity : that being moved with envy, and the diſdain he ſhould teſtifie towards her, ſhe might reſent the loſs of his Affection, and endeavour to redeem his favour again. This Plot might perhaps have taken effect had it been practized towards any other but *Chryſeide*, becauſe that fair *Sex*, to whom the higheſt reſpect is due, are the leſs able to ſuffer diſdain, by how much they challenge reſpect as a particular Tribute due to them. But it wrought no change in her, only in ſtead of receiving a ſenſible diſpleaſure for having loſt that Noble prey out of her toyles and chains, ſhe manifeſted how much his love was troubleſome, and importunate to her that could by no means correſpond in the ſame terms with him again, though he were a perſon to whom ſhe ow'd the greateſt reſpect and reverence of any in the World.

The ſucceſs of this ſtratagem in fine betray'd the intention of *Vectorez*, and inſtead of ſubduing the Will and Affections of *Chryſeide* to him by this craft, he ingaged *Prinea* by thoſe falſe Teſtimonies of love he acted to a moſt violent paſſion for him, and this *Bizarre* event caus'd infinite diſorder and trouble to him, for that his diſſimulation had produced a real love in the one, & his real love had not been powerful enough to gain a civil Correſpondency from the other. This made him diſpair, the other was importunate and clamorous, and that which added moſt to his trouble was to have raiſed ſuch an Enemy againſt her, he ſo dearly loved. *Prinea* knowing what a bar the remembrance of *Chryſeide* was to her affection, beheld her as a rival who diſputed her the Crown and Scepter: So that ſhe perpetually watched to hinder *Victorez* from Meeting and Conferring with her; who had not ſo well diſſembled, but ſome flames of that Love he cheriſh'd, for *Chryſeide* appeared thorow his falſe maſque: Inſomuch that the unadviſed *Prince* ſeem'd in this Act to become his own cruel Executioner: himſelf having twiſted that fatal Cord of his own misfortune which even ſtrangled his greateſt hopes; for had not he feined Love to *Prinea*, ſhe never had oppos'd or ſtruggled ſo much againſt his deſires and content. He was many times in the mind to diſcover his mind, end caſt himſelf at *Chryſeides* feet to implore her pardon: but knowing her to be extream haughty, and Nobly Generous, the fear to reveal thoſe poor unhandſome Arts he had practiſed to vanquiſh her, which in all probability would but encreaſe her averſion, hindred him for ſome time: But as his ſhame did moderate and curb his impatience, ſo his Love preſs'd and ſpurr'd him with a moſt ſtrange violence. And he in fine was conſtrain'd to declare himſelf openly; but not having ſo much reſolution as to preſent himſelf before her, whom he had ſeemingly ſlighted, he rather choſe to write a letter, in theſe following expreſſions.

Victorex to Chryſeide.

Beauteous Chryſeide, *I do not aske your pardon, before I aske your Puniſhment for a fault, which the exceſſe of my Love might nevertheleſs excuſe, ſince that alone is guilty: acknowledge it* Chryſeide, *you having given it* Birth, *and if the diſ-*

guiſe I have made uſe of to cover it, have wronged your merit; do you ordain the puniſhment and ſatisfaction, being my Soveraign, and I ſhall have this one advantage at leaſt, that you will be obliged to recompence the perſeverance, after you have chaſtized the Crime. Let not that which I feined towards Prinea, *offend you* Chryſeide, *thoſe falſe appearances betrayed the Sentiments of my Soul, and I have already ſuffer'd enough in the conſtraint I was engag'd to, rendring her the Teſtimonies of an Affection which never were truly addreſs'd to any but your ſelf: but if you are not yet ſatisfied with my Repentance; I will preſent my ſelf in perſon before you, my* Dear Princeſs, *to receive from your fair Mouth the Puniſhment, you ſhall vouchſafe to pronounce, and hope by that Submiſſion you ſhall find, that I am the moſt real, and moſt affectionate of all your ſlaves.*

Vectorez.

IF *Chryſeide* received this Letter with a great deal of wonder, not imagining the King thought now in the leaſt of Love to her, ſhe read it with no leſs diſpleaſure, finding her ſelf again perſecuted by one, from whoſe importunate ſuite ſhe bleſt her late hoped delivery. *She* ſent him word, *That it ſeem'd he relied very ſtrongly upon her diſcretion, ſince he did not fear leaſt ſhe might Publiſh that Embaſſy to* Prinea, *who alone received offence by his diſſimulation; if it were true he had fein'd Love to a perſon, whoſe Beauty merited a more true paſſion, and whoſe ambition would hardly brook ſo great an affront;*

that for her part ſhe would never be wanting in her devoir, which was ever to bear a greater reſpect and veneration, then Love towards her Soveraign Prince.

This Anſwer brought the amorous *Vectorez* into the opinion which flatter'd his paſsion, he now thought *Chryſeide* had been more civil then cruel, and that having perceiv'd the difference there is between the receiving the adorations or diſdain of her *Soveraign*, ſhe had acknowledg'd her errour by that word of reſpect, which ought to be conſtrued in the mouth of a Subject, and a woman for an expreſsion of Love, which the mear modeſty of that ſex forbids them to expreſs more plainly. He could give himſelf no repoſe or reſpit till he waited on her, to be confirmed in his flattering opinion: but the preſence of *Chryſeide* which he gueſs'd ſo favourable to his interpretation, quickly undeceived him. Not that ſhe was wanting in what ſhe had promiſed: for at his reception, ſhe treated him as a King: but as ſoon as he laid by that Magiſtick Garb to aſſume the Perſon of a Lover, ſhe expreſs'd all that froideur and coynes, which is practized ordinarily by ſuch as have not the leaſt ſentiment or ſpark of affection. *Vectorez* was moſt ſenſibly netled at this entertainment; and perceiving all his ſubmiſsions and Cajolleries were fruitleſs, he proceeded to *Menaces*; and told her at parting, that ſince he was better treated when he acted as King towards her, he would henceforth never change that quality, that ſo he might make uſe of the power that preheminence gave him, to obtain that which ſhe refuſed ſo proudly both to his Prayers; and ſubmiſſions.

Theſe threats imprinted ſo much fear in *Chryſeide's* heart, who was acquainted with *Vectorez* violent Nature if provoked, that ſhe decreed abſolutely to ſeek all poſſible means whereby ſhe might decently make known her inclination to *Gadate*: that ſo obliging him by affection to joyne to her intereſts, ſhe might be the more able to reſiſt all that *Vectorez* could indeavour and deſign againſt her repoſe and honour. *Gadate* who had all the Sentiments of a heart truly generous, quickly perceiving by the looks *Chryſeide* ſecretly levell'd at him to invade his liberty, what it was ſhe deſired from him, would not diſpute the Conqueſt much; but having ſeriouſly conſider'd the Merits and Virtue of that amiable Woman: beſtow'd all his affections on her as a perſon whom he was bound to Love and Honour ſincerely.

On the other hand *Prinea*, whoſe envious jealouſie made her continually watch and ſtudy her ruine, that ſeemed to rob her of *Vectorez* heart, whoſe falſe-hood ſince he forſook her, had ſenſibly affronted her Reputation, was the firſt that diſcover'd the affection which theſe two Lovers would yet have clouded from the eye of the World, till ſuch time as they had ſetled their affairs in ſuch a poſture as to out-bid all fear and oppoſition when it were Publiſh'd. One day whilſt ſhe was complaining to the King of that infidelity, ſhe pretended he had committed againſt her, and ſtrove to lure him back to her deſires again: She ſhow'd him how hood-winke his paſſions were to diſpiſe her that cheriſh'd him ſo tenderly, and to give his reſpect and caſt away his love upon an ingratefull Woman who diſregarded him, and from whom it was fruitleſs to expect any return of affection, becauſe ſhe had already made a gift of it to *Gadate*, who alſo loved her moſt paſſionately again.

This Intelligence was the Fire, and Stubble, and bellows which wholly inflamed the Rage and Jealouſie that had ſo long been ſmoothering in the Paſſionate Kings boſome, and which his late viſite to *Chryſeide* had already begun to ſtir and awaken; he intreated *Princa* to be the Miniſter, as having a principal intereſt, to ruine and take away that obſtacle to her felicity. And he engag'd that provided ſhe would give him more certainty of this intrigue, that he would acknowledge her affection by a juſt retaliation of his own, and the reſſentment of the Injury he would caſt upon that ingratefull Creature that had ſlighted him. *Vellorez* might have ſought long enough in vain amongſt all thoſe Friends, in whom he moſt confided, before he could have met with a perſon more careful and exact to perform this Commiſſion. She immediately learnt by one of *Gadate's* Servants whom ſhe had bribed with money, the ordinary time when he every day ſecretly left his Houſe; and ſhe was informed by a Chamber-Maid belonging to *Chryſeide*, her acquaintance of old, that juſt at that hour *Gadate* viſited and waited on *Chryſeide* in a private place, where they had the liberty of a free entertainment. This led her afterwards to the knowledge of the party, to whom they both confided the ſecrets which they wrote of their affection, and by whom they ſent the paper Meſſages of their appointments, and as She narrowly watch'd his goings and comings betwixt theſe lovers by her many truſty ſpies : one day as ſhe return'd from *Chryſeide*, whither *Gadate* had diſpatched him : She caus'd him to be ceazed on by ſome unknown perſons, who having ſearched his pockets, took away a note, by which ſhe intreated him to come to one of her Aunts, where ſhe would be infallibly that evening to meet him.

Vectorez whoſe Jealouſie had rendred him a mortal Enemy to *Gadate*, had no ſooner knowledge of their Randez-vows, but he reſolved to way-lay him himſelf, with ſome of his Confidents in a place, which he muſt neceſſarily paſs, that by one blow he might rid himſelf of the object of *Chryſeide*'s love, and his own vengeance by depriving him of life. He went very early to the place appointed, in a diſguiſe, and ſent ſome unknown perſons, who were very well acquainted with *Gadates* face, to ſpy, when he entred, and take notice of his habit and perſon : for fear leaſt at his return they ſhould faſten upon ſome other by miſtake. Theſe Scouts ſaw *Chryſeide* go in and ſeveral other people, without perceiving *Gadate*, whom one of his kindred had carried thither in her Coach, dreſs'd in a womans habit; they were yet expecting his coming, when *Vectorez* excited by his impatient jealouſie went to them ; and underſtanding that they had not ſeen his Rival yet come by, he fixed his reſolve to ſteal away *Chryſeide*, or rather raviſh her thence by force, if *Gadate* eſcap'd his hands. During theſe thoughts and deliberations, he ſtaid till all the company came forth of that houſe; and perceiving he could not diſcover him, againſt whoſe life the Plot was framed, when *Chryſeide's* Coach had advanc'd ſome diſtance from him, he preſently made after and aſſaulted it. The Cries and Moans of thoſe within the Coach, was all their defence, and though moſt times thoſe feeble Succours are altogether ineffectual: yet now they were ſo powerful and ſucceſsful as to preſerve them, by alarming *Gadate* who was not very far of. That Lover preſently flew with ſpeed at his Ladies firſt doleful Summons, and prompted with the intereſt of that love, he had in her whom they would raviſh from him, he fell upon one of thoſe that ſeconded the Kings violence, and having wrung the Sword out of his hand, he ran directly to the throng that had attaqu'd them, who not expecting from one that appear'd to be a Woman, any other reſiſtance but noiſe and clamours were unawares diſordered and amazed at his furious blows.

There Love on either part exercis'd its rage and fury. The King who had the greateſt intereſt in this action, did firſt oppoſe *Gadate*; but wanting the aſſiſtance of Juſtice in this quarrel, he began to give way to his rivals fury, whoſe vigerous arme he had already felt; when thoſe that accompanied him, leaving *Chryſeide* to ſave *Vederez*, gave her opportunity to eſcape from them, and took away all means from *Gadeto* to compleat his full revenge. Their number in fine, ore'whelm'd him, and after a brave reſiſtance equal, both to his love and valour, whereby he had laid three at his feet, himſelf ſunk down pierced with wounds amidſt his Enemies, *Veſteroz* was in ſo grand a confuſion for this defeat, and ſo enfeebled by thoſe wounds he had received, that not remembring or minding to diſcover who this was, he left him in the Street, commanding them to convey away his men, and was himſelf preſently carried to his *Palace*, no leſs covered with blood then ſhame; and to hide it from all knowledge, he commanded his *Phyſitians* and *Chyrurgeons*, to give for a pretence that he was not ſeen abroad, that 'twas ſome other indiſpoſition which afflicted him, and forbad thoſe who had aſſiſted him therein, ever to whiſper the leaſt word of it to any other. You may gueſs with what diſquiet he paſſed the reſt of the night, his anger gave him leſſe repoſe then his wounds, and his jealouſie quickly ſuggeſted to his thoughts, that the tutelary *Demon* which had robbed him of his *Chryſeide*, muſt aſſuredly be *Gadeto*; who the better to hide his amours, diſguis'd himſelf under the feined ſhape of a Woman.

Whilſt he was wracked with theſe ſuſpicions *Chryſeide*, who notwithſtanding her danger and fright could not goe far from him, but thorow feare of his diſaſter had conceal'd her ſelf at the corner of the ſtreet, to ſee the event of the combat returnd as ſoon as the noiſe was over to ſeek for him. The night was not ſo dark, but that at ſome ſhort intervals the wind ſweeping the clowds with ſome impetuoſity left the face of Heaven ſo cleere and ſtarry, that by their charitable light, this unhappy lover ſoon found what ſhe ſought, for with ſo much feare and grief, and which nevertheleſs ſhe expected, as now appear'd too true. He lay ſtretch'd upon the pavement cloſe by a doore towards which he had trail'd himſelf, but the loſs of his blood and ſtrength ſtop'd him before he arriv'd there.

The cries which this woeful ſpectacle made her at firſt direct towards heaven, which ſhe with melting eyes petition'd for juſtice againſt the cruell aſſaſſins, were loud enough to be heard in the loftieſt ſtar Chamber of the gods above, who reſerv'd the vengeance, ſurely, to be performed by the hands of *Cyrus*. Her ſobs interrupted thoſe firſt clamours, & letting fall her lookes upon the object of her miſery, after ſhe had ſome moments held them there, ſhe ſoftly bow'd her head upon him, calling him with an accent compounded of love and ſorrow both together, *Gadata, Gadate,* ſaid ſhe, *my deareſt life; and raiſing her ſelf up a little, purſued ſhe or rather my dearer death, ſince thou replieſt nothing, thou art no longer to be counted amongſt the living; but if it be true that thou haſt loved me, can thy faire ſoule be gone and leave mine behind: and wherefore muſt I live ſince I have loſt him who alone inſpir'd me, where is thy ſoule fled, my* Gadate, *can it be that which makes me live ſtill: here* *take it then again, ſaid ſhe kiſſing his lips affectionately, I breath it back into thee with all my heart.*

She felt a little breath remaining in him, which the faint motion of his heart atteſted, which made her ſtoop to marke with more attention, whether it were truly ſome ſmall remainder of life yet in him, or the laſt knell of her expiring loves: but finding it continued ſtill apparently, I heare thee, ſaid ſhe, *my deare ſoule, thou anſwereſt me: but is it to take thy laſt adieu, or to call me to follow thee?* ſaying this, ſhe ſoftly laid her trembling hand upon his heart, and finding it beat and throb a little; *let us not die my Dear* Gadata, *ſince I yet feel the motions of our ſoule within thy boſome: live for my ſake, unleſs you'l have me ſtraightway die for yours.* And having ſaid this, ſhe perceiv'd her hand was bathed in blood: wherewith being again affrighted, ſhe ſought for that wound whence ſo much blood did iſſue.

But oh ſtrange! ſhe ſeem'd to ſhew more trouble for this ſame wound, then ſhe had done whilſt ſhe beleeved him dead; and tearing the linnen ſhe had on her head, ſhe made a ſhift to ſtop the blood from flowing, whilſt with her teares that waſh'd and bath'd his face, ſhe ſtrove to call him from his ſwoun'd to life again: but finding her indeavours all in vain, ſhe ſent her careful looks abroad to find ſome other aſſiſtance: when inſtantly a man preſenting himſelf, told her, that being moved with her doleful cries, he came to lend her all the ſervice he was able, and asking the cauſe of that funeſtuous accident? ſhe briefly related the truth of that ſad ſtory, and then beſeeched him, by all that was moſt deare to him on earth, to help her carry her deare *Gadate* inſtantly to ſome neer place, who without ſpeedy remedy would breath his laſt. The man whom ſhe believed heaven it ſelf had ſent to her aſſiſtance, profeſſing ſolemnly he ſhared in her griefes, ſtoop'd down as 'twere to helpe her take him up, when ſuddenly the barbarous vilain, inſtead of performing that charitable office, unſheath'd a dagger and indeavour'd to plunge it into *Gadates* heart.

The unhappy blow was ſo much the more cruel to *Chryſeide*, becauſe it deluded the hopes ſhe had joyfully conceived of his timely aſſiſtance; yet ſhe immediately flew at him, and being tranſported with a kind of fury, cryed aloud, *Traitor, thou haſt miſtaken, if thou wouldſt murther* Gadate, *ſtrike my breſt for here his ſoule is houſed, and he does live in me; but thou haſt now kill'd only me infernall Monſter, in his perſon.* Love had lent ſo much ſtrength to *Chryſeide*, and this juſt reproach ſtruck ſo much terror into that baſe butchers heart, that he had force enough to ſtay him, though he mainly ſtruggled to ſcape out of her hands, till thoſe that had before fled from the danger, ſent ſome armed men thither to reſcue her, who finding her ſtriving with this aſſaſſin, ſoon ended that unequal combat, by killing her Enemy. His death contributed very much to *Gadates* life; *Chryſeide* was no ſooner delivered from that Traitor, but ſhe haſtily ran to him, and perceiving that he lived yet, and that the laſt wound he received was not ſo dangerous as her feares had made her doubt, finding her ſelf too weake, to carry that deare burden alone, which neverthe-leſs ſhe eagerly covered to doe; ſhe admitted of their aſſiſtance that were preſent to beare him thence; till the coach ſhe had ſent for, met them; in which they laid him, repoſing his head upon her panting breſt. Whilſt they were thus going, as if *Gadate* had been in a condition to anſwer her: ſhe entertain'd him, with what her love, ſometimes trembling for feare, and othertimes flattering with hope, did ſuggeſt to her thoughts; and being at laſt arriv'd at his own dwelling, ſhe would not leave him till the Chirurgians had given her a confident aſſurance of his recovery, and that himſelf having happily recover'd his ſpirits and knowledge again, earneſtly conjured her to goe and repoſe her ſelf.

In the interim, the King full of impatience that he ſaw no return of the party he had ſent to diſpatch the poor *Gadate* if he were yet alive, ſecretly commanded another to goe and make a diſcovery what had paſs'd, who brought him word how he found him dead on the pavement. What ever plaints and moanes the ſmart of his wounds tore from his mouth & breſt, his jealouſy and paſſion troubled him more when he underſtood that he whoſe valour had carried the prize of *Chryſeide* from his weaker arme, and whom he gueſs'd aſſuredly to be *Gadate*, had yet eſcap'd. what *Demon*, cry'd he; for there can be no men ſo bold and temerary, hath fetch'd away my Enemy, and traverſing my intentions, hath ſlain my faithful Miniſters? Gods, doe you cre-

ate

are Kings to make them ſo unhappy, and doe you grant them ſo much power, to have ſo little uſe, and command of it, when they have need to imploy it. Take back the Crown which you have placed on my head, I will not hold the Scepter: if that be the bar which ſeparates me from *Chryſeides* love, the advantage of ſwaying it; bringing the more confuſion, by the ſhame for not being puiſſant enough to ſubdue the ſpirit of a woman, to the ſame compliance which ſhe yeilds to one that's but my ſubject. How unjuſt you are, all the power you give me, is it but only to commit murthers and aſſaſſinations? and the abſolute dominion I have over the lives of men, might it not better have been limited only, to reach the wills of thoſe that are my vaſſals? Or had you but ſeconded that violence I undertook by the authority I hold from heaven, which is to have no other law but my own will, I ſhould acquieſce in your decrees: but to deride and better ſcoff at me, or rather in truth, to bring contempt and ſcorne upon your ſelves, ſince I am your own Image here beneath, you bring a woman in the liſts whom I cannot overcome, and if you ſend a man in for her ſecond, he too muſt be diſguis'd under the habit of that timerous ſex. But no, I wrongfully complain of you; the irregularity of my paſſion does abuſe me; let us make open triall of that Soveraignty is given us, that, that alone can be effectual: ſince ſoothings and deceits have proved vain; let *Chryſeide* be inſtantly ſent for, and what reſiſtance ſoere ſhe make, let her be brought whether ſhe condiſcend or not. Some of thoſe that were preſent in his Chamber, were already putting themſelves in a poſture to obey him, whom he again ſtop'd by theſe words: Stay, ſaid he, *I doe not think on what I undertake: if there were only* Chryſeide *with* Gadate *to reſiſt me, my paſſion might be quickly ſatisfied: but I have love to conquer; nor have I any cauſe at all of ſhame, if the higheſt gods having bowed to his yoke, I alſo yeild to his inevitable doome. However let's try to traverſe his intents in all that can be poſſible, and have no more reſpect to that divinity at all that uſes ſo much cruelty.*

His Phyſitians and Chyrurgians perceiving him much heated with theſe boſome conteſts, beſeeched him to calme his thoughts a little, leaſt it ſhould cauſe ſome inflammation in his wounds, which otherwiſe were out of the reach of death and danger. He could hardly contain himſelf: but reflecting afterwards upon the deſign he had propos'd to hide his paſſion, he quarrel'd with his own raſh tongue, for having proclaim'd ſo much, and ſtrictly enjoyned thoſe that overheard him, never to impart thoſe ſecrets.

They all obſerved this command ſo religiouſly, that none could imagine for what reaſon *Vectotez* would not be ſeene, nor ſuſpect him to have conſorted in the rape of *Chryſeide*, and the foule attempt againſt *Gadates* life. What ever informations they could make were loſt labours; and it would be lock'd up in ſilent ſecreſy ſtill, if ſhe who it rather ſeem'd had moſt cauſe to cover it ſince ſhe had managed all the bloody tragedy, had not reveal'd it firſt; *Erinea* having heard no news from the King, who had through neglect wholly forgotten her, but only as an inſtrument that had cauſ'd his ſhame and unhappineſs; and having certain intelligence that *Veliovez* had a full intent to have ſtollen away *Chryſeide*, was even pin'd to death with grief when ſhe remembred that her ſelf had procured that happy occaſion, as ſhe judg'd it, for her rival; and beginning to ſhake off the fond opinion of the Kings affection to her, ſhe thought it would be the more compleat revenge for his diſdain, and falſehood, by rendring him the more hateful to her whoſe love he hunted for through ſo much trouble and danger. And that to this purpoſe it would be beſt to let *Chryſeide* and *Gadate* be acquainted that 'twas *Veliovez* who had attempted the rape of the one, and murther of the other; and at the firſt viſite ſhe made her couſin, ſhe revealed the whole ſecret to her.

Though *Chryſeide* were ſtruck with amazement, yet ſhe was eaſily induced to beleeve it, becauſe ſhe was no ſtranger to the Kings violence and paſſion; and knowing it was now too late to conceale her affection to *Gadate*, and his reciprocally to her again, ſhe gave him immediate notice thereof. *Gadate* who was extremely generous, could hardly beleeve the deſign of ſo black a deed could be hatch'd in the mind of ſuch a man, who was borne a Prince, and to whom the gods had given ſo much Authority, only that he might doe juſtice to his ſubjects. The notice however they had taken of the villain that was laſt kill'd, who was well known to be one of the Kings Officers, before they had carried him thence, was a ſtrong argument of this truth, beſides many other particularities which ſhe told him, to which he had not till then lent any obſervation, or beleefe.

Uellerez notwithſtanding to take away all ſuſpition, and wipe out all thoſe impreſſions that *Chryſeide* might ſtamp in his mind, ſent to viſit him, and let him know, that if he had not been conſtrain'd to confine himſelf to his Chamber, by reaſon of a ſlight indiſpoſition, which hindred him from going abroad, he would have come in perſon to witneſs his ſorrow for that accident, intreating him only to be careful of his recovery, whilſt himſelf would take care to ſeek out his Enemies, to make an exemplary Juſtice by which it ſhould appear that they had mortally offended him in his perſon.

To combat theſe maliſtious impoſtures, *Chryſeide* was forc'd to diſcover the ſecret of the Kings paſſion, towards her, to *Gadate* in that exceſs which he as yet had not imagin'd, and the teſtimony and Seals his letter contain'd which ſhe imparted to him, and what *Prinea* had related as a farther proof in this point.

The certain knowledge of ſuch a puiſſant rival began to diſquiet his ſoul, and would have wholly diſcompos'd his mind, if that faire Creature who ſoon read it by the alterations in his face, had not quickly diſpel'd the tempeſt which his jealouſy was gathering, by theſe Words; *Feare not* Gadate, *you have no cauſe to feare, I know what the ſadneſs of your lookes expreſs, but let not the higheſt proofes of his love I have revealed, raiſe any* doubts. If this puiſſant rival whom you dread, have found no greater obſtacle to his love then the diſpoſitions I had towards you, when by his reſpects and adorations he endeavour'd to allure my ſoule to himſelf: What can you apprehend now ſince he has affronted and wronged me ſo baſely, and that the inclination I had for your deare ſelf is converted into love: but what love Gadate, alas ſhall I dare name it, you know it enough already, and the laſt evidence I have given you cannot but place your beleef above all doubts, if there were roome for any. What greater proofes can you demand, Speake Gadate, muſt I die to gain your full beleefe: Ah, what was there wanting, tell me prethee, did I not ſeek for death, when I durſt cope with him that came to quench that ſmall remaining ſparke of life in the ſtreames of your own blood.

I know indeed, reply'd Gadate, that I have nothing to feare, ſince you forbid it, But, Madam, I have neither Crown, nor Scepter to reward your affection, nor with my perſon can you eſpouſe any thing, but the hatred of a King, who now can make you a worthy Queen. The regret that you ſhould looſe thoſe advantages in conſideration of me, and that I am not able to recompence that loſs, but by the Grandeur of an affection, which truly has no paralel (but which nevertheleſs can procure you nothing elſe ſuitable to it) is that which caſts me into ſo much trouble. That Chryſeide ſhould refuſe Uctorez, to embrace Gadate, put by a King, to entertain a ſubject; is a Prodigy of grace and goodneſs which ſhould ſurpaſs, the hopes of ambition it ſelf, notwithſtanding my deare Chryſeide, theſe are not only things which I may fondly hope for; but ſuch as your aſſu-

rance crownes me with. Moſt rare effect of love, but yet produced by a cauſe more rare! Adorable Chryſeide, *at leaſt permit me as an earneſt of my affection, to avenge the baſe attempt of that ignoble King, you have leſs reaſon to endure the affront he would have acted, then to refuſe the Crown he proſtrates at your feet by this meanes you ſhall no longer have that loathſome object of your hatred in your* Eye, *nor I have further cauſe of any apprehenſion.* Chryſeide *would not ſuffer him to goe on, but abſolutily forbad him to expreſs any reſſentment towards the King, who ſeem'd to repent his crime, ſince he confeſs'd his ſhame by hiding it. They afterwards vow'd an eternal love, to which they call'd the gods for witneſs, and reſolv'd to ſecure their felicity at ſooneſt by a ſpeedy marriage.*

At the ſame time that they propounded to roote and eſtabliſh their content, *Vectorez* ſtudied to undermine it. As ſoon as he was cured of his wounds, he went to viſit *Gadate*, and repeated over to him perſonally what he had formerly ſent him word off. The Kings ſanity troubled theſe lovers happineſs, *Chryſeide* ſeldome ſaw *Gadate*; and the feare leaſt *Vectorez* ſhould renew his love together with his inſeparable jealouſy, made her not viſit him, but with much caution and ſecrecy, till he was able to goe abroad, and viſit her himſelf, without openly declaring himſelf her lover.

Vectorez being faithfuly advertis'd of theſe enterviews, became ſo jealous, that not able to ſuffer another to enjoy that fulneſs of happy repoſe, which he could by no meanes taſte, he reſolved to ſeparate theſe two lovers, before they could have the bleſſed opportunity to tye themſelves cloſer by the indiſſoluble and holy knot of marriage which he apprehended above all things, and which he nevertheleſs foreſaw would be inevitable, unleſs he haſtily caſt in ſome impediment to obſtruct it. As he was forecaſting this ugly deſign, a fit occaſion preſented it ſelf to him to put in execution; the inhabitants of a remote Province did inſolently raiſe a mutiny; and it being neceſſary to elect ſome perſon of eminency and Authority, as well as of ability and courage, to quell theſe ſeditious ſpirits and range, them to their juſt Devoir, his jealouſy eaſily ſuggeſted him inſtantly to impoſe this Commiſſion on *Gadate*, thereby to ſnatch him away and part him from *Chryſeide*. He propounded it to his Councel, who ſoon approved his choice, as the fitteſt perſon of his Court; and not conſidering the particular intereſts that lead him to it, immediately diſpatched all the orders requir'd towards this expedition.

This buſineſs did indeed call for a diligent diſpoſing of affairs: but yet the jealous impatiency that nettled *Vectorez* made him precipitate that departure the more ſuddenly; ſo that his rival had ſcarcely time, to ſet his own domeſtick buſineſs in order, because the King feigned to have received freſh intelligence, that without a very quick remedy, that fire of rebellion which kindled more and more, might perhaps ſuddenly enflame his neighbouring Provinces.

Gadate plainly perceived what poſted him from *Babylon*, and that his deare, Deare *Chryſeide* who made him part with ſo much trouble and unwillingneſs, was the ſole cauſe; yet he was forc'd to yeild to Soveraign commands, and obey the Kings abſolute power without delay, leaſt he ſhould utterly ruine his hopes and future fortunes.

The evening before his departure, he waited on his *Chryſeide*: where though theſe two faithful friends had very much to ſay to each other, yet were they ſo overwhelm'd with grief, that for a long time, they could demand no other expreſſions but mournful ſighes and teares: but when they perceiv'd the fatal moment of their ſeparation approached, *Gadate* in fine broke ſilence with theſe words. *We muſt part, fair* Chryſeide; *'tis heavens decree, as well as the Kings will: but what muſt we expect in ſo long and tedious an abſence, if we find ſo much trouble only to ſay adieu? A love* reply'd Chryſeide, *which ſhall never untye the union of our ſouls, whatever fortune plot or contrive againſt us; love me ſtill* Gadate, *but as I ſhall, and doe, love you; and we ſhall thus triumph over all oppoſition, and make them know, our conſtancy and promis'd Faith, is firmer rooted and founded, then their obſtinate and unhandſome malice.*

That I ſhould love you for ever reparted Gadate, *is to command me a thing from which I cannot poſſibly decline, ſince no object can ever poſſibly be ſo lovely as* Chryſeide, *as nothing can be ſo pleaſing and charming as the ſweet, and, too ſorrowful remembrance of your preſence. Gods, who know future events, and can read all our actions, 'ere we conceive them, or write them in our intentions, ſtrike me with* *thunder immediately, rather then ſuffer me to be falſe to her: but no you ſhall never chaſtiſe me for that crime, what power ſoere you have over us, for ſince you cannot ſhape a beauty more glorious, nor furniſh a ſoul with more perfection, ſhe ſhall be eternally the only object of my affection and veneration. Yet I muſt leave you deareſt* Chryſeide*; to pleaſe the jealous humour of a Rival who tears me from you, rather then for that intereſt of* State *which is pretended, I muſt be my own Enemy by this ſelf baniſhment, to humour him, and under the pretence of ſerving my King and Country abandon you, to the danger of a Tyrant. But let it be ſo, I muſt away, and I leave all to your undaunted conſtancy; which I dare rely upon, though I foreſee what tryals there will be to undermine and ſhake it; and remember, beſt of Ladies, that having promis'd me your intire love, if you now faulter in your faithful reſolve, you ſtain your own white ſoul, and ſpot that innocency that yet is clearer then the unſoiled Lily. But you will never ſin ſo highly againſt your own celebrated vertue; is it not true Madam? the very thoughts I have dreſs'd in theſe words, are therefore criminal; and I goe from you with this conſolation, and aſſurance, that whatſoever diſtance parts our bodies, yet our ſouls will ever dwell together, and you continue mine, as inſeparably, and as long as I am yours; that to ſay to all Eternity, reply'd ſhe, and more, ſaid* Gadate*, if it were poſſible.*

A deep and violent ſigh on either ſide, ended this ſad diſcourſe; and they had no more power of ſpeech left after it, but only to give a Melancholy farewel at the laſt. *Gadate* at parting left her his picture, and in a noble Exchange was march'd with her. If the trouble, and diſpleaſure of this cruel ſeparation, diſturbed them of that repoſe, which ſleep might otherwiſe have afforded them; the joy that flowd in *Thelciones* mind, did the ſame to him. The pleaſing thought of having procur'd their parting kept him ſtill waking; and the impatience of ſeeing him, though night were almoſt neere its end, ſo wrack'd him, that he accuſed the *Sun* of ſloth and lazineſs, for not driving away the clowds of darkneſs ſooner and appearing in that Horizon, to uſher in the long'd for morning, that ſhould abſent his rival.

Hardly was the night diſmiſt, but he ſent *Gadate* word he muſt conſult with him; not that he had any new buſineſs; but only he thereby meant to rob him of the opportunity of being with *Chryſeide*; and when he was come, he entertained him with a thouſand diſſembled careſſes and civilities: even till the houre of his departure, and then would ſee him mounted and conducted out of the Palace Gates, after which he immediately deſired an Aſſembly of all the Court Ladies, where *Chryſeide* could not but appear.

What diſorder and torments, good heaven, did ſhe not ſuffer, when ſhe beheld him neer, that had abſented her choiceſt friend ſo far from her? however ſhe diſſembled the beſt ſhe could, not to irritate him, from whom ſhe had already receiv'd ſuch teſtimony of anger and Tyranny, and of whom ſhe feared worſe: But to ſhun his importunities for the time to come, ſhe reſolv'd to baniſh her ſelf from the City, and intreated one of her kindred to pitty her misfortunes, and by carrying her into a remote dwelling, where her husband was in the Country to free her from one part of thoſe troubles that ſit ſo heavy on her ſpirit. *Vectoras*, who was informed of her intent immediately ſummon'd that ladies husband to the Court; and having taken away the pretence of *Chryſeides* journey, detained her in *Babylon*; and to engage her the more to that abode, he beſtowd an office at Court on the Unckle ſhe ſojourned with, which tyed and confined her conſequently within his own walls. But finding his moſt ſedulous endeavours could gain him no advantage upon her inflexible Spirit, and that whatever art he uſed to conquer her, ſhe countermined and made ſhift to defeate his expectations, he was fired with rage and anger; and having found out that theſe two lovers kept a diligent correſpondency by paper Embaſſies; he bethought himſelf of a Stratagem, to breed a diſaffection in their hearts, by the ſame meanes that they made uſe of to confirm and cheriſh the affection they had ſo ſolemnly vow'd each other. To this effect he ſought to corrupt the fidelity of of a woman to whom *Chryſeide* and *Gadate* confided the ſweet commerce of their amours; and having gained her by the brightneſs of that glorious mettle, which corrupts the integrity of moſt people, ſhe deliver'd up thoſe letters which they interchangeably ſent to one another, in whoſe innocent lines, he quickly read the reſolution which *Chryſeide* had taken to fly to my Maſter, for

Sanctuary, againſt his Perſecutions, and injoy that reſt in his boſome, ſhe did in vain expect from the others reſtleſs importunity. He cauſed Gadates hand to be exactly counterfeited in a Letter, wherein he intreated her not to ſpur on her deſigne with ſo much haſt, and this he cloſed up with a Seal of theirs, left in their unworthy She-Secretari's hands, to make this falſe Coyn paſs the better by that currant ſtamp. It need not beget your wonder, that *Chryſeide* did not diſcover this forgery, Lovers read over their welcome Letters with too much haſt and paſſionate intereſt to examine ſo nicely; She, in fine, returned him Anſwer, that She waited for his appointment with an impatience, great as her Love.

And to delude *Gadate*, as they had *Chryſeide*; he cauſed her writing to be perfectly well imitated, and informing him, that being neceſſarily detain'd at Court for ſomewhat, that much concern'd their happineſs: ſhe beſeeched him to let her defer her Journey yet a while, that ſo ſhe might contrive to do it afterwards with the more ſafety, and leſs trouble. Thus was the fair intentions of theſe two lovers betray'd and fruſtrated, with as much malice as dexterity; and though *Vectores* had more of anger and rage, then love in the paſſion he cheriſh'd for *Chryſeide*, yet could he not endure ſhe ſhould have the leaſt inclination for any elſe. And to make the moſt advantage every way of their abſence, he gained ſuch of eithers Friends, as they moſt confidently relied upon, whom having once ſeduced, he cauſed a report to be blown about, that he was going to have *Chryſeide* match'd to one of his Kindred; and at the ſame time, in retribution of my Maſters eminent Services, that he would beſtow upon him the Daughter of a Prince, who reſided in that Province, which his late approved Valour and Prudence had happily ranged and ſetled in the obedience they juſtly owed their King.

Theſe perſecuted Lovers were firſt advertiz'd of the odd report that had been raiſed; and ſoon after their falſe Friends confirmed this falſer fame, by their infamous Meſſages, and withall added, that the ſhort and feeble reſiſtance that either had made to the firſt aſſault and propoſition of renouncing their firſt Love, to let in a new gueſt, which ſhould be confirmed by ſudden Marriage, proved evidently that they had given a full aſſent. This News being convey'd to both, by ſuch as they highly reſpected, and heartily believed, made up the fulneſs of that trouble, which their long abſence had but begun; and as the hopes of either was anchor'd, only upon their mutually ſworn Faith and Stability, ſo the new-born jealouſie this treachery had brought forth, caſt them almoſt into diſpair.

What, —— whiſpred the mournful *Chryſeide*; —— *Is it poſſible that* Gadate *ſhould prove unfaithful, that* Gadate *whom a few dayes ſince my Love, reſcued from that death which his Rival was dragging him to. Gods, if you be juſt, why do you not ſhow it on this Traytor; where is your Thunder? or for whom do you keep it that can ſo highly deſerve it? ſince your ſelves are witneſſe of the faith he vowed to me:* But no, *ſtop yet* *a while your avenging hands; ſuſpend the effects of your Juſtice, perhaps it is not true that he betrayes me, and I may wiſh your Judgements ſhould fall on him, who keeps as much Love for me ſtill as I can have deſires. Rather ſtrike him that is the Author of my doubts, and ſuſpition: Has not that Tyrant yet exaſperated your anger long enough to make you dart your Puniſhments at him? Or may he, becauſe a King, eſcape unpuniſhed by Heaven, for thoſe black and deep crimes he commits upon Earth? 'Tis he, Unworthy he, that certainly ſtill perſecutes our harmleſs Souls, he without peradventure tempts my* Gadates *faith, with the ſame ſpecious propoſition of an advantagious Marriage, as he does mine: But it's no matter, for if that Noble Object of my affection be but truly mine, as he ſo willingly and ſolemnly engag'd, ſo long as I continue inviolably his, he ſtill loves his ſpotleſs* Chryſeide, *ſince conſtant* Chryſeide *adores* Gadute, *nor will his Courage and diſcretion looſe that Victory, which ſhe dare promiſe ſhall ſtil triumph over the curſed* Vectorez's *malice and darkeſt Plots.*

About the ſame time, that this Unfortunate Lady was bemoaning her hard fate, *Gadate* being aſſaulted with no leſs inquietudes, becauſe he had no leſs tenderneſs and reſpect for her, expreſs'd his bitter ſorrows thus. *Whether the beautious* Chryſeide *continue me her ſincere Love, or not,* Said he, (ſighing with a profound ſadneſs) *Her Infidelity would not excuſe my breach of promiſe; and if it be a Truth they write me, yet that Fair-falſe-one, deceiving me, deceives her ſelf far more, it being leſs evil to be unfortunate then Criminal. But I muſt love her ſtill, my heart,* ſaid he, (*knocking his hand on his breſt*)

breſt) though ſhe prove inconſtant; for the Teſtimonies ſhe gave me of that excellent affection, which ſhe however proteſted to Eternize, proceeding from ſo divine a perſon, are a ſufficient Obligation for me not to ceaſe to Love her, till I ceaſe to Live: and though ſhe be faithleſs, yet is ſhe the happieſt coppy of Angelick beauty to my eye that Mortality is capable of: and beſides, why ſhould not I conſecrate that poor life to her daily ſervice, though ſlighted, which ſhe alone, with hazzard of her own, did reſcue from a violent ſudden end? But ah, *is it poſſible* Chryſeide, *that the ſole inclination you once had for me, ſhould make you undervalue Crowns and Scepters; and that the violence of the paſſion which you were pleaſed to make me believe ſhould live within the Grave it ſelf, ſhould not now have the ſtrength to reſiſt the cold and ſingle propoſition of a husband, whom I dare without pride compare with in all reſpects; and Challenge as inferiour in point and degree of affection?*

After they had thus on either part entertain'd their ſad thoughts, they diſpatched Meſſages to each other in theſe, or the like termes.

Chryſeide *to* Gadate.

I have been inform'd that you were profer'd a Wife where you now reſide; and which is more, if I ſhould readily give credit to all that is reported, I muſt believe that you are willing to accept her: But I have not this eaſie Faith; and till you ſignifie your Levity, and Infidelity with your own hand, I ſhall perſevere in the more pleaſing opinion that you are ſtill intirely mine, as I am unchangeably yours: Remember, I beſeech you Gadate, *before what ſacred Witneſs, and with what* *repeated Oathes you ſwore Love to me : But perhaps it was to cover your Crime, that you ſtopt my Journey to you : My preſence would ever have reproached you of a diſloyalty unworthy of Affection ; and that happy Creature whom you deſign to eſpouſe, would, no doubt have had more generoſity then to beſtow her heart upon a deceiver, from whom ſhe could hope for no other then the like treachery, that you commit towards her, whom you are engaged to love with as much Conſtancy, as you have Honour, Reaſon or Religion in you.*

Chryſeide.

Gadate *to his* Chryſeide.

It was needleſs to give me ſo many Teſtimonies of Affection, if you intend to abuſe me : the charmes of beauty and wit, would have had dominion enough over the Liberty of my Soul, without the prodigal addition of ſo many flattering vows and promiſes, to confirm a Love which your change condemns of perjury, if it be true, that you will marry him, to whom you have already given the earneſt of your Troth : But ——— Chryſeide, *will not your Infidelity become a greater prejudice to your own Soul and Honour, then the performance of your Oathes? And ſhall I know ſo much unhappineſs as to be aſcertain'd that your heart did not prompt your tongue, and lips when you pronounc'd thoſe aſſurances of an Eternal Amity and Love? Yes Lady, I muſt believe it, and undergo the penalty of ſhame for having ſo long worſhip'd and ador'd an inconſtant, cruel Woman ; and complain only that you defeat and betray the hopes you made my Credulous heart conceive of your ſincerity, who then beheld her as the object of his higheſt felicity and* *bliſs, who now is become the only cauſe of his trouble and misfortune. But I forfeit the reſpect I ow you by theſe murmurings, it were not true Love for you, if I ſhould hinder you of thoſe ſatisfactions; take whom you will then,* Chryſeide *into your Lawful bed, if you can thereby pleaſe your ſelf, and eſpouſe true happineſs in his perſon: theſe are ſuch wiſhes as you cannot forbid or chide me for, and my true Love at leaſt, in ſpite of your ſeverity and my ſad fate, ſhall derive this conſolation to rejoyce that you are bleſt, though that be the ſubject of my diſpair, which riſes from the ſame ſource, and if I importune you in continuing my more then common reſpect, I ſhall thereby reap this advantage that my more then Feminine perſeverance will be ſome ſmall revenge, for the unfaithfulneſs wherewith you treat Your moſt Faithful*

Gadate.

Vectorex cauſed theſe Letters likewiſe to be intercepted that ſo theſe Lovers might ſtill wander in darkneſs and errour, and that their diſpair might be increaſed by the want of true intelligence. *Gadate* in fine, abſolutely perſwaded of the infidelity of his Miſtris, diſpatched me with a Letter equally compoſed of love and anger, wherein he deſired ſhe would reſtore his picture, without the leaſt mention of any reaſon that urg'd him to it. *Chryſeide* who had miſſed the former complaints which my Maſter had addreſs'd to her; believed infallably that he was falſe, and that becauſe he deſired not to leave any tokens of his engagement to her in her poſſeſſion, he now ſent for this. She firſt tore his Letter in my preſence,

ſence; and afterwards told me, with all the reproaches her violent paſſion could ſuggeſt, that I ſhould return to my Maſter, and aſſure him, that ſhe would not ſend back his Picture, but keeping it ever in her eye, that unworthy perſon it repreſented as he had once been the true Object of her Love, ſhould now be the Subject of her hate.

But as I was acquainted with the fidelity of my Maſter, I could not ſuffer the unjuſt reproaches ſhe flung at him, which he as verily believ'd might have been ſtuck on her, wherefore I calmly and with a becoming reſpect let her know, that this offence was indeed too ſenſible and groſly miſapply'd, to lay that inconſtancy to his charge, of which ſhe was only guilty, ſince ſhe might plainly read the verity of his affection, in that he had not ſent for that Coppy, but only to take away the reſſemblance of one, whom he rationally believed could not be pleaſing to her that ceaſed to cheriſh the Original.

Theſe laſt words ſtung *Chryſeide* to the Soul, and inflamed her with anger, in which heat and tranſport, having haſtily related all ſhe had heard of *Gadate*, ſhe unfolded that Letter to me, which *Vectorez* had counterfeited, wherein he intreated her to defer her Journey to the place he was at, becauſe, Said She, *My troubleſome company might not diſturb his freſh Amours, and Courtſhip.* To undeceive her of this prejudicate opinion; I *reply'd, that he thought he had the ſame ground to complain of her, and that he had honour'd me with the ſight and peruſal of the Letter ſhe had ſent him, to* *excuſe the retarding of her Journey.* Chryſeide ſcarce gave me leaſure to end thoſe words, before She chang'd her Countenance and harſh Language, into this ſweet tone of, ——— *Pardon me, Sir,* Said She, *If I do tell you, that it's not true I ever wrote to* Gadate *what you affirm: on the contrary, I burned with deſire and impatience to know the reaſon why he would ſtop me.* And I can aſſure you in his behalf, return'd I, that he was no leſs amazed, and at a non-plus, when he read what you wrote. Then I repeated at length all what my Maſter had learn'd touching her promiſe of Marriage; and how he having ſent her a Meſſage, to which her ſilence was the only anſwer, he began to credit what report had proclaim'd, and what he for a long while before had only let into his ear; which he after ſilence could not but ſuffer to enter into his heart as a real Truth.

What Demon, cry'd She, *does thus betray our intents? the trouble and diſſatisfaction for not procuring his Anſwer to me, about the ſame Melancholly inquiry, firſt brought upon me this fit of miſbelief, which I perceive is his chief Malady and diſtemper too, proceeding from the ſame Cauſe.* Ha! *Would he had contracted no more guilt then I in this particular, and you, happy Meſſenger, if I dare believe what you affirm, how truly bleſſed am I; What then, it ſeems* Gadate *is faithful ſtill, and yet he could ſuppoſe that I had falſified my vowes to him; Let ſome body fly to him, if you cannot Poſt thither your ſelf, to eaſe and inform his Noble mind, leaſt he become more ſinful, by longer thinking I am ſo.*

At the ſame moment ſhe wrote to him of all

this

that, and I hurried a faithful bearer away with thoſe refreſhing tydings, whilſt we were gueſſing afterwards who could be the perſons that had ſo ignobly, and ſubtily ruffled the quiet and till then, ſweet commerce of theſe Lovers: to find this out the more facilely, *Chryſeide* ſent for that woman I already mention'd, by whoſe management they convey'd all their ſecrets, who was not a little ſurprized at my appearance, becauſe ſhe was of my acquaintance. *Chryſeide*, having required an account of the letters they had written to each other, but had not been delivered, and of thoſe that had been counterfeited in their ſtead, this unhappy woman had no leſs impudence to excuſe the fact, then ſhe had malice in the acting it, and maintain'd boldly, that her charge being only to ſend the papers, ſhe had punctually delivered all thoſe that came to her hands, but could not give any account of what they did contain.

We could not, in fine, get any thing elſe from her, and the diligent care we took to gain ſome exact knowledge of this cover'd *Miſtery*, pull'd down the laſt and heavieſt miſchief on theſe Lovers heads, and made way for the Enemies of their happineſs to compleat the deſign of their abſolute ruine. This wicked inſtrument was no ſooner freed from Examination, but ſhe went directly and inform'd the King, that it was time to put in practice, what he had contrived, to divert and deſtroy the inclination of theſe Lovers: becauſe there was a Gentleman ſent from *Gadete*, who could eaſily wipe out thoſe apprehenſions and impreſſions which his feigned Letters might have left upon her Spirit.

The words of this Malicious woman, who fear'd to be diſcovered, ſoon blow'd his rage and jealouſie into a ſtorm, which at firſt made him think to ſend away immediately to have my Maſter murthered; but one of his Confidents leſs paſſionate then himſelf, to whom he had opened his fowl deſign, having wiſely pointed out the difficulty, and danger of enterprizing on the life of ſo conſiderable a perſon, who was ſo well arm'd againſt all aſſaults with the Forces he then commanded, moderated ſomewhat of that firſt fury, and reſolv'd to watch and ſpy me circumſpectly, and learn what time he meant to begin his Journey, that ſo they might ceaze on my Maſter. And likewiſe he confirmed the old woman in her unworthy imployment, by new preſents, whilſt himſelf contriv'd to preſs forward the pretended Match between *Gadate* and the before mentioned *Princeſs*, and *Chryſeide* with his own Kinſman.

To this intent he wrote to my Maſter, and to the *Princeſſes* Father to let them know his purpoſe was they ſhould marry before he returned to Court, he ſent likewiſe to *Chryſeides* Friends at the ſame time; all ſhe could do, when they brought her the Kings errand, was to implore ſome time to conſult about it, and to diſpatch me ſuddenly to my Maſter: but I was ſtaid in my paſſages, and my Letters ceazed upon, which diſcovered to *Veſtorez*, how *Chryſeide* deſired *Gadate* to come in ſecret to one of her Ants houſes, ſhe being a woman that favoured their deſign; where ſhe promiſed to meet in a ſhort time, thereby a happy concluſion of their Nuptials to prevent, that croſs match the King ſo laboured to compleat.

The diligent King, had already preſented the perſon to *Chryſeide* that was appointed to be her husband, and as well to fathom her thoughts, as to obſtruct *Gadates* intervening, he told her, *Gadate* was likewiſe preparing for his eſpouſals, to which ſhe having reply'd, that ſhe that ſhould poſſeſſe ſo Illuſtrious and Noble a Husband, would be happy above the ordinary rate of *Soveraigns*, he conceiv'd ſo ſtrange a jealouſie upon the value ſhe ſet on his merit and affection, that not able to quel the impetuous humour, he abſolutely reſolv'd to reduce him to the condition of incapacity to be her husband; To accompliſh this, he ſet People in every place where *Chryſeide* or *Gadate* could poſſibly paſs, who continually watched to prevent their intended rendezvous, with expreſs order to arreſt both or either of them. *Gadate* fell the firſt into their ſnare as being the moſt forward and eager; and by a moſt inhumane violence (the particulars whereof I ſhall ſtep over, as not ſo decent to be related) two hours before his Ladies Arrival, they deprived him of the meanes of ever after being an able husband.

Chryſeide knew as yet nothing, when ſhe came into the Chamber, where he was ſhut up; but having underſtood the bruitiſh effects of the Kings jealouſie, ſhe reſolv'd to make it appear that ſhe had a virtue above his rage, and profeſſed open-ly, that ſince *Gallans* merits had been the onely ſubject of her affection, the Kings inhumanity which could not leſſen or ruine that, ſhould not hinder her from marrying him; Nay they did compleat the Wedding inſtantly after, and ſhe ever lived his Conſtant Wife and Aſſociate; till *Vecone* who inceſſantly perſecuted her with his unruly paſſion, having been informed one day that *Gallan* was abſent, forcibly entred into the Houſe, and having threatned to violate her, if She were not flexible to his rude deſires; finding her ſelf in this ſtreight, that her Honour was inevitably ruin'd, unleſs She did Redeem it, at the price and forfeit of her precious Life; She with a Generous and Undaunted Reſolution caught up a Dagger that lay near, and with a ſtab buried it in her Noble Breſt, Sacrificing thus the ſweeteſt Life, to ſave the moſt exemplary chaſtity that age could boaſt of.

This fatal blow which extinguiſhed *Vecones* burning luſt, with the ſprinklings of her more temperate blood, augmented the unhappy *Gallans* misfortunes; yet had he the diſcretion to bear up againſt this ſwelling torrent of Afflictions, and though he reſented the higheſt regret, was due to one ſo much deſerving, and ſo dear to him, yet did his courage ſurmount and moderate the firſt rapid motions of his dolour, becauſe he then found himſelf not in a fitting poſture to make his reſentment publick. He withdrew himſelf nevertheleſs from the Court, and amidſt the throngs of his diſpleaſure, he knew ſo well how to cloak his deſigns of revenge under the habit of diſſimulation, that *Vectorex* was apt to believe, time had effaced the memory of thoſe injuries he had acted, and that he might as well confide in his perſon as his valour, to truſt him with thoſe imployments he gave him in his Army, endeavouring to renew his Friendſhip by the dignity of thoſe commands he heaped on him: But as the affronts and injuries *Gadates* had receiv'd, were too recent and ſenſible to be put in oblivion, he ſoon took advantage of the occaſion *Gobrias* offer'd, in the aſſurance he had to meet in your excellent perſon, that *Prince* whom it ſeemes the Heavens have ſent to protect injured goodneſs, and deliver the *Aſſyrians* from the Tyrant that ſo ſharply oppreſſes them.

Sembaulas, having thus cloſed up his ſtory, *Cyrus* reſented the motions of a particular indignation againſt *Vectorex*, and proteſted openly that thenceforward the intereſt of his Glory ſhould not animate him more againſt that degenerate King, then the deſire of taking a juſt revenge, for ſuch a Friend. He alſo renew'd the aſſurances he had already given to *Gobrias*, he being then preſent, and ſought out *Gadates* to confirm him in what he expected, and hoped for from his protection; who to make the *Aſſyrians* know to their ſorrow, what a loſs he ſhould prove to them, and advantage to *Cyrus*, he would needs put all thoſe places of ſtrength into his hands, whereof he was Maſter at that time: but becauſe he conjectured, that as ſoon as *Vectorex* had the leaſt intimation of this deſerting that party, he would

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immediately ſend ſome Troopers to plunder and deſtroy his Country, he meant to prevent him; and propounded to *Cyrus* to permit him to go with a party of *Cavalry*, to oppoſe the Enemies paſſage, and ſecure his Subjects, whom his preſence would hold up in a poſture of Loyalty towards him. Yet was it not without ſome reluctancy that *Cyrus* did ſuffer him to go, only attended by his own Forces: but conſidering that a numerous party as that of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, laden with much proviſions, could not arrive there ſoon enough, he let him ſet out firſt with ſpeed and diligence, whilſt himſelf diſpoſed his forces to march after him.

The Souldiers had already conceiv'd ſo high an eſteem of *Gadates* merits, that they likewiſe gave teſtimonies of their impatience to aſſiſt him. *Cyrus* perceiving them in this heat of willingneſs, gave haſty order for the Armies March, and having recommended the Lady's and Proviſions to *Gobrias* care, in whoſe protection and charge he left them with a ſufficient Guard, he offer'd the cuſtomary Sacrifices on ſuch occaſion, and diſpoſed his Troopes in this following order.

Chryſante had the Command of the Van-Guard, and that all the party, might follow conveniently, he placed the Curiaſſiers, which were arm'd heavieſt there, at the head of whom he Commanded the Centureons to March. *Artabaſes* had Command over the *Perſians* that bare Bows and Bucklers; *Adramias* was ordered to follow with the *Median* Infantry; and *Embas* with the *Armenians*. After theſe came *Artuchas*, who conducted the *Hircanians*; *Thambrades* the Sacques on foot, and *Damates* the *Caduſians*, which two Nations had lately deſerted the *Aſſyrians*.

All thoſe that carried Bucklers, had the right wing, and the Archers or Bow-men the left, with the *Centurions* at their head. Next theſe came on the Troopes that guarded the bagage and neceſſary proviſions. In the Rear Guard, *Madate* led the *Perſian* Cavalry (whom their *Centurions* had order to diſpoſe as the Infantry) *Jeroſombate* the *Medians*: *Tygranes* the *Armenians*: and in the Train of all were, the *Sacques* and *Caduſians*.

This puiſſant Army being thus ranged, *Cyrus* bravely mounted upon a white Horſe, who by his ſtately gate, ſeemed to be proud, of having him for Rider that Commanded ſo many Worthy's, rode all about to take a review, and after ſome Speech to them, he particularly required them to be ſilent, as being to March by night, in which there would be more need of their eyes then tongues, and ſet Scouts abroad, whom he often relieved: fearing too weariſom a duty might render them leſs vigilant. The Souldiers, mean while, had leave to reſt themſelves, till a March were ſounded, but they had been ſo powerfully animated by their Generals preſence, that they waited for that hour, with deſire and huge impatiency. *Cyrus* having again ſurvey'd the ſeveral Troopes, and called to them all, or the moſt part, by their particular names, he begot ſuch high thoughts in them, of their own worth by ſuch a fortunate mention and knowledge, that they heartily aſpired to make him better acquainted by ſome rare proofs of their deſert and valour; and nothing in effect can be a greater ſpur to worthy actions, then the ambition and policy to ſhew, before thoſe that are Lovers of ſuch Gallantry, the proofs of their expected prowеſſe; as their confuſion and diſgrace is greateſt, that have ſuch Heroick Spectators for their Witneſs, when they do things unhandſomly. Beſides, that the Commands given in ſuch a croud of Men, and more readily executed, when thoſe that are appointed, are ſo particularly nominated by their Chief.

About the midle portion of the Night, when darkneſs covered the whole face of Heaven, Cyrus gave the word to March, and having provided experienc'd guides to attend on *Chryſante*, who led the Van, he cauſed them to go ſlowly forward, whilſt he made the others advance after; and then having put them all in a poſture to follow, they began to quicken their pace. At the break of day, ſeeing that the *Caduſian* Infantry, who were in the Rear, were not ſeconded with any Horſe, he drew up ſome Squadrons to joyne with them, and be aſſiſtant in caſe the Enemy ſhould attaque them, and ſent out ſelect Scouts to diſcover their Quarters. At the ſame time, that he was going to ſecure his Friend, the unworthy perſon that had formerly betray'd *Gadate* in his amours, and who had ſent that falſe Intelligence to *Chryſeide*, how he was forſaking her, was conſulting how he might ruine him, and give him up into the hands and cuſtody of the *Aſſyrians*. He was well acquainted with his Maſters moſt important Affairs, who had diſpatched him before, to advertiſe his Friends, that he was haſtning to their protection, with a potent Army: But this perfidious wretch, inſtead of performing that Commiſſion, ſent ſpeedy notice to the Aſſyrians of Gadate's deſign, and his approaching Forces; and gave ſtrict command to the Lieutenant of a well Fortified Caſtle in their paſſage, of which himſelf was Governour, to admit them, and give them fair entertainment, till he next morning could lead *Gadate* into that Ambuſh he had prepared for him, and wherein he, indeed, inevitably fell.

Gadate being arriv'd on his own ſpot, and not finding the face of any Enemy or Oppoſer, excepting a few Chariots, and ſome run-aways, whom his Forlorn Hope ſtill beat before them, undertook with the ſmall handful of men he had, to purſue a flying party of Horſe, who ſtill fought retreating, till they had drawn him and his eager followers into the ambuſh they had prepared. He hoped to ſave himſelf by beating his way into the Caſtle, which this falſe fellow had ſurrendred to the Enemies, where he had indeed a willing entrance, but with the hazzard of his life, which had been there paid for it, had not the impetuous haſt of the firſt Court of *Guard*, who flew with fury at him, given him notice, that he was in the hands of Enemies, where he thought to find a ſanctuary, and had not four or five that ſcorn'd ſo baſe a murther put themſelves in a poſture to defend him. By their aſſiſtance, *Gadate* had, indeed, ſav'd himſelf without hurt, and eſcap'd from the Caſtle, had he not unfortunately in his retreat met with the curſed fellow that betray'd him, whom he approaching as a friend, from whom he expected that ſuccour, he ſo much needed, inſtead of it, met with an unexpected wound from him in his ſhoulder, which the other would have directed to his heart, who ſuddenly wheeling from him, ſpurred towards thoſe *Aſſyrians* that had left the Ambuſh to ceaze upon *Gadate*, who yet feared not to purſue them with that inconſiderable Remnant of Friends that were remaining ; and had there certainly bravely ſold his life, had not the Enemy been alarm'd with the approach of *Cyrus* and his whole Army, which made them ſoon change their ignoble aſſault upon *Gadate*, (who had already laid his falſe Friend dead at his feet) into a more needfull flight to ſave themſelves. Their haſt, however, could not carry them away ſo fortunately, but that ſome fell in the purſuite, and the reſt were made Priſoners with a great part of the bagage they had deſerted, taken.

Cyrus having cauſed the retreat to be ſounded, to Rally his diſperſed men, who returned to the Joyful Camp laden with Spoyle, was in ſome apprehenſion for *Gadate*, becauſe he had not ſeen him : whom preſently after he ſpied coming towards him ; and whilſt he was pleading excuſe for not ſooner arriving to aſſiſt him ; *Gadate* was returning him millions of thanks for the ſuccour that had preſerved a Life, which he infallibly had otherwiſe loſt, amidſt their numbers.

Whilſt theſe illuſtrious warriours gave a breathing and refreſhing intermiſſion to their men, the *Caducian* Prince, who was in the reare-guard, having not arrived ſo timely as to be at the engagement, thought it ſomewhat imported his reputation to ſignalize the valour of his ſoldiers, by ſome generous enterprize, ſince he had no ſhare in the freſh Victory they had obtain'd. To this effect, without communicating ought to *Cyrus*, he ſecretly drew off from his quarters by the favour of the night, and deſperately made his approaches neer the, City where the *Aſſyrians* had locked themſelves up; before which place, he remained ſometime urging them to a combat by his bitter threats; but none appeared to anſwer him, the Enemy being ſo fear'd with their laſt defeate, they durſt not iſſue out, till being certainly made acquainted, that the *Caduſians* were there alone, they made a vigorous ſally, and after a hot fight, which hung a long while doubtfully between them, the *Caducians* having, in fine, loſt their Prince, were diſtreſs'd to a retreat.

The troopes which *Cyrus* ſent to relieve them, met them at their returne towards the Camp, whilſt every countenance diſplay'd the ſorrows which fill'd their hearts for their loſt Prince, but the judicious *Cyrus*, to divert the ſhame of their defeit, receiv'd them with as honorable careſſes, as if they had return'd victorious and triumphant, and conſoling them for their dead General, attributed all to the fortune and giddy chance of warr, which had ſo unſucceſsfully

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ſeconded their attempt; and afterwards commanded his Chyrurgions to have a very great care of ſuch as were wounded; there was not one conſiderable perſon but he did perſonally viſit, and promiſed them all, that in revenge he would not give the *Aſſyrians* any long leaſure to brag of their advantage. And ſo, he went with a ſtrong party to fetch off the ſlain in ſight of the conquering Enemy within the town; to whom he propounded an equal combat, to redeem the honour of his affections, of whom he had no little jealouſy, and eſpecially, theſe now mentioned; becauſe he had acquir'd them but of late: but finding that not any appear'd to anſwer his ſummons; he cauſed the whole Country to be ſpoiled and pillaged, and commanded to cut off all the ſtragling Enemies they ſhould meet, as a ſacrifice for his companions Ghoſt.

The *Aſſyrians* on the other hand, retyr'd toward *Babylon*, and left him the campagne free; of which when he perceiv'd himſelf the abſolute Maſter, he conſider'd, that to oblige the Enemy, and preſerve thoſe Provinces that had ſo freely rendred themſelves to him, he ſhould doe well to call back thoſe Free-booters he had let looſe, thereby to give no juſt occaſion to the *Aſſyrians* to act the like upon his conquer'd neighbourhoods, when he ſhould be at too great a diſtance from them, to ſave them from plunder. To this end having ſummoned in his men, whilſt they replenish'd all his garriſons with neceſſary proviſions, he diſpatched a Trumpetter towards

Babylon, to propound to *Vallorus*, that if he loved or regarded the welfare of his people, he was contented not to hinder the labourers from freely cultivating the grounds under his power, till the harveſt time, and then the longeſt ſword ſhould reap it; provided that he would engage to give the ſame allowance of liberty in thoſe Provinces which the right of Conqueſts had made him maſter of.

Vallorus who conjectur'd his own advantage in this propoſition, becauſe he had the greateſt ſhare of the Country ſubject to pillage, and leſs forces to defend them from the Enemies frequent incurſions, willingly accepted the propoſals; and *Cyrus* likewiſe aſſented to a Truce for ſome dayes, at the requeſt of *Gadatas* Mother, who begg'd that time of him, to have the conveniency of putting her affaires in order, and to diſpoſe of them, as to be in a capacity of following her ſon whereſoever he remov'd. This good Lady was accompanied with her daughter *Cephiſa*, who gave *Cyrus* no leſs cauſe to wonder at the excellency of her beauty, then her brother had at the effects of his rare courage. And indeed many of thoſe that were obliged to approach her with becoming ſalutations, were much taken with her charming aire, though there appear'd ſome Characters and lines of ſadneſs and trouble in her lookes, which gave the beholders a perfect knowledge of ſome inclination ſhe left behind, whilſt ſhe was forced to retire and abſent her ſelf with her Mother, This quiet interval gave way to the paſſion of *Cyrus* to ſhew its utmoſt power: the apprehenſions for not hearing any thing of his *Birinthea*, which had been ſilenced by the diverſions of war, now ſeized ſtrongly on his ſoul. One day as with theſe thoughts he entertain'd himſelf on the Margen of a pretty river, which led its current through a ſhady Grove, having no other company, but ſuch as were his obliged attendants for his guard, he cauſed them to ſtay at diſtance, that he might with more liberty give himſelf up to his Melancholly reflections, and after a long and ſilent thoughtfulneſs, which can be better gueſs'd at, then diſcribed; but which as ſince appear'd was altogether fix'd upon his deareſt Princeſs, he pronounced her fair name in a bemoaning accent, which yet had not the liberty to get out of his lips, without the interruption of a thouſand ſighes that uſher'd and attended it.

Whilſt he was in this uncomfortable poſture, he caſts his looks beyond the river and beheld ſome Cavaliers, with drawn weapons, that attaqu'd three or four other men in ruſtique habits, who did defend a woman in the like garb, with more valour then could be hoped for, in perſons of their coats; the inequality of the combatants did quickly rowſe and call up his generoſity, he laid by his thoughts of love to make uſe of his courage, and mounting his horſe as haſtily as he could, he ſwam him croſs the water, together with theſe that attended him, but though his diligence were great, he could not get in time enough to ſave the woman from being hurried away; however he poſted after thoſe Cavaliers, and having demanded, as he paſt along, of one of the company that came with the woman, what perſon it was, they thus forced from them; he was amazed to hear *Abracome* cry aloud, (whom he diſcover'd by his voyce) that it was *Birinthea*, they thus raviſhed thence. That name hindred all other diſcourſe, it was alone more then he would have heard, and being led now, more by the violence of his paſſion, then he was ere while by his valour, it may be ſaid, he rather flew then rode after thoſe theves, that carry'd thence that treaſure (he eſteem'd above all Diadems) out of his ſight and preſence, whom he at laſt ore-took long before any of his company could reach thither.

It were a task next to impoſſibility to relate, with what fury he ſet on them: three or four of them inſtantly made head againſt him, to give their aſſociates the opportunity of getting into a little City neer hand: but he beat thorough them, and as lightning, darting forwards, when he had ſcatter'd thoſe oppoſing ſwords, he overtook the others juſt at their entrance into the gates. Though they were many that reſiſted *Cyrus*, yet had they need of the firſt *corps de guard* to aſſiſt them, but the reſt of his followers being joyned with him did ſo gallantly ſecond his valour that after they had laid many on the earth, they entred pell-mell with their Enemies, who to avoid their blowes retreated further within the City.

The hurry and confuſion was ſo great, that

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hen diſpatch'd his trumpet to get in the City, and as if it had been taken by aſſault, the report ſoon came to his ear, that had the chief commanded there. He was ſo ſurpris'd with this alarme, that without ſtaying for his company's to be drawn up, he ran haſtily towards the Gate, where he was told the Enemies had made their way; and there found moſt of his men flying ſome one way, others another, whilſt *Cyrus* eagerly preſſed thoſe that yet durſt hinder him. He ſoon knew by his valour, that he was head of that enterpriſe; and therefore having reproached the cowardiſe of his guards, that could not ſtand againſt ſo ſmall a power, he made them wheele off, and crying aloud to *Cyrus* that it was he muſt be firſt conquer'd, if they would gain the place, he diſcharg'd ſuch a blow that *Cyrus* had much a doe to ſave himſelf, whereby he found that he had now a more dangerous Enemy to ſtruggle with than then; indeed, as if he had before reſerv'd his chiefeſt ſtrength, he joyned all his courage and reſolution to his former heat, ſo, that with this freſh and vigorous aſſault. (Never had Combat been written in deeper wounds,) had they not been as skilful to avoid, as they were deſperate to give them; nor had they ended this duel but with death, if ſome of the Governours Officers then arriving, finding him ſo overmatch'd by *Cyrus*, had not overpowred him by their numbers; who having loſt much blood, ſeemed to be only animated with his love, and after a while ſunk on his horſes neck and then rolld off, under his feet.

Zorbas, who was this *Governour*, inſtead of taking advantage of this fall, was angry with thoſe that cauſed it; whoſe generoſity not brooking, what his Valour had not purchaſed; cauſed him ſtraightwayes to be lifted up, and finding him covered with blood that ſtreamed from ſeveral wounds, commanded he ſhould be carried to the next Captains houſe, adjoyned to the gate, where he came in, and there took ſpecial care to have both him, and all his followers dreſt by his beſt *Chyrurgions* before he left the place. He alſo gave order to have the Gates ſecured, having waited ſome time to ſee if any other Forces would appear, not having faith enough to believe that thoſe few Priſoners could have alone the confidence to force his Guards. After a while he returned again to *Cyrus*, who notwithſtanding the ſmart of his wounds, and the ſhame of his Captivity, teſtified, he thought nothing troubleſome compared to his fears for *Birinthea*; after whom he often inquired of thoſe that were in preſence.

Zorbas aborded him ſo civilly, that although he were prepoſſeſs'd with thoſe griefs, he could not but obſerve ſomething in him, which is not to be met with in ordinary perſons, and from which he derived (ſetting aſide his intereſts) no ſmall or mean hopes of all the favour that can be expected from a Noble Enemy. Their firſt diſcourſes were nothing but juſt and mutual praiſes they paid each others valours: in fine, *Cyrus* prompted by his affection, beſeeched *Zorbas* to let him give him in particular an account of the reaſons that had urg'd and drawn him to this purſuite of his men even within his Gates; and *Zorbas* being firſt inform'd that *Cyrus* might uſe the liberty of his Speech without any detriment to his health; after he had cleared the Chamber of other Auditours, *Cyrus* ſpake thus to him: *Generous Warriour, I ſhould have reaſon to conceal the Cauſe and Subject of my preſent condition, if I were not to relate it to a perſon who has the gifts of too many other brave quality's, to be a ſtranger to the experience of what has thus engag'd me.*

Love is that puiſſant Deity whoſe power your Soldiers could not withſtand, he fought in my perſon, nor ſhould I ever have admitted the leaſt thought of violating the Articles of Truce, had I not unhappily behold her, brought into this City, who alone has the abſolute and intire poſſeſſion of my Heart and Liberty. Judge you, *what reaſon I had to follow her, and whether it were not ſtrickly juſt, finding her in my Enemies hands, in a time when I was impatient to know her condition to endeavour to ſave and recover that treaſure of my Soul: but ſince my deſigne was defeated by your means, 'tis from your only favour that I can hope to attain the bleſſing of beholding her: and to you alone muſt I owe the Obligation for that immenſe, and more then ordinary favour. You have expreſſed and practic'd too much the Laws of generoſity in my behalf already, to refuſe this addition of Grace, and I dare truſt your Virtue ſo far as to be confident that you will ſuffer ſome Meſſenger to go and wait on her in the behalf of a Perſian*

Gentleman; and alſo aſſure her from you, that ſhe may ſafely disband all her fears, ſo long as ſhe is under your happy protection.

Who ever you are Anſwered Zorbas, *though I were not Witneſs of your extraordinary Valour, yet to ſay you fought under the Standard of that potent* God, *were alone enough to make me quickly reſigne my Sword and yield.*

I ſhould not have offered to oppoſe you, had I known what Intereſt inſpir'd and enflam'd your courage, and I do much regret to have reſiſted one that was ſo bravely buſied in his quarrel, who is my Soveraign *Lord, no leſs then he is yours. Diſpatch whom you pleaſe to that honoured* Lady, *and I will perſonally accompany him, to diſengage and free her from thoſe infamous raviſhers, and if you take it for a favour that I ſhould help you to her ſight and preſence, I ſhall expect no other reward, then only that you would obtain the pardon I now crave for my Mens Inſolence, which I ſhall expiate by any ſatiſfaction ſhe and your ſelf can further demand of them or me, and that you may enjoy the full* Liberty *of her converſe and ſociety, I leave you, and ſo adue,* Generous *Lover, and would to Heaven, that I could ever hope for the ſame happy fate, I now procure you, by this willing Obſervance and Civility.* —— He paſſed out after theſe words, and commanding the Captain that had charge of the Priſoners to give them all full liberty to be by themſelves, he went along with him whom *Cyrus* had appointed to fetch his *Byrinthea.*

This Excellent Lady, who little knew ſhe had ſuch intereſted Protectors ſo near; was confin'd to a cloſe Chamber, wherein ſhe was lock'd up with a Wench and a Souldier that ſtir'd not from the door. The barbarous Villain ſcarce gave her liberty to bemoan her condition, or breath a ſigh, but ſeeing her in a habit ſuitable to that diſaſterous Captivity, he proffer'd his comforts, and impertinent frenzies to abate her ſorrows, and told her, to dry up her trifling and fruitleſs tears, that ſhe was but too happy in being valued by him that had brought her to this paſs: this inſolent Courtſhip ſenſibly offended her; who muſt needs be Miſtris of a rare patience to endure it, that knew her ſelf to be ador'd by the greateſt of Princes: but ſhe had reaſon in that diſtreſs to ſuffer all this and more, rather then diſcover unreaſonably what ſhe was; and *Zorbis* ſtep'd into the room, juſt when ſhe was defending her ſelf againſt the rude careſſes of this rough fellow: She was truly joy'd that his preſence put an end to the others inſolence: but yet another fear ſtept in to make her fortune leſs compleat, which was an apprehenſion that this was the perſon had ſurpriz'd her for his own baſe ends; nevertheleſs the civility of his mild approach, promiſed more good, and gave her way to reaſſume her firſt fair hopes; and as he was very diſcreet, he had no ſooner met her, and performed the moſt uſuall and becoming Ceremonies of Salutation, but he intreated ſhe would be conducted to a Friends houſe, where, he doubted not, but ſhe would find a greater ſatisfaction, and content, then ſhe could probably expect in ſuch an invitation.

Though theſe words ſpoke of happineſs ; ſhe ſeemed to fear the contrary by her amaze; a ſudden baſhfulneſs oreſpread her face, which carried rather the marks of virtue then of ſhame in the beholders opinion, and only anſwering what he ſaid, with a reſpectfull ſilence: *Whither do you lead me* ſaid ſhe *to the other, that proffer'd her his hand to that intent. May I tread confidently where you guide me without offence to Virtue? Or were it not better to let me dye in this ſame Place? Ha! My Lord* continued ſhe, *turning towards* Zorbas, *if you have as much true ſence of Honour, as you perſwade me; leave me not in theſe apprehenſions, but aſſure me, before I go, that I ſhall meet no danger in the Obedience I now pay you.*

To remove theſe *Scruples* and Threatning Apprehenſions, *Zorbas* promiſed faithfully, ſhe ſhould be treated with all the reſpect and decency ſhe could deſire, or that Country could afford: but his deepeſt oathes could not gain her belief; ſo that ſhe went forward with much dread and diffidence, and with a poſitive reſolution to dye, rather then yield to any diſhonour or undecent attempt againſt her innocent perſon, for which ſhe had no Guard or *Security* beſides that noble intent, as Heroick and Gallant, as ſhe was Chaſt and Beautiful. At her firſt entrance into *Cyrus*'s Chamber, whom ſhe as yet knew not to be there, ſhe found her fears increaſed by the ſight of one in Bed, from which ſhe was ſteping back by a trembling retreat, fancying they had brought her there for that which ſhe apprehended

prehended a thouſand times more then death it ſelf, but *Cyrus* perceiving it, inform'd her better by theſe words, *Fear not to approach me, Madam, You need not doubt you ſhall hazzard that now; which I endeavour'd to ſave at the price of my Life: it was to hinder and prevent the unhappineſs you ſtart from, that put me into this wounded condition. In a Word, let it ſuffice to tell you, that you here meet with him, who in the firſt moment of beholding your fair ſhape, and being bleſt with an early knowledge of your great quality, and greater virtues, could not deny you his heart and liberty, together with your Fathers forfeited Life, who yet breaths only to tell you, nay and make it appear by more Eminent and becoming Services, that he lives only for you, and to whom you have, by an expreſs Meſſage, done the high Favour to command his aſſiſtance in the like occaſion againſt* Cyaxares. *If my unhappineſs, Madam, has not permitted me to effect it, as you deſired, accuſe nought but the rigour of my Fate, for whoſe perverſeneſs I am at preſent too much recompenſed, ſince the Gods have favourably ſeconded my intentions, and have honoured me with the Satisfaction and advantage of ſigning your decree and ſervice with my blood.*

Birinthea was ſo ſurprized at this accident, that although ſhe knew him by his voice and viſage, yet ſhe made it a queſtion whether ſhe might ſafely credit the joyful, but unexpected intelligence of her eares and eyes. In fine, having faſtned her ſteady looks upon him, and made a more minute ſurvey of thoſe known features: What, ſaid ſhe, Generous Prince, *Will misfortune* never ceaſe ſtruggling againſt our inclinations: Muſt I ſtill owe my Obligations ſingly to you, and yet be forced to remain ungratefull? Ah, how unjuſtly fortune rewards your merits, by denying me the power to retribute thoſe high favours I am indebted for; thoſe worthy ſervices you have performed, requires with juſtice the love that I had made you hope for; but I am now neceſſitated to recall it; and therefore employ no more either your hope or courage, if you make that your pretence and aime, for my devoir forbids me now to harbour affection towards you; Nay ſo far is it from that, as I am bound to declare, tho its not altogether convenient, I ſhould admit you to love me. We are both equally unfortunate in this eſtate; I being obliged to ingratitude, after ſo great a ſum of goodneſs paid by your valour and clemency to me; and you for having been ſo liberall of your Noble virtues without the meaneſt of returns in ſatisfaction. I might nevertheleſs, flatter your hopes anew with ſome freſh pretences, in the neceſſity I am in, to ingage your protection againſt thoſe rude hands I am fallen into; but know Sir, at leaſt, if I cannot repay the acknowledgements you deſire of me, yet I can be ſo juſt and reaſonable as not to delude you in it. I doubt not but this diſcourſe begets your wonder: and truly it will not be expected other from him who had ſuch fair hopes of the contrary: But it requires more time and ſtrength then we are Maſter of at preſent to make it known, I ſhould unriddle theſe Enigmæs if you were in a ſitting poſture: be careful therefore only of your care, and if my Honour or Life are of any value to you, preſerve your own with tenderneſs.

I Prefer it to my Life, reply'd he, after theſe killing words, Madam, you impoſe impoſſibilities; before you injoyned me to live, you took away the means, by taking away my hopes. How cruel you are, Berinthea, to wiſh me to live, and yet forbid me to Love, which are things above my power. Indeed, ſaid ſhe interrupting him, I deſire you would love me with leſs heat and paſſion: but you expound my thoughts ill; and you reproach that as a cruelty, which is indeed compaſſion; Since I command it only for your quiet and eaſe, to ſhelter you from thoſe ſtorms of trouble will otherwiſe fall upon you. Alas, reparted he, ceaſe I beſeech you, Madam, to be pittiful in this manner, the peace and repoſe you wiſh me, would be more inſupportable a thouſand times, then the ſufferings of my paſſion, and to let you ſee how dear they are in my eſteem, whilſt I endure them for you, I will ſtruggle to live and obey you ſo to undergoe them the longer. That cannot be obedience I expect, Anſwered ſhe, to deſire to ſuffer, I enjoyn you to live, that you may live happier; but to remove the doubts you may entertain of the verity of what I have already made known, I perceive it will be neceſſarie I ſhould relate to you all that has occurr'd in Media and Armenia, that ſo you may approve my reaſons, when I have produced them.

Since you departed from Ecbatane your Uncle Cyaxares thought fit to come and ſee my Mother, whom he had not yet viſited in the apartment alotted by him for us, where he paid her more reſpect and civilitie than formerly he was wont, Phraorte and Arthemiſa had alſo a ſhare in this honour, and only I, of all our familie, miſ-

ſed of this Ceremony, detained in my chamber by a ſlight Malady. But as I was the perſon he chiefly deſign'd to wait on, he made a particular enquiry for me, and being informed that I was indiſpoſed, and not in a condition to admit his Societie, it pleaſed him to ſend me a complement by one of my Maids, which I then interpreted an effect of civility.

Pheretime, *My Mother, was ſo highly ſatisfied with this Viſit, that he no ſooner left the place, but without delay ſhe came with* Pheronice *and* Anthemiſa *to give me the Newes, and promiſe the hopes of a quite contrary treatment then what we ſince taſted; and two ſhort dayes, which were required to put me in a condition of health, were thought by her too long to ſtay from giving him thanks for that Courteſie. She went the very next day together with my Brother and Siſter; and not to omit the leaſt punctilio, She carried my excuſe for not being in a capacitie of performing that devoir which ſeemed too weightie to be neglected.*

Having quitted him, they went to his Queen, whither he would needs accompany them; and that good *Princeſs* gave them ſo favourable a welcome, and ſhew'd ſuch ſingular teſtimonies of affection, that *Pheretime* charmed with her careſſes, and the affable ſweetneſs of her entertainment, begg'd the permiſſion to repeat her viſits frequently; *In a ſhort time afterwards ſhe carried me to kiſs her hands; and ſhe made me ſo pleaſed with her winning and hearty reception, that it out-bad the indulgence and fondneſs of moſt Mothers. I cannot expreſs, indeed, what Reſpect and Affection this inſpired in me towards her, no more then I can tell you her* tenderneſs towards us: I was her deareſt Daughter, ſo ſhe ever termed me; and I was their Comfort, and much more conſtantly attended on her, then on Pheretime.

But as the Queen loved me with ſo great Affection, ſo the King ſhew'd it me with ſo great Paſſion; that I was compelled at length to make the Queen ſenſible thereof, to defend me from the violent Paſſions. Nor do I well know how to gueſs which had [illegible], whether the [illegible] of [illegible], or the Virtue and Diſcretion of ſo good a Wife had not protected me from the violent attempts of ſo inſatiable a Husband, who yet, proteſted a thouſand times [illegible], ere ſhe would make her [illegible], [illegible] to all the [illegible] at Court, the Affability [illegible] they had not brought us to, [illegible] acquainted with our condition, [illegible] us to be Princeſſes of the Blood, then diſtreſſed Captives, and truly I muſt needs confeſs the Noble Uſage we then had, made our condition very ſupportable, and [illegible], the liberty of [illegible] at our own houſe, my Mother ſtill remain'd in the Rank of a Queen, and her Children of Royal Princes. The firſt years of our Captivity admitted but few Diſaſters or Regrets, and Cyaxares took ſo hearty a delight in cheering and diverting us, that we had ſcarce the leaſure to reflect on our late troubles: but as no exceſs or violence laſts long, our fair dayes were ſoon over-caſt with blackneſs, and thoſe early bloſſoms nipt at their firſt pretty blooming; for I then began to know that Pheretime, Phriorte and Archemiſa owed all the goodneſs and reſpect paid *them in that Court, to the wild passion* [illegible] *still then kept cloſeſted in his heart for me.*

One day, when the purity of the air, had tempted me to walk with my Maids in thoſe pleaſant allies, thorow the Royal park, which lead toward the brook, he hapned to be very near him ere I was aware, which gave him opportunity to overhear what I ſpake to my Maid named *Dianea*, who has ever been my cheifeſt confident, and taking occaſion to continue the very ſame diſcourſe rather then ſeem to interrupt what then my thoughts were buſied with, he preſented me his hand, and leading me ſtill in the ſame walk, as well as words, cunningly wiredrawd them to his own ends, which having engag'd me to attention he proſecuted thus.

If all theſe pleaſing objects in this Park, the pretty children and products of Art and Nature were not inanimate, how glorious would they eſteem themſelves to be ſo honourd with your fancy and delight in them: but give me leave to anſwer for them to all you ſay, the ſatisfaction you expreſs'd concernes me, ſince I am Maſter of them, who am too happy that there is any thing belonging to me has the power to pleaſe or content you. *Your Majeſty*, reply'd I, *not knowing whither his diſcourſe tended, does almoſt rob me of the meanes to thank you for thoſe favours you impart, by indeavouring to perſwade me that it is ſome advantage to you that I am ſo well ſatisfied with theſe objects. But my opinion muſt take the confidence to diſpute this a little with your civility, and you, I know, will pardon* me, when I dare tell you: that 'tis ſome wrong to your own vertue, to make your felicity conſiſt in my ſole approbation, rather then ſeek for it, in its own proper origine and center; ſince none, I humbly think, can be expected from me ſufficiently correſpondent to your great bounty. 'Tis I, that with more reaſon ſhould value it a bleſſing to be in ſuch a Monarch's power, who takes no other advantage of our Captivity, then the frequent occaſions to make known his generoſity, and who is ſo profuſe of his grace and favours, that we may reckon it a gain to have loſt our liberty, which cannot be ſo highly prized by any one, but they would freely forfeit it, to enjoy what you ſo readily confer each moment.

Spare, Madam, reply'd the King, ſpare this diſcourſe for ſomething that better deſerves it, and if I have been ſo fortunate as to oblige you to tell me ſo: beleeve Birinthea, that all the cheap obſervances you have yet met with, are but the ſmall effects of that greater inclination I have for the honour of your ſervice. But what muſt I now hope for after this declaration, can you with juſtice diſeſteem a cauſe, whoſe effects you praiſe ſo rarely. Great King, ſaid I, thoſe two things have too far engaged me already: but the acquaintance you have with my preſent condition and your own, will tell you, that it is leſs in my power to correſpond with the one then the other, and beſides what can you rationally expect from a Princeſs that has not ſo much as her own liberty. That ſhe ſhould, anſwerd he to interrupt me, accept of the preſent I now make of mine in retaliation, that ſhe would vouchſafe to be my Soveraign, and ſuffer me to be her ſervant. You have a mind to prove, reparted

I, whether I am capable of preſumption your Majeſty delights in this tryall, but I beſeech you to beleeve, that the honours you have baited your temptations withall, are too weak to violate my Reſpect and Modeſty, and I ſhall borrow ſo much Humility from my Virtue as to aſſure you, that I ſhall never own ſo great a vanity, ſince I am inſtructed by my own defects to declare, that I have not a ſtock ſufficient to claime the merrit of the meaneſt favour, I would now thank you for. Theſe evaſions, Birinthea*, are witty.* reply'd *he, and I perceive that I muſt court you rather with effectual ſervices then words, and I will follow that method hereafter, and make good what I intend for your ſatisfaction by more authentique performances, which ſhall write my affection in more, noble characters, ſince you beleeve but ſlightly when I ſpeak them.*

He left me with this compliment, and Diamar, *who had taken notice that our converſe was too eager to be of an ordinary concerne only, came to me aſſoon as he was abſented, and deſired to know, what might be the diſcourſe; that had called ſo much colour into my face. I would not hide the truth of it from her, to prevent her judgement by my inſtructions from being ſeduced by the King, who I was confident would endeavour to corrupt her, and having ſummoned all our reaſon to aid us in our conſultation what to doe in this caſe, I reſolv'd to diſſemble, and make the King know, I reckned all this but as gallantry and formal complaiſance, and ſtrictly commanded her not to diſcover it to any other, and likewiſe to give me an exact account if ever the King made any diſcourſe to her concerning it.*

Many dayes paſt over in which *Cyaxares* ſaid no more of this paſſion, whilſt he continued to doe us all the good offices could be expected; but in the end being tyr'd with ſuch a fruitleſs patience, and ſpurd on by deſires, he repeated all thoſe former proteſtations, with ſuch preſſing words, and vehement motions, that I apprehended he would have forgotten all ſobriety and ſence of honor. In this conflict, I had much adoe to manage his reaſon, if I treated him civilly he became inſolent, if I checqued his inſolence, he flew into violence, ſo that by the frequent changes of our lookes, and the alterations of our voices when we met, the judicious ſoon conjectur'd the matter of our diſcourſe, The Queen who is extremely diſcreet was one of the firſt that gueſs'd it, and converſing with me once in private, relying on the conjectures ſhe had made, ſhe indeavour'd quaintly to know the certainty: but miſs'd her deſign, for I pretended not to underſtand her and turned the current of the inquiry into another channel.

The doubt I dwelt upon whether I ſhould make known the truth or not to her, held me ſometime in ſuſpence. I feard ſhe might become my Enemy if I declar'd my ſelf her rival, and on the other hand, I apprehended that if I ſhould conclude my privacy was but a token of my confederacy with the King. In the concluſion, knowing the ſolidity of his vertue, I thought moſt convenient to informe her fully of it, and beſeeched her, when I had related every tittle to beleeve that it was made a ſecret, only upon the account of freeing her from the trouble ſuch a report muſt needs have left upon the ſpirit of a Princeſs that ſo intirely honoured her husband.

This worthy Queen in lieu of ſhewing any diſtemper, told me mildly, *She was ſorry her preſent condition proved an obſtacle to my advancement, and that the quality of the Kings wife ſhould block up my way to the Median throne, where my great merit would have placed me with more juſtice, and the Kings paſſion with more ſatisfaction, but to repair the wrong her fortune did me, I might ſafely promiſe my ſelf all the favour ſhe could poſſibly with honour compaſs for me, above all ſhe recommended the love and practiſe of vertue to me, as the only aſſiſtance I could expect to ſtruggle with againſt her husbands illegal flames and attempts; and ſhe forbad me alſo to diſcloſe it either to my own Mother or ſiſter till ſhe found it convenient.*

I was highly ſatisfied with her temper and goodneſs, ſhe bearing ſo great a ſhare of the trouble; and to ſhun the Kings importunate courtſhip, who perſecuted me with a perpetual expoſtulation, I kept my ſelf the moſt that I could with her, becauſe in her preſence he could not ſo well have the liberty of a ſecret ſpeech, or more open addreſs: but when he perceived that I avoided thoſe opportunities, he made uſe of a new Stratagem and engine, having gain'd and notably inſtructed one of the Queens maids of her Chamber to ſollicite and plead for him, who was ſo over diligent in her duty, that I had ſcarce a minute of intermiſſion when the Queen was abſent. I told the Queen of this new inſtrument, but ſhe was forc'd to ſuffer her, to keep the King in temper, who neverthelesſe began to ſhow ſome anger, and ſometimes borrow'd the threatnings of ſeverity to quell my braving conſtancy, which beat off all the aſſailants he ſo long had kept in action againſt me.

What troubles, good gods, did I not ſuffer, and what conſiderations did I not produce to ſatiſfy his paſſion, the fear he was in to diſpleaſe me did ſometimes qualify his fiery; but, in the end, being one day come to viſit me at the Queens, where I had lately by hearing me anſwer him ſomewhat freely, not as a ſlave, but a Princes, he likewiſe grew ſharper, and turning away diſcontented, he told me, that ſince I made no better uſe of the honour he was willing to confer, in treating me ſo civilly, he would thenceforth make me know I was his priſoner, and that his proffers were now ſo deſpicable, to be thus ſcorned and refuſed, by a Captive as I was.

I proteſt, had he ſtaid by me after this ſpeech, I would have anſwer'd thoſe inſolencies, in a language fit for one of my birth and breeding; but he withdrew ſo ſuddenly, that all I could doe, was to waite on the Queen, where without taking any notice which was preſent, I caſt my ſelf at her feet, and let her know more by my ſighs and teares, then any words I could utter, what the now cauſe of my affliction was; every one much admir'd to ſee me in this diſorder, knowing

ing the ſingular reſpect, and favours I ſo frequently received at Court. She onely knew what ſorrows did oppreſs me; and to be the more particularly inform'd, ſhe cauſed all the reſt to withdraw, into the Antichamber: when I had related all the King had threatned, ſhe endeavoured by a thouſand perſuaſions and careſſes to wipe away my tears; and thinking it no longer neceſſary, to hide this unhappineſs from *Pheretime*; ſhe ſent for her with *Phraorte* and *Arthemiſa*. Imagine, *Cyrus*, what their aſtoniſhment was, when they were told the occaſion of their coming. Had not the Queen of *Media* aſſur'd my Mother of it, it would have hardly gained her belief, but in fine, as it concerned us much to find a ſpeedy remedy to allay the Kings violent heat and reſolution, they concluded together, that it was beſt for us to remove for a while into the Country, that by my abſence I might take away the effect of his anger, with the cauſe of it, in which time, the Queen engag'd to make it her only endeavour to ſooth and reclaim him to his wonted mildneſs again. To this purpoſe, She proffer'd to carry us to one of her Country Houſes, not above a dayes Journey from *Ecbatana*. This reſolution being fixt, to depart within a day or two, I retired my ſelf with my Mother, who was mightily troubled at this diſaſter, and who would needs be exactly acquainted of every Circumſtance relating to this ſad ſtory.

The Evening before the day appointed, *Phra-*

orte being in my Chamber, we were advertized that the King demanded to ſee me, I ran haſtily into my Mothers, for fear leaſt he ſhould ſurpriſe me in my own. *Pheretime* would needs go to receive him, but he aſcended with ſo much precipitation, that he entred into her Chamber before ſhe could get out to meet him, and having ſaluted her very coldly, he came directly towards me, and ſaid, *That ſince I had an intent to goe into the Country, he was unwilling the Queen ſhould rob him of the advantage to procure me that divertiſement.*

I would have reply'd, but he gave me not the time, for taking me by the hand, he intreated I would follow him. Then *Pheretime* and *Arthemiſe* would have ſtaid me, *Phracorte* likewiſe ſeazed on a Sword to reſcue me, but was with held with the reſt, whoſe ſtrugglings were too weak to oppoſe the violence of his Guards, who by his order forced me thence into a Litter that waited at the Gate. He was inexorable to all my teares and prayers, pitty had left the lodging in his heart, for a more raſh and reſolute gueſt, ſo after he had recommended the care of my perſon, particularly to thoſe were to convoy me, he ſent me to a Caſtle, whither I arrived about two hours after our ſetting forth. I know not what became of *Pheretime*, *Phracorte* and *Arthemiſe*, or how they behaved themſelves afterwards, having heard no tidings of them ever ſince: But for my own part, I was entertained in that Caſtle, with more reſpect, then if I had been the *Median* Queen; I had *Eunuques* for my Guard, and Gentlewomen to attend me; I was conducted to an apartment no leſs beautiful then ſplended, where *Cyaxares* had contriv'd, that I ſhould meet with all the delights imaginable to charm and diſpel thoſe ſorrows and troubles, which are incident to thoſe in my condition. Nothing that yields pleaſure either to a curious ear or eye was omitted: for when I had ſullenly refuſed to taſt of a choice Supper and Banquet, being withdrawn into a pretty Cloſet to weep my fate at liberty, they ſung ſo harmoniouſly in the next Room, that at any other time I ſhould both have admir'd, and equally lov'd it; but I was wholly poſſeſſed with grief, and beſides that portion of vexation, I reſſented a particular hate and diſdain for thoſe entertainments, deſigned to delude and tempt me from my too juſt apprehenſions and fears of following dangers, if not ruine. This made their ſubtil endeavours become ſo importunate, that it but rais'd up more, thoſe Spirits they would have laid, and inſtead of ſoothing me, urg'd me to ſend them word by an attendant, that if their orders were to procure my content, they could not find a more ready means then by their ſudden ſilence.

Night was grown old, when I went to my bed, where I paſſed the remaining tedious moments of it, in bitter ſighs and tears, and not without the dreadful ſuſpicions of ſome following violence to ſucceed from *Cyaxares*; With the early

Light came an Eunuque into my Chamber, before I could ſtart up, to bring me the wiſh of a happy morning from him; and told me, that he had already waited a long time for my riſing. It would have been in vain to refuſe his viſit, ſince it was as much out of my power, as it was in my will to hinder it; Therefore I converted neceſſity into Policy, and received him with a more outward ſhow of Civility and Reſpect, then averſion.

As ſoon as he had Saluted me, he demanded if I were ſatisfied, with the entertainment I had found, to which I reply'd, *That if I might be allow'd the freedom to tell the unfeigned Truth, I ſhould rather have elected to be treated like a Captive and mean Slave, provided he had not torn me out of the Sanctuary of my Mothers Arms and Boſome, then to be the unwilling and unhappy partaker of all his Princely Entertainments, in this ſeparation*, upon which he made this repartie, *That excepting the preſence of* Pheretime, *I ſhould miſs nothing of that uſual tenderneſs and care ſhe ſtill had for me.*

All his diſcourſe kept, thus, within the confines of modeſty and reſpect, till I was ready to go into the Litter again, then he commenc'd, but with a ſteady moderation to Court me, and declare his love, and he implor'd me to excuſe the troubles and fatigues of that Journey, to which the neceſſity of his affairs, as well as his reaſon and paſſion made him hurry me. I heartily inſiſted alſo to conjure him, by all the powers of that affection he profeſs'd towards me, to ſuffer either *Pheretima* or *Arthemiſa* to come to me, but all I could obtain was an aſſurance, that I ſhould reſt in as much ſecurity where he would leave me, as if I were ſtill in their eye and Guardianſhip.

At length I arriv'd, where he deſign'd to lead me, The place was rarely pleaſant for its ſcituation, The Caſtle being built on a little riſing ground, faſtned to the foot of Mount *Orontus*, from whence lies a brave proſpect Eaſtward, being a large Champagne, and upon one hand a fertile Vale, whoſe border is fring'd with a pure Silver Stream, which wantonizing, with a Serpentine, or indented Figure, and a ſlow ſtately pace, creepes through a ſumptuous Garden, where Art has turn'd it to a thouſand Rivolets and Fountains, to imbelliſh that New *Eden*, whoſe united ſtreams meeting, again, together at the lower end of this Paradize make a pleaſing murmur, as if rejoycing at each others ſight after ſo long a ſeparation, and ſwelling to their firſt breadth make a Channel that divides this ſpacious Garden from the well-ſtored Park: but as there is nothing can make a Priſon delightfull, where Golden ſhackles are no leſſe ponderous then Iron *Gyves*; the very reſtraint putting a ſtamp of diſcontent and averſion on all thoſe leſſer diverſions, ſo theſe ſerv'd onely accidentally to augment my griefs. One of the greateſt troubles I ſuſtain'd in this ſolitary confinement, was the want of a Compagnon, in whoſe faithful breſt I might depoſite my ſecret thoughts, and I had ever languiſh'd in this unhappineſs,

happineſs, if the virtuous Queen, your Aunt, had not ſent me the bleſſing of a Letter by an *Eunuque*, who was intirely her Creature, and for whoſe fidelity ſhe was reſponſible. *Narſetes*, ſo was he called, in delivering me the Letter, ſhe favour'd me withal, told me the ſtrickt and noble charge he had to be at my devotion and command to the utmoſt of his ability.

The good Offices this Fellow rendred me, did much deminiſh my Melancholly, by his means I oft received and returned Meſſages to the Queen, and my Dear Mother, and I was inform'd, that *Cyaxares* who had a good while left me, intended ſhortly to renew his viſit. I confeſs, alſo that, had it not been for his Counſel, I ſhould have been more refractory and ſtubborn at his ſummons to receive him. I reſolv'd indeed, to let him know my anger, and diſtaſte; but to moderate it ſo, withall, as not to exaſperate him too much; but when he was preſent, my ſlights were not proof againſt his paſſions, he diſcovered my Stratagem and defeated it, and had certainly proceeded to violence, if *Narſetes* had not prudently interpos'd, and ſtept between my virtue and his luſt, ſo that for my part, I believe, I owe the preſervation both of my Honour and Life, to that faithful *Eunuque*, ſince the King ſhould never have rob'd or deprived me of the one, but with the other. *Narſetes* amuzed him with the promiſe of tempting me to a compliance, as flexible as his deſire was ſolicitous, if he would but allow him a convenient time to effect it, *Cy-*

axares conſented, though with ſome reluctance, to this tryal; but he preſcribed him ſo exact and ſhort an interval, that in the urgent neceſſity, not knowing what to act to divert this ugly fate, I remembred that you had left *Abracome* in *Ecbatane*, to ſerve me, in any thing my fortune might challenge of you.

Can I tell you without a bluſh, *Cyrus*, that you were the firſt I caſt my eyes and hopes upon, as the *Protector* of our ſhatterd Family. Your generoſity, from whoſe plentifull ſtock I had already gathered ſo much benefit, and the fair Amity you had vow'd with honour to me, created a moſt probable belief in me, that as you alone were moſt able, ſo you would be moſt ready and wiling to reſcue her, who ſeemd to ſtand a favorite in your eſteem. Upon theſe hopes I wrote that Letter, which came ſafe to your hand, upon that Subject, and addreſſing it covertly to my mother; by *Narſetes* aſſiſtance, ſhe gave *Abracome* Commiſſion to convey it to your ſelf, which he performed with that faithful diligence, that has obliged us both extreamly to him. It was ſome time, before I received the news of your loſs, which that truſty Servant brought me, and this was obſtructed by the jealouſies of a woman, whom the King kept as a ſpy upon me, who had given him ſo many hints of diſtruſt for you, that he once more ſecretly convey'd me to a place unknown to any of my Relations. *Narſetes* was a while ſuſpended through fear from giving my Mother any notice of it, but redoubling his deſign

ſign to ſave me, as *Cyaxares* did to ruine me, he caſt about till he had news of *Abracomes* return, and foreſeeing the need he ſhould ſtand in of his perſon and aſſiſtance to compleat his project of freeing me, his induſtry happily light upon a handſome plot to bring it about.

Birinthea, would have purſu'd her Hiſtory, when *Zorbas* entred the chamber, and told them that the General of the *Medes* and *Perſians* had ſent in a Trumpetter, to demand his priſoners.

The remainder of *Cyrus's* company, who could not get into the City time enough with him, being returned to the Camp with *Abracome*, quickly gave intelligence of his being taken: *Tygranes*, *Artabaſe*, *Gadate*, *Gobrias* and the chief Officers of the Army, being aſſembled ſpeedily to conſult about this important accident, reſolv'd firſt to keep ſecret the abſence of their General, whom they thought *Zorbas* could not well detain, and ſend to redemand him as a private Officer, whom he could not with-hold without a breach of the Articles of truce.

To induce *Zorbas* the more to reſtore him blind-fold, and prevent the curioſity he might have to ſeek the knowledg of him, they intreated a Lady, whom he lov'd paſſionately, and who was at that time in their power and Camp, to write a Ticket to him, which that generous Lady, to recompence the ineſtimable obligations ſhe owed *Cyrus*, immediately traced in theſe words.

Zorbas, if the opportunity of doing me a favour be pleaſing or welcome, hardly can you ever expect to meet with a fairer then this, or make a greater or happier advantage of it then by returning thoſe Perſians *ſpeedily to the* Camp, *that are now in your hands, whom you cannot juſtly detain, as not being priſoners by Article, and whom you ſhould deliver, becauſe I requeſt it.*

Though this Ticket were not ſigned, *Zorbas* was ſo happy in the acquaintance of the Characters, that he no ſooner received and read it, but he immediately went to *Cyrus*; to whom he ſaid, ſhewing him the paper, that he was hugely ſorry to part with him ſo ſoon, and wanted the due time to confirme ſo ſtrickt an amity as he much long'd to contract with him, but that the decree he held in his hand, had haſtned him to come and let him know, he was at liberty with all his party to returne when they pleas'd: provided his wounded body could admit of a remove. *Cyrus* not being able to conceive from whence *Zorbas* had ſo ſuddenly received theſe orders, beſeeched him to tell it; and *Zorbas* after he had read it, aſſur'd him, it came from a perſon ſo much his Soveraign, that he would count his life but a mean loſs, if compar'd to her favour; and therefore could conſult no reaſon but hers in what concerned his obedience towards her, which he would never forfeit, whilſt in his power to performe; and therefore earneſtly intreated him to let her know at his return, how diligent digent and zealous he had been to accompliſh her injunctions.

Cyrus having reply'd, with as much generoſity as Courtſhip, that this was the leaſt ſervice he could pay to requite ſo much civility, deſired him, that on the next morning he might free him from the trouble of his unhandſome, becauſe unhealthy company; by reaſon of his wounds: *Zorbas* however conſented not to it, till the Chyrurgions had aſſured he might be removed without danger, and having ended his complements with *Cyrus*, he renew'd them by a freſh addreſs to *Birinthea*, ſhaping a thouſand excuſes for his mens inſolencies, and pray'd her to declare what ſatisfaction ſhe thought fit to demand, knowing an ordinary death was too cheap a juſtice and payment for ſo daring a crime, wherefore he left them to her ſentence. This Princeſs, whoſe mercy ſwayd above all other ſentiments, told him, that it would ſeem to reliſh of ingratitude, if after ſuch choice obligations, which wip'd out all the other ſcores of injury, ſhe ſhould be ſo unjuſt as to demand their lives. Wherefore as ſhe had reaſon to be concern'd in all that related to him, ſo ſhe not only would profeſs it, but evidently prove it by begging their lives of him, as a particular grace and mercy.

The night was now much waſted, and therefore *Zorbas* having anſwerd in a few words, that ſhe might abſolutely diſpoſe of the lives and fortunes of thoſe inſolent fellows, took his leave, and commanded the miſtriſs of that houſe where they lodg'd, to prepare a bed with all things convenient for *Birinthea*, who immediately retyr'd, to prevent any ſcandal might be taken, if ſhe made any longer ſtay with *Cyrus*. *Zorbas* likewiſe diſpatch'd away the Trumpetter to the *Perſian* Army, to take order againſt the next morning for fetching away his priſonners, and gave them ſpecial charge of the letter he return'd in anſwer to his Lady.

In the mean while, our Heroe's exceſſive joy for the ſight of his dear Princeſs, was ſo great it quell'd for ſome time the alarm which the beginning of her diſcourſe had diſquieted and threatned him withall, and as one highly ſatisfied with his own proſperous affection, he conſumed the remainder of that night with the pleaſing fancies of happy lovers. But then the ſadder remembrance of thoſe leſs promiſing ſpeeches entring again into his mind, when the firſt light of day peep'd into his bed; Ah, cry'd he, *Am I ſo much a falſe friend to my ſelf, as yet to flatter my hopes, did not* Birinthea *tell me, that ſhe could not love me? Nay which is more, that ſhe ought not to encourage or ſuffer me to love her? Great gods, wherefore then did ſhe come to ſeek me out? Does ſhe expect the protection of one whoſe affection ſhe cannot entertain? and does thruſt her ſelf into his armes, whoſe flames ſhe muſt and will baniſh out of her heart? How unjuſt and cruel are you* Birinthea, *if you intend ſeriouſly to reject my fair pretences, ſince you know I cannot cheriſh life, but as you cheriſh my love: But in fine, what is it you aime at? Muſt I employ the unlucky reſidue of* *my power to advance the proſperity and bliſs of ſome triumphant rival? Muſt all my Army fight to tear of my own glorious Wreaths and Crowns, and ſet them on anothers prouder head? What meane you,* Birinthea, *by theſe ſervices you claime? But —— O how impudent is this curioſity and ſtrugling? and how offenſive to that reſpect and reverence I owe you; pardon dear Princeſs, come lets obey, and ſerve her with a religious and blindfold ſubmiſſion, and whether life or death be the ſucceſs, bow under fate, ſince ſhe commands the triall; ſhe is my Soveraign and may diſpoſe of all my Fortunes, and it muſt needs be as glorious, as it is doubtfull now to* Cyrus, *to have contributed towards her felicity, what ever be the event.*

He was diſturbed with theſe perplexing reflexions, even whilſt he ſlumbred, till ſome attendants came to his bedſide to tell him, if he had repoſed enough, he might be going thence as ſoon as he deſired. The firſt inquiry he made, was for his Princeſs, and to be inform'd whether ſhe were yet ready, but underſtanding that *Zorbas* entertained her till his upriſing, he ſent to excuſe his lazineſs, and being dreſſed and his wounds lookt to, which were the leaſt of his paines, they carried him in a chayr to the place where *Zorbas* yet converſed with *Birinthea*, and there having paid his beſt civilities and thanks for the favours received at the Governours hands, who repented he was no more prodigal of them, ſince the occaſion of adding to the ſtore was now removing from him, they mutually embrac'd and bad farewel, and *Cyrus* was placed in a litter which waited him, whilſt *Birinthea* was not ſparing of her compliments to court *Zorbas*, who attended and helpt her into the Chariot he had prepar'd, and all thoſe *Perſians* that were in a fit poſture to accompany them, had ſuch conveniency as made their journey no leſs eaſy, then joyful, in regard of their liberty, to them.

Cyrus and *Birinthea* would have taken their laſt adieu of *Zorbas*, at the Gates, but he would needs convoy them till they meet the little troop which haſtned to fetch and guide them to the Camp, which were but few in number to avoid all ſuſpition and inquiry. Then they repeated —— Myriads of new proteſtations and vows of never dying friendſhip, and made their cloſe embraces the laſt ceremonies and ſeals of future amity. When *Cyrus* had paſs'd the verge of that River, where he firſt diſcover'd the raviſhers of his dear Princeſs, *Tygranes*, *Artabaſe*, *Gadate* and all the prime Officers of his Army, who waited at the wood-ſide, came to congratulate his ſafe return. The Souldiers, all this time, knew nothing till their General was in his Tent, then it was publiſhd openly and they declar'd by their loud welcomes and acclamations, the hearty joy for his return ſo fully, that by it may be gueſs'd, what trouble and diſcontent would have poſſeſs'd each ſoul, had they not lived in the more happy ignorance of his late abſence.

The End.